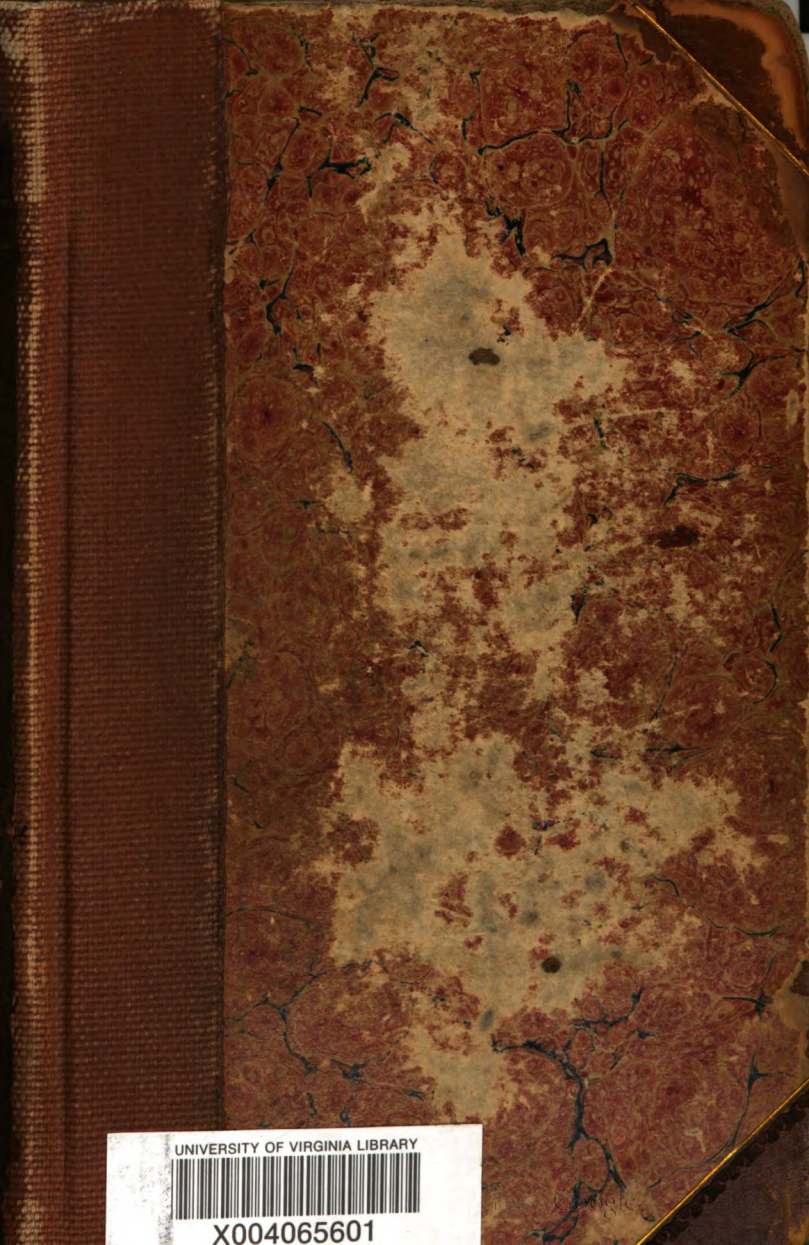

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA LIBRARY
X004065601

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

# TATLER,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

---

VOL. I.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Anna B. Arnould

THE

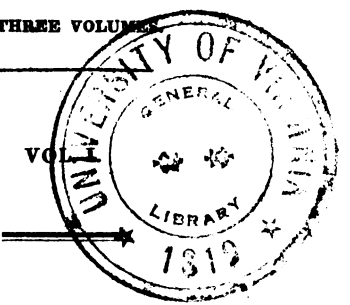
# TATLER,

WITH

*NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.




London Stereotype Edition.

I. WALKER AND CO.; W. BAYNES AND SON; R. BAYNES; J. HARRISON; W. CLARK; J. HARRIS; J. GOODWIN; S. WILKINS; A. K. NEWMAN AND CO.; T. LESTER; J. CHRISTIE AND SON; T. HUGHES; G. BLACK AND CO.; I. CARPENTER; J. MURRAY; C. TAYLOR; W. TAYLOR; J. TAYLOR; G. OFFOR; I. OFFOR; W. SHARPE AND SON; W. RODWELL AND CO.; J. AKERMAN; W. MARTIN; I. REID; S. ARNOULD; T. MASON AND SONS; I. WARD; J. AND C. EVANS; I. BUMPUS; T. BUMPUS; J. BELL; J. BIGG; W. WRIGHT; A. WHITE; AND J. RICHARDSON.

1822.

Digitized by Google

GIFT
JAN 25 34

PR
1365
.T2
1822
v.1

Printed by A. Hancock, Middle Row Place, Holborn.

Digitized by Google

# CONTENTS

OF

# THE FIRST VOLUME.


No.

Original Dedications.

1. Introduction—Character of an absent Lover—Betterton's Benefit—Continental Intelligence—Death of Mr. Partridge..... *Steele.*
2. The Medicine..... *Harrison.*
   Continental Intelligence—Raillery on the state of France *Steele.*
3. Play-house, a Poem, by Blackmore—Tapestry—Continental Intelligence—Benefit of Bickerstaff ..... ——
4. Plan of the Work—Characters of Chloe and Clarissa—Dramatic News—Strolling Company—Continental Intelligence—Island of Felicia ..... ——
5. Fallen State of Love—Cynthia, the absent Lover—Project for the Advancement of Religion—Continental Intelligence—Story of Unnion and Valentine—Character of the Duke of Marlborough..... ——
6. Visit from Sappho—Criticism on Homer and Virgil—Journal of the Iliad—Continental Intelligence—Characters of Alexander and Cæsar ..... ——
7. The Author's Will—Raillery on Marriage—Characters of a Coquette and a Coxcomb—Epsom Wells, a Comedy—Continental Intelligence ..... ——
8. Reformation of the Stage—Continental Intelligence—A Dream of the State of England..... ——
9. Congreve's Old Batchelor..... ——
   Description of the Morning..... *Swift.*
   Character of Timon—Pastorella converted from Coquetry—Continental Intelligence ..... *Steele.*
10. Empire of Beauty—Continental Intelligence ..... ——
11. A Similitude—On Death—Modern Prophets..... ——
    Genealogy of the Staffs..... *Twisden.*
    Continental Intelligence..... *Steele.*
12. Corruption of Manners and Language—Bite ..... ——


Digitized by Google

No.
A Winter Piece..... *Phillips.*
Verses by ..... *Dryden.*
13. Adventures of the Tatler's Guardian-Angel, Pacolet—Continental Intelligence ..... *Steele.*
14. Character of Verus—Earl of Essex and Alchymist—Dumb Fortune-teller and Widow—To Correspondents ..... ———
15. Story of Pacolet—Gamesters—Pleasure ..... ———
16. Characters at Bath—Letter to Castabella ..... ———
17. On Panegyric—Naked Truth criticised ..... ———
18. On Signs: (probably) ..... *Addison.*
Distress of Newswriters..... ———
19. History of Esquires—Busy Body—A Trip to the Jubilee—Letter from Madame Maintenon ..... *Steele.*
20. Complaint of a Lady..... ———
Dramatic News and Criticism ..... *Addison.*
Continental Intelligence ..... *Steele.*
21. Characters of a Gentleman and a Pretty Fellow—The Fox—Dramatic Writers of the last and present Age—Letter on Mr. Bickerstaff's Prophesy of his Death—Witchcraft—Continental Intelligence..... ———
22. Cynthia in Love—Lindamira's Lovers—Cave Underhill—Young Lady in Love with a Rake ..... ———
23. Cure for Fits in Married Ladies—Letter to the French King—Continental Intelligence ..... ———
24. Character of a very Pretty Fellow—A Toast ..... *Addison.*
Continental Intelligence—Lines to the French King ..... *Steele.*
25. On Duelling—Advice generally unwelcome—Continental Intelligence ..... ———
26. Letter from a Pretty Fellow—From Louis XIV.—Duelling ———
27. Character of a Rake—a Coquette—Verses on a Parrot—Letter from Jeffry Nicknack—Continental Intelligence ———
28. On Duelling—Continental Intelligence..... ———
29. Letter from Tim. Switch on Duelling—Critics and Wits—Continental Intelligence ..... ———
30. Character of the Author's three Nephews—Style of Love-letters..... ———
31. Duelling—Letter to the Author on his being little known in the Country—Continental Intelligence ..... ———
32. Platonic Ladies—Madonella ..... *Swift.*
On Punning..... *Steele.*
33. Mrs. Jenny Distaff on the Treatment of the Fair Sex—Attempts to seduce her—Continental Intelligence ..... ———
34. Cures performed by the Author—Saltero's Coffee-house ———

Digitized by Google

No.

35. Snuff-taking—Cynthia's Courtship—Hamlet's Direction to the Players ..... *Steele.*
Family of X's ... (probably) ..... *Swift.*
Continental Intelligence ..... *Steele.*

36. Mrs. Jenny Distaff—Characters at Epsom—Of Africanus.. *Addison.*
Continental Intelligence ..... *Steele.*

37. On the Fox-hunter's Speech—Cæsar to his Party at the Rubicon ..... *Addison.*

38. On Duelling—Whisperers without Business—Characters *Addison.*
Continental Intelligence ..... *Steele.*

39. Oxford and its Almanack—Dialogue on Duels ..... ——

40. Cure of Lunaticks—On Love and Marriage ..... ——

41. Exercise at Arms—Character of a Questioner—The Author accused of Personalities ..... ——

42. Lines on Bribery ..... ——
Character of Aspasia ..... *Congreve.*
Inventory of the Play-house ..... *Addison.*

43. D'Urfey's Dedication ..... *Steele.*
New System of Philosophy ..... *Addison.*
On the Sublime ..... *Steele.*

44. Esculapius in Love with Hebe—Sale of the Play-house Articles—Humourous Complaint of Punch—The Country Gentleman who cannot bear a Jest—Continental Intelligence ..... ——

45. Story of Teraminta—Puppet-shows—Scene of bodily Wit—Characters of Florio and Senecio ..... ——

46. Character and Gallantries of Aurengezebe—Lines on the March to Tournay without beat of Drum—Continental Intelligence ..... ——

47. Character of Sir Taffety Trippet—Cure for the Spleen—Passions expressed by Shakspeare ..... ——

48. Shades of Conscience and Honour—Genius of Credit..... ——

49. Love and Lust—Florio and Limberham—Nocturnus..... ——

50. History of Orlando the Fair—Powell's Puppet-show ..... ——

51. History of Orlando, Chap. 2—Pantomime Tricks—Powell's Puppet-show ..... ——

52. Use of Delamira's Fan—On Modesty—Characters of Nestor and Varillus—The modest Man and the modest Fellow ——

53. The civil Husband—Dramatic Criticism—Continental Intelligence ..... ——

54. The Government of Affection—The Wife and the Mistress—Complaint against Stentor—Death of Lisander and Corinna ..... ——

Digitized by Google

No.
55. Story of a Cure performed on a blind young Man—Continental Intelligence.. ..... *Steele.*
56. On Sharpers—Instances of Longevity in France—Notices to Correspondents..... ———
57. Emilia, a Woman too humble—Sharping Extortioners—Satire on the French, applied to the English—New Coxcomb..... ———
58. Continence of Scipio—Grammatical Pedantry—Continental Intelligence..... ———
59. On Sharpers—Raffling Shops—Character of Actæon—Author accused of writing Nonsense ..... ———
Family of Greenhats ..... *Swift.*
Continental Intelligence..... *Steele.*
60. A Rake reclaimed by his Father's Liberality—Women to be gained by Nonsense—Mars Triumphant—Advertisement ———
61. Men of Fire described—Use of Satire—Distinction between Goldsmiths and Coppersmiths—Stentor—Education and Beauty of Women—Letter from the Artillery Ground.... ———
62. Sharpers described as a Pack of Dogs—On Wit—Women the best Speakers—Sallust censured—Story of Dampier's Boatswain—Continental Intelligence..... ———
63. Of the Enjoyment of Life with regard to others—Use of Ridicule..... ———
Madonella's Platonic College ..... *Swift.*
Continental Intelligence..... *Steele.*
64. Continental Intelligence ..... ———
Character of Cleontes..... *Hughes.*
65. Character of a Battle-Critic—Conduct of the Bath Sharpers..... *Steele.*
66. Eloquence of the Pulpit ..... *Swift and Steele.*
Infelicity of Riches to one who is not a Gentleman—Sharpers—Continental Intelligence..... *Steele.*
67. Proposals for Tables of Fame..... *Swift.*
Continental Intelligence—Skill of Transition..... *Steele.*
68. Tables of Fame—Female Sharpers..... *Swift.*
Causes of Tears—Notice of a Sharper—Of a Book..... *Steele.*
69. On acting our parts in Life well—Promotion of Eboracensis—Letter from two Ladies inclined to marry the same Man—Bravery of the Allies—Various Notices..... ———
70. Eloquence of the Pulpit ..... *Swift and Steele.*
List of Sharpers ..... *Steele.*

Digitized by Google

# ORIGINAL DEDICATIONS.

## *Volume the First.*

TO

## MR. MAYNWARING.*

SIR,

THE state of conversation and business in this town having been long perplexed with Pretenders in both kinds; in order to open men's eyes against such abuses, it appeared no unprofitable undertaking to publish a Paper, which should observe upon the manners of the pleasurable, as well as the busy part of mankind. To make this generally read, it seemed the most proper method to form it by way of a letter of intelligence, consisting of such parts as might gratify the curiosity of persons of all conditions, and of each sex. But a work of this nature requiring time to grow into the notice of the world, it happened very luckily, that, a little before I had resolved upon this design, a gentleman had written predictions, and two or three other pieces in my name, which rendered it famous through all parts of Europe; and, by an inimitable spirit and humour, raised it to as high a pitch of reputation as it could possibly arrive at.

By this good fortune, the name of Isaac Bickerstaff gained an audience of all who had any taste of wit; and the addition of the ordinary occurrences of common Journals of News brought in a multitude of other readers. I could not, I confess, long keep up the opinion of the town, that these Lucubrations were written by the same hand with the first works which were published under

* Arthur Maynwaring, Esq

Digitized by Google

my name; but, before I lost the participation of that author's fame, I had already found the advantage of his authority, to which I owe the sudden acceptance which my labours met with in the world.

The general purpose of this Paper is to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour. No man has a better judgment for the discovery, or a nobler spirit for the contempt of all imposture, than yourself; which qualities render you the most proper patron for the author of these Essays. In the general, the design, however executed, has met with so great success, that there is hardly a name now eminent among us for power, wit, beauty, valour, or wisdom, which is not subscribed for the encouragement of these volumes. This is, indeed, an honour, for which it is impossible to express a suitable gratitude; and there is nothing could be an addition to the pleasure I take in it but the reflection, that it gives me the most conspicuous occasion I can ever have, of subscribing myself, Sir,

Your most obliged, most obedient,
and most humble servant,
ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

## *Volume the Second.*

TO

## EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE, ESQ.*

SIR,

When I send you this volume, I am rather to make you a request than a Dedication. I must desire, that if

* Second son of the Hon. lady Wortley Montague, and grandson of Edward Montague, the first earl of Sandwich.

Digitized by Google

you think fit to throw away any moments on it, you would not do it after reading those excellent pieces with which you are usually conversant. The images which you will meet with here, will be very faint after the perusal of the Greeks and Romans, who are your ordinary companions. I must confess I am obliged to you for the taste of many of their excellences, which I had not observed until you pointed them to me. I am very proud that there are some things in these papers which I know you pardon;* and it is no small pleasure to have one's labours suffered by the judgment of a man, who so well understands the true charms of eloquence and poesy. But I direct this address to you; not that I think I can entertain you with my writings, but to thank you for the new delight I have, from your conversation, in those of other men.

May you enjoy a long continuance of the true relish of the happiness heaven has bestowed upon you! I know not how to say a more affectionate thing to you, than to wish that you may be always what you are; and that you may ever think, as I know you now do, that you have a much larger fortune than you want. I am, Sir, your most obedient, and most humble Servant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

## *Volume the Third.*

TO THE

# RIGHT HON. W^M. LORD COWPER,

BARON OF WINGHAM.

MY LORD,

After having long celebrated the superior graces and excellences, among men, in an imaginary character, I do

* This seems to amount to a declaration that E. Wortley Montague, Esq. was himself a writer in these papers.



Digitized by Google

myself the honour to show my veneration for transcendent merit under my own name, in this address to your lordship. . . The just application of those high accomplishments of which you are master, has been an advantage to all your fellow-subjects; and it is from the common obligation you have laid upon all the world, that I, though a private man, can pretend to be affected with, or take the liberty to acknowledge, your great talents and public virtues.

It gives a pleasing prospect to your friends, that is to say, to the friends of your country, that you have passed through the highest offices, at an age when others usually do but form to themselves the hopes of them. They may expect to see you in the house of lords as many years as you were ascending to it. It is our common good, that your admirable eloquence can now no longer be employed, but in the expression of your own sentiments and judgment. The skilful pleader is now for ever changed into the just judge; which latter character your lordship exerts with so prevailing an impartiality, that you win the approbation even of those who dissent from you, and you always obtain favour, because you are never moved by it.

This gives you a certain dignity peculiar to your present situation, and makes the equity, even of a lord high chancellor, appear but a degree towards the magnanimity of a peer of Great Britain.

Forgive me, my lord, when I cannot conceal from you, that I shall never hereafter behold you, but I shall behold you, as lately, defending the brave and the unfortunate.*

When we attend to your lordship engaged in a discourse, we cannot but reflect upon the many requisites which the vain-glorious speakers of antiquity have demanded in a man who is to excel in oratory; I say, my lord, when we reflect upon the precepts by viewing the example, though there is no excellence proposed by those rhetoricians wanting, the whole art seems to be resolved into

* The duke of Marlborough.

Digitized by Google

that one motive of speaking, sincerity in the intention. The graceful manner, the apt gesture, and the assumed concern, are impotent helps to persuasion, in comparison of the honest countenance of him who utters what he really means. From whence it is, that all the beauties which others attain with labour, are in your lordship but the natural effects of the heart that dictates.

It is this noble simplicity, which makes you surpass mankind in the faculties wherein mankind are distinguished from other creatures, reason and speech.

If these gifts were communicated to all men in proportion to the truth and ardour of their hearts, I should speak of you with the same force as you express yourself on any other subject. But I resist my present impulse as agreeable as it is to me; though, indeed, had I any pretensions to a fame of this kind, I should, above all other themes, attempt a panegyric upon my lord Cowper; for the only sure way to a reputation for eloquence, in an age wherein that perfect orator lives, is to choose an argument, upon which he himself must of necessity be silent.

I am, my Lord,
Your Lordship's most devoted,
most obedient, and most humble servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

## *Volume the Fourth.*

### TO THE
## RT. HON. CHAS. LORD HALIFAX.

From the Hovel at Hamptonwick,
April 7, 1711.

MY LORD,

When I first resolved upon doing myself this honour, I could not but indulge a certain vanity, in dating from

Digitized by Google

this little covert, where I have frequently had the honour of your lordship's company, and received from you very many obligations. The elegant solitude of this place, and the greatest pleasures of it, I owe to its being so near those beautiful manors wherein you sometimes reside. It is not retiring from the world, but enjoying its most valuable blessings, when a man is permitted to share in your lordship's conversations in the country. All the bright images which the wits of past ages have left behind them in their writings, the noble plans which the greatest statesmen have laid down for administration of affairs, are equally the familiar objects of your knowledge. But what is peculiar to your lordship above all the illustrious personages that have appeared in any age, is, that wit and learning have from your example fallen into a new æra. Your patronage has produced those arts, which before shunned the commerce of the world, into the service of life; and it is to you we owe, that the man of wit has turned himself to be a man of business. The false delicacy of men of genius, and the objections which others were apt to insinuate against their abilities for entering into affairs have equally vanished. And experience has shown, that men of letters are not only qualified with a greater capacity, but also a greater integrity in the despatch of business. Your own studies have been diverted from being the highest ornament, to the highest use to mankind; and the capacities which would have rendered you the greatest poet of your age, have, to the advantage of Great Britain, been employed in pursuits which have made you the most able and unbiassed patriot. A vigorous imagination, an extensive apprehension, and a ready judgment, have distinguished you in all the illustrious parts of administration, in a reign attended with such difficulties, that the same talents, without the same quickness in the possession of them, would have been incapable of conquering. The natural success of such abilities, has advanced you to a seat in that illustrious house, where you were received by a crowd of your relations. Great as you are, in your honours and personal

Digitized by Google

qualities, I know you will forgive an humble neighbour the vanity of pretending to a place in your friendship, and subscribing himself, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged,
and most devoted servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

## PREFACE TO THE OCTAVO EDITION, 1710.

In the last Tatler I promised some explanation of passages and persons mentioned in this work, as well as some account of the assistances I have had in the performance. I shall do this in very few words; for when a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass. I have, in the dedication of the first volume, made my acknowledgments to Dr. Swift, whose pleasant writings, in the name of Bickerstaff, created an inclination in the town towards any thing that could appear in the same disguise. I must acknowledge also, that, at my first entering upon this work, a certain uncommon way of thinking, and a turn in conversation peculiar to that agreeable gentleman, rendered his company very advantageous to one whose imagination was to be continually employed upon obvious and common subjects, though, at the same time, obliged to treat of them in a new and unbeaten method. His verses on the 'Shower in Town,' and the 'Description of the Morning,' are instances of the happiness of that genius, which could raise such pleasing ideas upon occasions so barren to an ordinary invention.

When I am upon the house of Bickerstaff, I must not forget that genealogy of the family sent to me by the post, and written, as I since understand, by Mr. Twisden, who died at the battle of Mons, and has a monument in Westminster-abbey, suitable to the respect which is due to his

Digitized by Google

wit and his valour. There are, through the course of the work, very many incidents which were written by unknown correspondents. Of this kind is the tale in the second Tatler, and the epistle from Mr. Downes the prompter, with others which were very well received by the public. But I have only one gentleman, who will be nameless, to thank for any frequent assistance to me, which indeed it would have been barbarous in him to have denied to one with whom he has lived in an intimacy from childhood, considering the great ease with which he is able to despatch the most entertaining pieces of this nature. This good office he performed with such force of genius, humour, wit, and learning, that I fared like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him.

The same hand writ the distinguishing characters of men and women under the names of 'Musical Instruments,' 'The Distress of the News-writers,' 'The Inventory of the Play-house,' and, 'The description of the Thermometer,' which I cannot but look upon as the greatest embellishments of this work.

Thus far I thought necessary to say relating to the great hands which have been concerned in these volumes, with relation to the spirit and genius of the work; and am far from pretending to modesty in making this acknowledgment. What a man obtains from the good opinion and friendship of worthy men, is a much greater honour than he can possibly reap from any accomplishments of his own. But all the credit of wit which was given me by the gentlemen above-mentioned, with whom I have now accounted, has not been able to atone for the exceptions made against me for some raillery in behalf of that learned advocate for the episcopacy of the church, and the liberty of the people, Mr. Hoadly. I mentioned this only to defend myself against the imputation of being moved rather by party than opinion; and, I think it is apparent. I have with the utmost frankness allowed merit wherever I found it, though joined in interests different from those for which

Digitized by Google

I have declared myself. When my Favonius is acknowledged to be Dr. Smalridge, and the amiable character of the Dean in the sixty-sixth Tatler, drawn for Dr. Atterbury; I hope I need say no more as to my impartiality.

I really have acted in these cases with honesty, and am concerned it should be thought otherwise; for wit, if a man had it, unless it be directed to some useful end, is but a wanton frivolous quality; all that one should value himself upon in this kind is, that he had some honourable intention in it.

As for this point, never hero in romance was carried away with a more furious ambition to conquer giants and tyrants, than I have been in extirpating gamesters and duellists. And indeed, like one of those knights too, though I was calm before, I am apt to fly out again, when the thing that first disturbed me is presented to my imagination. I shall therefore leave off when I am well, and fight with windmills no more; only shall be so arrogant as to say of myself, that, in spite of all the force of fashion and prejudice, in the face of all the world, I alone bewailed the condition of an English gentleman, whose fortune and life are at this day precarious; while his estate is liable to the demands of gamesters, through a false sense of justice; and to the demands of duellists, through a false sense of honour. As to the first of these orders of men, I have not one word more to say of them; as to the latter, I shall conclude all I have more to offer against them, with respect to their being prompted by the fear of shame, by applying to the duellist what I think Dr. South says somewhere of the liar, 'He is a coward to man, and a bravo to God.'

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# THE TATLER.

No. 1.] *Tuesday, April* 12, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
——— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

THOUGH the other papers, which are published for the use of the good people of England, have certainly very wholesome effects, and are laudable in their particular kinds, they do not seem to come up to the main design of such narrations; which, I humbly presume, should be principally intended for the use of politic persons, who are so public-spirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into transactions of state. Now these gentlemen, for the most part, being persons of strong zeal and weak intellects, it is both a charitable and necessary work to offer something whereby such worthy and well-affected members of the commonwealth may be instructed, after their reading, what to think; which shall be the end and purpose of this my paper, wherein I shall from time to time report and consider all matters of what kind soever that shall occur to me, and publish such my advices and reflections every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday in the week, for the convenience of the post. I resolve to have something which may be of entertainment to the fair-sex, in honour of whom, I have invented the title of this paper. I therefore earnestly desire all persons, without distinction, to take it in for the present, *gratis*, and hereafter, at the price of one



Digitized by Google

penny, forbidding all hawkers to take more for it at their peril. And I desire all persons to consider, that I am at a very great charge for proper materials for this work, as well as that, before I resolved upon it, I had settled a correspondence in all parts of the known and knowing world. And forasmuch as this globe is not trodden upon by mere drudges of business only, but that men of spirit and genius are justly to be esteemed as considerable agents in it, we shall not, upon a dearth of news, present you with musty foreign edicts, or dull proclamations, but shall divide our relation of the passages which occur in action or discourse throughout this town, as well as elsewhere, under such dates of places as may prepare you for the matter you are to expect, in the following manner.

"All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment, shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-house;* poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house;† learning, under the title of Grecian;‡ foreign and domestic news, you will have from Saint James's Coffee-house; and what else I have to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own Apartment.

"I once more desire my reader to consider, that as I cannot keep an ingenious man to go daily to Will's under twopence each day, merely for his charges; to White's under sixpence; nor to the Grecian, without allowing him some plain Spanish, to be as able as others at the learned table; and that a good observer cannot speak with even Kidney‖ at Saint James's without clean linen; I say, these considerations will, I hope, make all persons willing to comply with my humble request (when my *gratis* stock

* White's Chocolate-house was then on the west side of St. James's-street.

† "Will's Coffee-house was on the north side of Russel-street, Covent-garden, where the wits of that time used to assemble, and where Dryden had, when he lived, been accustomed to preside."

*Johnson's* "Lives," &c. vol. iv. p. 15. 8vo. edit. 1781.

‡ The Grecian was, and still is, in Devereux-court in the Strand; probably the most ancient coffee-house in or about London. In 1652, an English Turkey-merchant brought home with him a Greek servant, who first opened a house for making and selling coffee.

‖ Kidney was one of the waiter's at St. James's Coffee-house.

Digitized by Google

is exhausted) of a penny a-piece; especially since they are sure of some proper amusement, and that it is impossible for me to want means to entertain them, having, besides the force of my own parts, the power of divination, and that I can, by casting a figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to pass.

"But this last faculty I shall use very sparingly, and speak but of few things until they are passed, for fear of divulging matters which may offend our superiors." *

*White's Chocolate-house, April 7.*

The deplorable condition of a very pretty gentleman, who walks here at the hours when men of quality first appear, is what is very much lamented. His history is, that on the ninth of September, 1705, being in his one-and-twentieth year, he was washing his teeth at a tavern window in Pall-Mall, when a fine equipage passed by, and in it a young lady who looked up at him; away goes the coach, and the young gentleman pulled off his night-cap, and instead of rubbing his gums, as he ought to do, out of the window until about four of the clock, sits him down and spoke not a word until twelve at night; after which, he began to enquire if any body knew the lady?—The company asked what lady? but he said no more, until they broke up at six in the morning. All the ensuing winter he went from church to church every Sunday, and from play-house to play-house every night in the week; but could never find the original of the picture which dwelt in his bosom. In a word, his attention to any thing but his passion was utterly gone. He has lost all the money he ever played for, and been confuted in every argument he has entered upon, since the moment he first saw her. He is of a noble family, has naturally a very good air, and is of a frank, honest temper; but this passion has so extremely mauled him, that his features are set and uninformed, and his whole visage is deadened by a long absence of thought. He never ap-

* The same introduction was prefixed to No. 2, and No. 3.

Digitized by Google

pears in any alacrity but when raised by wine; at which time he is sure to come hither and throw away a great deal of wit on fellows who have no sense farther than just to observe, that our poor lover has most understanding when he is drunk, and is least in his senses when he is sober.*

The reader is desired to take notice of the article from this place, from time to time, for I design to be very exact in the progress this unhappy gentleman makes, which may be of great instruction to all who actually are, or who ever shall be in love.

*Will's Coffee-house, April 8.*

On Thursday last was acted, for the benefit of Mr. Betterton, the celebrated comedy called Love for Love.† Those excellent players, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Mr. Dogget, though not at present concerned in the house, acted on that occasion. There has not been known so great a concourse of persons of distinction as at that time; the stage itself was covered with gentlemen and ladies, and when the curtain was drawn, it discovered even there, a very splendid audience. This unusual encouragement, which was given to a play for the advantage of so great an actor, gives an undeniable instance, that the true relish for manly entertainments and rational pleasures is not wholly lost. All the parts were acted to perfection: the actors were careful of their carriage, and no one was guilty of the affectation to insert witticisms of his own; but a due respect was had to the audience for encouraging this accomplished player. It is not now doubted but plays will revive, and take their usual place in the opinion of persons of wit and merit, notwithstanding their late apostacy in favour of dress and sound. This place is very much altered since Mr. Dryden frequented it; where you used to see songs, epigrams, and satires, in the

* Edward Lord Viscount Hinchinbroke, mentioned afterwards under the name of Cynthio. He died in the life time of his father, Oct. 3, 1722. See No. 5, and No. 22.

† By Congreve. Published in quarto, 1695.

Digitized by Google

hands of every man you met, you have now only a pack of cards; and instead of the cavils about the turn of the expression, the elegance of the style, and the like, the learned now dispute only about the truth of the game. But however the company is altered, all have shewn a great respect for Mr. Betterton; and the very gaming part of this house have been so touched with a sense of the uncertainty of human affairs (which alter with themselves every moment), that in this gentleman, they pitied Mark Anthony of Rome, Hamlet of Denmark, Mithridates of Pontus, Theodosius of Greece, and Henry the Eighth of England. It is well known, he has been in the condition of each of those illustrious personages for several hours together, and behaved himself in those high stations, in all the changes of the scene, with suitable dignity. For these reasons, we intend to repeat this late favour to him on a proper occasion, lest he, who can instruct us so well in personating feigned sorrows, should be lost to us by suffering under real ones.* The town is at present in very great expectation of seeing† a comedy now in rehearsal, which is the twenty-fifth production of my honoured friend Mr. Thomas D'Urfey; who, besides his great abilities in the dramatic, has a peculiar talent in the lyric way of writing, and that with a manner wholly new and unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans, wherein he is but faintly imitated in the translations of the modern Italian operas.

*St. James's Coffee-house, April 11.*

Letters from the Hague of the sixteenth say, that major-general Cadogan was gone to Brussels, with orders to disperse proper instructions for assembling the whole force of the allies in Flanders in the beginning of the next

* Thomas Betterton, justly esteemed the Roscius of his age, was born in 1635, came upon the stage in 1656, and continued on it with great reputation more than fifty years. He died April 28, 1710.

† "The Modern Prophets," c. quarto, 1709, his twenty-seventh production, according to the list of his plays in Biog. Dram. See Tat. No. 11, and note; and No. 43.

Digitized by Google

month. The late offers concerning peace were made in the style of persons who think themselves upon equal terms; but the allies have so just a sense of their present advantages, that they will not admit of a treaty, except France offers what is more suitable to her present condition. At the same time, we make preparations as if we were alarmed by a greater force than that which we are carrying into the field. Thus this point seems now to be argued sword in hand. This was what a great general* alluded to, when being asked the names of those who were to be plenipotentiaries for the ensuing peace, he answered with a serious air, "There are about an hundred thousand of us." Mr. Kidney, who has the ear of the greatest politicians that come hither, tells me, there is a mail come in to-day with letters, dated Hague, April the nineteenth, N. S. which say, a design of bringing part of our troops into the field, at the latter end of this month, is now altered to a resolution of marching towards the camp about the twentieth of the next. Prince Eugene was then returned thither from Amsterdam. He sets out from Brussels on Tuesday: the greater number of the general officers at the Hague, have orders to go at the same time. The squadron at Dunkirk consists of seven vessels. There happened the other day, in the road of Scheveling, an engagement between a privateer of Zeeland and one of Dunkirk. The Dunkirker, carrying thirty-three pieces of cannon was taken and brought into the Texel. It is said, the courier of Monsieur Rouille is returned to him from the court of France. Monsieur Vendosme, being re-instated in the favour of the dutchess of Burgundy, is to command in Flanders.

Mr. Kidney added, that there were letters of the seventeenth from Ghent, which give an account that the enemy had formed a design to surprise two battalions of the allies which lay at Alost; but those battalions received advice of their march, and retired to Dendermond. Lieutenant-general Wood appeared on this occasion at the

* The duke of Marlborough.

Digitized by Google

head of five thousand foot, and one thousand horse; upon which, the enemy withdrew without making any farther attempt.

*From my own Apartment.*

I am sorry I am obliged to trouble the public with so much discourse upon a matter which I at the very first mentioned as a trifle, *viz.* the death of Mr. Partridge,* under whose name there is an almanack come out for the year 1709; in one page of which, it is asserted by the said John Partridge, that he is still living; and not only so, but that he was also living some time before, and even at the instant when I writ of his death. I have in another place, and in a paper by itself, sufficiently convinced this man that he is dead, and, if he has any shame, I do not doubt but that by this time he owns it to all his acquaintance; for though the legs and arms and whole body of that man may still appear, and perform their animal functions; yet since, as I have elsewhere observed, his art is gone, the man is gone. I am, as I said, concerned that this little matter should make so much noise; but since I am engaged, I take myself obliged in honour to go on in my lucubrations, and by the help of these arts, of which I am master, as well as my skill in astrological speculations, I shall as I see occasion, proceed to confute other dead men who pretend to be in being, although they are actually deceased. I therefore give all men fair warning to mend their manners; for I shall, from time to time, print bills of mortality; and I beg the pardon of all such who shall be named therein, if they who are good for nothing shall find themselves in the number of the deceased.

* Dr. Swift, in his "Predictions for 1708," foretold, that Partridge the almanack-maker, would infallibly die on the twenty-ninth of March, about eleven at night, of a raging fever. The wits resolved to support this prediction, and uniformly insisted that Partridge actually died at that time.

Digitized by Google

No. 2.] *Thursday, April* 14, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*Will's Coffee-house, April* 13.

THERE has lain all this evening on the table, the following poem. The subject of it being matter very useful for families, I thought it deserved to be considered, and made more public. The turn the poet gives it, is very happy; but the foundation is from a real accident which happened among my acquaintance. A young gentleman of a great estate fell desperately in love with a great beauty of very high quality, but as ill-natured as long flattery and an habitual self-will could make her. However, my young spark ventures upon her like a man of quality, without being acquainted with her, or having ever saluted her until it was a crime to kiss any woman else. Beauty is a thing which palls with possession; and the charms of this lady soon wanted the support of good-humour and complacency of manners. Upon this, my spark flies to the bottle for relief from satiety. She disdains him for being tired with that for which all men envied him; and he never came home, but it was—"Was there no sot that would stay longer? would any man living but you? did I leave all the world for this usage?" to which, he—"Madam, split me, you are very impertinent!" In a word, this match was wedlock in its most terrible appearances. She, at last, weary of railing to no purpose, applies to a good uncle, who gives her a bottle he pretended he had bought of Mr. Partridge the conjurer.—"This," said he, "I gave ten guineas for. The virtue of the enchanted liquor (said he that sold it) is such, that if the woman you marry proves a scold (which it seems my dear niece is your misfortune; as it was your good mother's before you) let her hold three spoonfuls in her mouth for a full half hour after you come home—" But I

Digitized by Google

find I am not in humour for telling a tale, and nothing in nature is so ungraceful as story-telling against the grain, therefore take it as the author has given it you.

## THE MEDICINE.

*A Tale—for the Ladies.*

Miss Molly, a fam'd toast, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms—but then she had a tongue!
From morn to night th' eternal 'larum run,
Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.
Sir John was smitten, and confess'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the usual time, then wed the dame;
Possess'd, he thought, of every joy of life
But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.
Excess of fondness did in time decline,
Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine.
From whence some petty discord would arise,
As, "You're a fool!"—and, "You are mighty wise!"
Though he and all the world allow'd her wit,
Her voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet;
When she began—for hat and sword he'd call,
Then after a faint kiss,—cry, "Bye, dear Moll!
Supper and friends expect me at the Rose."—
"And, what Sir John, you'll get your usual dose!
Go, stink of smoke, and guzzle nasty wine;
Sure, neve virtuous love was us'd like mine!"
Oft as the watchful bell-man march'd his round,
At a fresh bottle gay Sir John he found.
By four the knight would get his business done,
And only then reel'd off, because alone;
Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come,
But, arm'd with Bourdeaux, he durst venture home.
My lady with her tongue was still prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:
"'Tis a fine hour! In a sweet pickle made!
And this, Sir John, is every day the trade.
Here I sit moping all the live-long night,
Devour'd with spleen, and stranger to delight;
'Till morn sends staggering home a drunken beast
Resolv'd to break my heart, as well as rest."
"Hey! hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obstreperous spouse,
What, can't you find one bed about the house?
Wid that perpetual clack ile never still?
That rival to the softness of a mill!
Some couch and distant room must be my choice,
Where I may sleep uncurs'd with wife and noise."
Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With snarling meals, and each a sep'rate bed.
To an old uncle oft she would complain,
Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.

Digitized by Google

Old Wisewood smok'd the matter as it was,
" Cheer up!" cried he, " and I'll remove the cause.
" A wond'rous spring within my garden flows,
Of sovereign virtue, chiefly to compose
Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife,
The best elixir t' appease man and wife;
Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine,
'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine.
If in his sullen airs Sir John should come,
Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—then mum,
Smile, and look pleas'd, when he shall rage and scold,
Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold
One month this sympathetic med'cine try'd,
He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
But, dearest niece, keep this grand secret close,
Or every prattling hussy 'll beg a dose."
A water-bottle's brought for her relief;
Not Nants could sooner ease the lady's grief:
Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,
And, female like, impatient for th' event!
The bonny knight reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamour and domestic war:
Entering, he cries,—" Hey! where's our thunder fled!
No hurricane! Betty 's your lady dead?"
Madam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,
Court'sies, looks kind, but not a word she speaks:
Wondering, he star'd, scarcely his eyes believ'd,
But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.
" Why, how now, Molly, what's the crotchet now?"
She smiles, and answers only with a bow.
Then clasping her about—" Why, let me die!
These night-cloaths, Moll, become thee mightily!"
With that he sigh'd, her hand began to press,
And Betty calls, her lady to undress.
" Nay, kiss me, Molly,—for I'm much inclin'd."
Her lace she cuts, to take him in the mind.
Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,
The lady pleas'd, and the good knight content.
For many days these fond endearments past,
The reconciling bottle fails at last;
'Twas us'd and gone,—Then midnight storms arose,
And looks and words the union discompose.
Her coach is order'd, and post-haste she flies
To beg her uncle for some fresh supplies,
Transported does the strange effects relate,
Her knight's conversion, and her happy state!
" Why, niece," says he,—" I pr'ythee apprehend,
The water's water—be thyself thy friend;
Such beauty would the coldest husband warm,
But your provoking tongue undoes the charm:
Be silent and complying.—You'll soon find,
Sir John without a med'cine will be kind."

Digitized by Google

*St. James's Coffee-house, April* 13.

Letters from Venice say, the disappointment of their expectation to see his Danish majesty has very much disquieted the court of Rome. Our last advices from Germany inform us that the minister of Hanover has urged the council at Ratisbone to exert themselves in behalf of the common cause, and taken the liberty to say, that the dignity, the virtue, the prudence of his electoral highness, his master, were called to the head of their affairs in vain, if they thought fit to leave him naked of the proper means to make those excellencies useful for the honour and safety of the empire. They write from Berlin of the thirteenth, O. S. that the true design of general Fleming's visit to that court was to insinuate, that it will be for the mutual interest of the king of Prussia and king Augustus to enter into a new alliance; but that the ministers of Prussia are not inclined to his sentiments. We hear from Vienna, that his imperial majesty has expressed great satisfaction in their high mightinesses having communicated to him the whole that has passed in the affair of a peace. Though there have been practices used by the agents of France, in all the courts of Europe, to break the good understanding of the allies, they have had no other effect, but to make all the members concerned in the alliance more doubtful of their safety, from the great offers of the enemy. The emperor is roused by this alarm, and the frontiers of all the French dominions are in danger of being insulted the ensuing campaign. Advices from all parts confirm, that it is impossible for France to find a way to obtain so much credit as to gain any one potentate of the allies, or conceive any hope for safety from other prospects.

*From my own Apartment, April* 13.

I find it of very great use, now I am setting up for a writer of news, that I am an adept in astrological speculations; by which means, I avoid speaking of things which may offend great persons. But, at the same time, I must

Digitized by Google

not prostitute the liberal sciences so far, as not to utter the truth in cases which do immediately concern the good of my native country. I must, therefore, contradict what has been so assuredly reported by the news-writers of England, that France is in the most deplorable condition, and that their people die in great multitudes. I will therefore let the world know, that my correspondent by the way of Brussels, informs me upon his honour, that the gentleman who writes the gazette of Paris, and ought to know as well as any man, has told him, that ever since the king has been past his sixty-third year, or grand climacteric, there has not died one man of the French nation who was younger than his majesty, except a very few who were taken suddenly near the village of Hockstet in Germany; and some more who were straitened for lodging at a place called Ramilies, and died on the road to Ghent and Bruges.* There are also other things given out by the allies, which are shifts below a conquering nation to make use of. Among others, it is said there is a general murmuring among the people of France, though at the same time, all my letters agree, that there is so good an understanding among them, that there is not one morsel carried out of any market in the kingdom but what is delivered upon credit.

No. 3.] *Saturday, April* 16, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
———— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*Will's Coffee-house, April* 14.

THIS evening the comedy* called the Country Wife, was acted in Drury-lane, for the benefit of Mrs. Bignell. The part which gives name to the play was performed by her-

* An humourous compliment to the Duke of Marlborough, who, as Mr. Steele insinuates, so reduced the French, that they had now, neither more young men to go to war, nor more ready money to carry to market.

Digitized by Google

part which gives name to the play was performed by herself. Through the whole action she made a very pretty figure, and exactly entered into the nature of the part. Her husband, in the drama, is represented to be one of those debauchees who run through the vices of the town, and believe when they think fit, they can marry and settle at their ease. His own knowledge of the iniquity of the age, makes him choose a wife wholly ignorant of it, and place his security in her want of skill to abuse him. The poet on many occasions, where the propriety of the character will admit of it, insinuates, that there is no defence against vice, but the contempt of it: and has, in the natural ideas of an untainted innocent, shown the gradual steps to ruin and destruction which persons of condition run into, without the help of a good education to form their conduct. The torment of a jealous coxcomb, which arises from his own false maxims, and the aggravation of his pain, by the very words in which he sees her innocence, makes a very pleasant and instructive satire. The character of Horner, and the design of it, is a good representation of the age in which that comedy was written; at which time, love and wenching were the business of life, and the gallant manner of pursuing women was the best recommendation at court. To this only, it is to be imputed, that a gentleman of Mr. Wycherly's character and sense, condescends to represent the insults done to the honour of the bed, without just reproof; but to have drawn a man of probity with regard to such considerations had been a monster, and a poet had at that time discovered his want of knowing the manners of the court he lived in, by a virtuous character in his fine gentleman, as he would show his ignorance by drawing a vicious one to please the present audience. Mrs. Bignell did her part very happily, and had a certain grace in her rusticity, which gave us hopes of seeing her a very skilful player, and in some parts, supply our loss of Mrs. Verbruggen. I cannot be of the same opinion with my friends and fellow-labourers, the Reformers of Manners, in their severity towards plays; but must allow, that a good play, acted before a well-



Digitized by Google

bred audience, must raise very proper incitements to good behaviour, and be the most quick and most prevailing method of giving young people a turn of sense and breeding. But as I have set up for a weekly historian, I resolve to be a faithful one; and therefore take this public occasion to admonish a young nobleman, who came flustering into the box last night, and let him know how much all his friends were out of countenance for him. The women sat in terror of hearing something that should shock their modesty, and all the gentlemen in as much pain out of compassion to the ladies, and perhaps resentment for the indignity which was offered in coming into their presence in so disrespectful a manner. Wine made him say nothing that was rude, therefore he is forgiven, upon condition he never will hazard his offending more in this kind. As I just now hinted, I own myself of the "Society for Reformation of Manners." * We have lower instruments than those of the family of Bickerstaff, for punishing great crimes and exposing the abandoned. Therefore, as I design to have notices from all public assemblies, I shall take upon me only indecorums, improprieties, and negligences, in such as should give us better examples. After this declaration, if a fine lady thinks fit to giggle at church, or a great beau come in drunk to a play, either shall be sure to hear of it in my ensuing paper; for, merely as a well-bred man, I cannot bear these enormities.

After the play, we naturally stroll to this coffee-house, in hopes of meeting some new poem or other entertainment among the men of wit and pleasure, where there is a dearth at present. But it is wonderful there should be so few writers, when the art is become merely mechanic, and men may make themselves great that way by as certain and infallible rules as you may be a joiner or a mason.

* 'This Society began in 1690; an account of the progress made in suppressing profaneness and debauchery by its means was published yearly. The last account is from Dec. 1737 to Dec. 1738. The total number of persons prosecuted by this Society, in or near London, during these forty-four years, is calculated at about 101,683,' &c. Such as are curious, may see a fuller account of it, in Stow's Survey of London, edit. 1755, vol. i. p. 144.

Digitized by Google

There happens a good instance of this in what the hawker has just now offered for sale, to wit, 'Instructions to Vanderbank: A Sequel to the Advice to the Poets: A Poem, occasioned by the glorious success of her Majesty's arms under the command of the Duke of Marlborough, the last year in Flanders.'* Here you are to understand that the author, finding the poets would not take his advice, troubles himself no more about them; but has met with one Vanderbank,† who works in arras, and makes very good tapestry hangings: therefore, in order to celebrate the hero of the age, he claps together all that can be said of a man that makes hangings:

> Then artist, who does nature's face express
> In silk and gold, and scenes of action dress;
> Dost figur'd arras animated leave,
> Spin a bright story, or a passion weave;
> By mingling threads, canst mingle shade and light,
> Delineate triumphs, or describe a fight?

Well, what shall this workman do? why, to show how great an hero the poet intends, he provides him a very good horse:

> Champing his foam, and bounding on the plain,
> Arch his high neck, and graceful spread his mane.

Now as to the intrepidity, the calm courage, the constant application of the hero, it is not necessary to take that upon yourself: you may, in the lump, bid him you employ raise him as high as he can; and if he does it not, let him answer for disobeying orders.

> Let fame and victory in inferior sky
> Hover with balanc'd wings, and smiling fly
> Above his head, &c.

A whole poem of this kind may be ready against an ensuing campaign, as well as a space left in the canvass of a piece of tapestry for the principal figure, while the underparts are working; so that in effect, the adviser copies

* By Sir Richard Blackmore. See Spect. Nos. 6. 339. Tat. No. 14. contains a very proper apology for this raillery.

† This man was inimitable in his way; no person ever represented nature more happily in works of tapestry.

Digitized by Google

after the man he pretends to direct. This method should, methinks, encourage young beginners; for the invention is so fitted to all capacities, that by the help of it a man may make a receipt for a poem. A young man may observe, that the jig of the thing is, as I said, finding out all that can be said in his way whom you employ to set forth your worthy. Waller and Denham had worn out the expedience of 'Advice to a Painter:' this author has transferred the work, and sent his Advice to the Poets; that is to say, to the Turners of Verse, as he calls them. Well, that thought is worn out also; therefore he directs his genius to the loom, and will have a new set of hangings in honour of the last year in Flanders. I must own to you, I approve extremely this invention, and it might be improved for the benefit of manufactory: as, suppose an ingenious gentleman should write a poem of advice to a Calico-printer; do you think there is a girl in England that would wear any thing but the 'Taking of Lisle,' or, 'The Battle of Oudenarde?' They would certainly be all the fashion until the heroes abroad had cut out some more patterns. I should fancy small skirmishes might do for under-petticoats, provided they had a siege for the upper. If our adviser were well imitated, many industrious people might be put to work. Little Mr. Dactile, now in the room, who formerly writ a song and a half, is a week gone in a very pretty work, upon this hint: he is writing an epigram to a young virgin who knits very well (it is a thousand pities he is a jacobite;) but his epigram is by way of advice to this damsel, to knit all the actions of the pretender and the duke of Burgundy's last campaign in the clock of a stocking. It were endless to enumerate the many hands and trades that may be employed by poets, of so useful a turn as this adviser. I shall think of it; and, in this time of taxes, shall consult a great critic employed in the custom-house, in order to propose what tax may be proper to be put upon knives, seals, rings, hangings, wrought beds, gowns, and petticoats, where any of these commodities bear mottoes, or are worked upon poetical grounds.

Digitized by Google

*St. James's Coffee-house, April* 15.

Letters from Turin of the third instant, N. S. inform us, that his royal highness * employs all his address in alarming the enemy, and perplexing their speculations concerning his real designs the ensuing campaign. Contracts are entered into with the merchants of Milan for a great number of mules to transport his provisions and ammunition. His royal highness has ordered the train of artillery to be conveyed to Susa before the twentieth of the next month. In the mean time, all accounts agree that the enemy are very backward in their preparations, and almost incapable of defending themselves against an invasion, by reason of the general murmurs of their own people; which, they find, are no way to be quieted but by giving them hopes of a speedy peace. When these letters were despatched the marshal de Thesse was arrived at Genoa, where he has taken much pains to keep the correspondents of the merchants of France in hopes that measures will be found out to support the credit and commerce between that state and Lyons: but the late declaration of the agents of Monsieur Bernard, that they cannot discharge the demands made upon them, has quite dispirited all those who are engaged in the remittances of France.

*From my own Apartment, April* 15.

It is a very natural passion in all good members of the commonwealth, to take what care they can of their families. Therefore, I hope the reader will forgive me, that I desire he would go to the play called, the Stratagem, † this evening, which is to be acted for the benefit of my near kinsman, Mr. John Bickerstaff. ‡ I protest to you, the gentleman has not spoken to me to desire this favour;

* Prince Eugene.

† The Beaux Stratagem, by G. Farquhar. Acted at the Hay-market, 1707. It was begun and finished in the course of six weeks, while the author laboured under the illness of which he died during the run of his play.

‡ A real player of that name.

Digitized by Google

but I have a respect for him, as well in regard to consanguinity, as that he is an intimate friend of that famous and heroic actor, Mr. George Powel; who formerly played Alexander the Great in all places, though he is lately grown so reserved, as to act it only on the stage.*

No. 4.] *Tuesday, April* 18, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

'It is usual with persons who mount the stage for the cure or information of the crowd about them, to make solemn professions of their being wholly disinterested in the pains they take for the public good. At the same time, those very men who make harangues in plush doublets, and extol their own abilities and generous inclinations, tear their lungs in vending a drug, and show no act of bounty, except it be, that they lower a demand of a crown to six, nay, to one penny. We have a contempt for such paltry barterers, and have therefore, all along informed the public, that we intend to give them our advices for our own sakes, and are labouring to make our lucubrations come to some price in money, for our more convenient support in the service of the public. It is certain, that many other schemes have been proposed to me; as a friend offered to show me a treatise he had writ, which he called, "The whole Art of Life; or, The Introduction to great Men, illustrated in a Pack of Cards." But, being a novice at all manner of play, I declined the offer. Another advised me, for want of money, to set up my coach, and practise physic; but, having been bred a scholar, I feared I should not succeed that way neither, therefore, resolved to go on in my present project. But you are to

* A delicate animadversion on the irregularity of Mr. Powel, who, about this time, began to sink in his reputation by abandoning himself to drunkenness.

Digitized by Google

understand that I shall not pretend to raise a credit to this work upon the weight of my politic news only, but, as my Latin sentence in the title-page informs you, *shall take any thing that offers for the subject of my discourse.* Thus, new persons, as well as new things, are to come under my consideration; as, when a toast or wit is first pronounced such, you shall have the freshest advice of their preferment, from me, with a description of the beauty's manners, and the wit's style; as also, in whose places they are advanced. For this town is never good-natured enough to raise one without depressing another. But it is my design to avoid saying any thing of any person which ought justly to displease; but shall endeavour, by the variety of the matter and style, to give entertainment for men of pleasure, without offence to those of business."

*White's Chocolate-house, April* 18.

All hearts at present pant for two ladies only, who have for some time engrossed the dominion of the town. They are, indeed, both exceeding charming, but differ very much in their excellencies. The beauty of Clarissa is soft, that of Chloe piercing. When you look at Clarissa, you see the most exact harmony of feature, complexion, and shape; you find in Chloe nothing extraordinary in any one of those particulars, but the whole woman irresistible: Clarissa looks languishing; Chloe killing: Clarissa never fails of gaining admiration; Chloe of moving desire. The gazers at Clarissa are at first unconcerned, as if they were observing a fine picture. They who behold Chloe, at the first glance discover transport, as if they met their dearest friend. These different perfections are suitably represented by the last great painter Italy has sent us, Mr. Jervas. Clarissa is by that skilful hand placed in a manner that looks artless, and innocent of the torments she gives; Chloe is drawn with a liveliness that shows she is conscious of, but not affected with, her perfections. Clarissa is a shepherdess; Chloe a country girl. I must own, the design of Chloe's picture shows, to me, great mastery in the painter; for nothing could be better imagined than the dress he has

Digitized by Google

given her of a straw-hat and a ribbon, to represent that sort of beauty which enters the heart with a certain familiarity, and cheats it into a belief that it has received a lover as well as an object of love. The force of their different beauties is seen also in the effects it makes on their lovers. The admirers of Chloe are eternally gay and well-pleased: those of Clarissa, melancholy and thoughtful. And as this passion always changes the natural man into a quite different creature from what he was before, the love of Chloe makes coxcombs; that of Clarissa, madmen. There were of each kind just now in this room. Here was one that whistles, laughs, sings, and cuts capers, for love of Chloe. Another has just now writ three lines to Clarissa, then taken a turn in the garden, then came back again, then tore his fragment, then called for some chocolate, then went away without it.

Chloe has so many admirers in the house at present that there is too much noise to proceed in my narration; so that the progress of the loves of Clarissa and Chloe, together with the bottles that are drunk each night for the one, and the many sighs which are uttered, and songs written on the other, must be our subject on future occasions.

*Will's Coffee-house, April* 18.

Letters from the Hay-market inform us, that on Saturday night last the Opera of Pyrrhus and Demetrius was performed with great applause. This intelligence is not very acceptable to us friends of the theatre; for the stage being an entertainment of the reason and all our faculties, this way of being pleased with the suspense of them for three hours together, and being given up to the shallow satisfaction of the eyes and ears only, seems to arise rather from the degeneracy of our understanding, than an improvement of our diversions. That the understanding has no part in the pleasure is evident, from what these letters very positively assert; to wit, that a great part of the performance was done in Italian; and a great critic*

* John Dennis, who criticised the tragedy of Cato, &c.

Digitized by Google

fell into fits in the gallery, at seeing, not only time and place, but languages and nations confused in the most incorrigible manner. His spleen is so extremely moved on this occasion that he is going to publish a treatise against operas, which, he thinks, have already inclined us to thoughts of peace, and, if tolerated, must infallibly dispirit us from carrying on the war. He has communicated his scheme to the whole room, and declared in what manner things of this kind were first introduced. He has, upon this occasion, considered the nature of sounds in general; and made a very elaborate digression upon the London Cries, wherein he has shown from reason and philosophy, why oysters are cried, card-matches sung, and turnips and all other vegetables neither cried, sung, nor said, but sold, with an accent and tone neither natural to man nor beast. This piece seems to be taken from the model of that excellent discourse of Mrs. Manly* the school-mistress, concerning samplers. Advices from the upper end of Piccadilly, say that May-fair† is utterly abolished; and we hear Mr. Penkethman has removed his ingenious company of strollers to Greenwich. But other letters from Deptford say, the company is only making thither, and not yet settled; but that several heathen gods and goddesses, which are to descend in machines, landed at the King's-head Stairs last Saturday. Venus and Cupid went on foot from thence to Greenwich; Mars got drunk in the town, and broke his landlord's head, for which he sat in the stocks the whole evening; but Mr. Penkethman giving security that he should do nothing this ensuing summer, he was set at liberty. The most melancholy part of all was, that Diana was taken in the act of fornication with a boatman, and committed by justice Wrathful; which has, it seems, put a stop to the diversions of the theatre

* See in Dr. King's Works, vol. ii. 8vo. edit. 1776, 'An Essay on the Invention of Samplers, by Mrs. Arabella Manly, school-mistress at Hackney.'

† See the presentment of May Fair by the Grand Jury of Westminster, an. 1708, in Stow's Survey, &c. edit. 6. 1755; vol. ii. p. 178. It was entirely abolished in the year 1709; Shepherd's-market, near Curzon-street, was built on the spot where it was held, and the surrounding district is styled May-fair.

Digitized by Google

of Blackheath. But there goes down another Diana and a Patient Grizzel next tide from Billingsgate.

It is credibly reported, that Mr. D—y* has agreed with Mr. Penkethman to have his play acted before that audience as soon as it has had its first sixteen days run in Drury-lane.

*St. James's Coffee-house, April* 18.

They write from Saxony, of the thirteenth instant, N. S. that the grand general of the crown of Poland, was so far from entering into a treaty with king Stanislaus, that he had written circular letters, wherein he exhorted the Palatines to join against him; declaring that this was the most favourable conjuncture for asserting their liberty.

Letters from the Hague of the twenty-third instant, N. S. say, they have advices from Vienna which import that his electoral highness of Hanover had signified to the imperial court, that he did not intend to put himself at the head of the troops of the empire, except more effectual measures were taken for acting vigorously against the enemy the ensuing campaign. Upon this representation, the emperor has given orders to several regiments to march towards the Rhine; and despatched expresses to the respective princes of the empire to desire an augmentation of their forces.

These letters add, that an express arrived at the Hague on the twentieth instant with advice that the enemy having made a detachment from Tournay of fifteen hundred horse, each trooper carrying a foot soldier behind him, in order to surprise the garrison of Alost; the allies, upon notice of their march, sent out a strong body of troops from Ghent, which engaged the enemy at Asche, and took two hundred of them prisoners, obliging the rest to retire without making any farther attempt. On the twenty-second in the morning, a fleet of merchant ships, coming from Scotland, were attacked by six French privateers, at the entrance of the Meuse. We have yet no certain advice of the event; but letters from Rotterdam say, that

* Tom D'Urfey.

Digitized by Google

a Dutch man-of-war of forty guns, which was convoy to the said fleet, was taken, as were also eighteen of the merchants. The Swiss troops in the service of the States have completed the augmentation of their respective companies. Those of Wirtemberg and Prussia are expected on the frontiers within a few days; and the auxiliaries from Saxony, as also a battalion of Holstein, and another of Wolfenbuttle, are advancing thither with all expedition. On the twenty-first instant the deputies of the States had a conference near Woerden with the president Rouille; but the matter which was therein debated is not made public. His grace the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene continue at the Hague.

*From my own Apartment, April* 18.

I have lately been very studious for intelligence, and have just now, by my astrological flying post, received a packet from Felicia,* an island in America, with an account that gives me great satisfaction, and lets me understand, that the island was never in greater prosperity, or the administration in so good hands, since the death of their late glorious king. These letters import, that the chief minister has entered into a firm league with the ablest and best men of the nation, to carry on the cause of liberty, to the encouragement of religion, virtue, and honour. Those persons at the helm are so useful, and in themselves, of such weight, that their strict alliance must needs tend to the universal prosperity of the people. Camillo,† it seems, presides over the deliberations of state; and is so highly valued by all men for his singular probity, courage, affability, and love of mankind, that his being placed in that station has dissipated the fears of that people, who of all the world are the most jealous of their liberty and happiness, and the least provident for their security. The next member of their society is Horatio,‡ who makes all the public despatches. This minister is master

* In this allegorical paper, by Felicia is meant Britain.
† Lord John Somers, President of the Council.
‡ Sidney, Earl of Godolphin, Lord High Treasurer.

Digitized by Google

of all the languages in use, to great perfection. He is held in the highest veneration imaginable for a severe honesty, and love of his country: he lives in a court unsullied with any of its artifices, the refuge of the oppressed, and terror of oppressors. Martio* has joined himself to this council; a man of most undaunted resolution, and great knowledge in maritime affairs; famous for destroying the navy of the Franks,† and singularly happy in one particular, that he never preferred a man who has not proved remarkably serviceable to his country. Philander‡ is mentioned with particular distinction; a nobleman who has the most refined taste of the true pleasures and elegance of life, joined to an indefatigable industry in business; a man eloquent in assemblies, agreeable in conversation, and dexterous in all manner of public negotiations. These letters add, that Verono,§ who is also of this council, has lately set sail to his government of Patricia, with design to confirm the affections of the people in the interests of his queen. This minister is master of great abilities, and is as industrious and restless for the preservation of the liberties of the people, as the greatest enemy can be to subvert them. The influence of these personages, who are men of such distinguished parts and virtues, makes the people enjoy the utmost tranquillity in the midst of a war, and gives them undoubted hopes of a secure peace from their vigilance and integrity.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Upon the humble petition of running stationers, &c. this Paper may be had of them, for the future, at the price of one penny.‖

* Edward Russel, Earl of Orford.
† At La Hogue, in 1692.
‡ William Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire, Lord Steward of the Household.
§ Thomas, Earl of Wharton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.
‖ The preceding papers had been given gratis.

Digitized by Google

No. 5.] *Thureday, April, 21, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines———
——— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house, April 20.*

'Who names that lost thing, love without a tear,
Since so debauch'd by ill-bred customs here?
To an exact perfection they have brought
The action love, the passion is forgot.'

This was long ago a witty author's lamentation, but the evil still continues; and if a man of any delicacy were to attend the discourses of the young fellows of this age, he would believe there were none but prostitutes to make the objects of passion. So true it is what the author of the above verses said a little before his death of the modern pretenders to gallantry: 'they set up for wits in this age, by saying when they are sober, what they of the last, spoke only when they were drunk.' But Cupid is not only blind at present, but dead drunk; he has lost all his faculties: else how should Celia be so long a maid with that agreeable behaviour? Corinna with that sprightly wit? Lesbia with that heavenly voice? and Sacharissa, with all those excellencies in one person, frequent the park, the play, and murder the poor tits that drag her to public places, and not a man turn pale at her appearance? But such is the fallen state of love, that if it were not for honest Cynthio, who is true to the cause, we should hardly have a pattern left of the ancient worthies that way; and indeed, he has but very little encouragement to persevere; but he has a devotion, rather than love, for his mistress, and says,

'Only tell her that I love,
Leave the rest to her and fate;
Some kind planet from above
May, perhaps, her passion move;
Lovers on their stars must wait.' *

* These verses are part of a song by Lord Cutts, Steele's early patron. See them entire in Nichols's "Select Collection, 1780," vol. ii. p. 387.



Digitized by Google

'But the stars I am so intimately acquainted with, that I can assure him he will never have her; for, would you believe it? though Cynthio has wit, good sense, fortune, and his very being depends upon her, the termagant for whom he sighs is in love with a fellow who stares in the glass all the time he is with her, and lets her plainly see, she may possibly be his rival, but never his mistress. Yet Cynthio, the same unhappy man, whom I mentioned in my first narrative, pleases himself with a vain imagination, that with the language of his eyes, now he has found who she is, he shall conquer her, though her eyes are intent upon one who looks from her; which is ordinary with the sex. It is certainly a mistake in the ancients, to draw the little gentleman LOVE as a blind boy; for his real character is, a little thief that squints; for ask Mrs. Meddle, who is a confident or spy upon all the passions in town, and she will tell you that the whole is a game of cross purposes. The lover is generally pursuing one who is in pursuit of another, and running from one that desires to meet him. Nay, the nature of this passion is so justly represented in a squinting little thief (who is always in a double action,) that do but observe Clarissa next time you see her, and you will find, when her eyes have made their soft tour round the company, she makes no stay on him they say she is to marry, but rests two seconds of a minute on Wildair, who neither looks nor thinks on her or any woman else. However, Cynthio had a bow from her the other day, upon which he is very much come to himself; and I heard him send his man of an errand yesterday, without any manner of hesitation; a quarter of an hour after which he reckoned twenty, remembered he was to sup with a friend, and went exactly to his appointment. I sent to know how he did this morning; and I find that he hath not forgot that he spoke to me yesterday.

*Will's Coffee-house, April 20.*

This week being sacred to holy things, and no public diversions allowed, there has been taken notice of, even here, a little treatise, called, 'A Project for the Advance-

Digitized by Google

ment of Religion: dedicated to the Countess of Berkeley:' the title was so uncommon, and promised so peculiar a way of thinking, that every man here has read it, and as many as have done so, have approved it. It is written with the spirit of one who has seen the world enough to undervalue it with good-breeding. The author must certainly be a man of wisdom as well as piety, and have spent much time in the exercise of both. The real causes of the decay of the interest of religion are set forth in a clear and lively manner without unseasonable passions; and the whole air of the book, as to the language, the sentiments, and the reasonings, shows it was written by one whose virtue sits easy about him, and to whom vice is thoroughly contemptible. It was said by one of this company, alluding to that knowledge of the world the author seems to have, 'The man writes much like a gentleman, and goes to heaven with a very good mien.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, April* 20.

Letters from Italy say, that the marquis de Prie, upon the receipt of an express from the court of Vienna, went immediately to the palace of cardinal Paulucci, minister of state to his holiness, and demanded, in the name of his imperial majesty, that king Charles should forthwith be acknowledged king of Spain, by a solemn act of the congregation of cardinals, appointed for that purpose: he declared, at the same time, that if the least hesitation were made in this most important article of the late treaty, he should not only be obliged to leave Rome himself, but also transmit his master's orders to the imperial troops to face about, and return into the ecclesiastical dominions. When the cardinal reported this message to the pope, his holiness was struck with so sensible an affliction, that he burst into tears: his sorrow was aggravated by letters which, immediately after, arrived from the court of Madrid, wherein his nuncio acquainted him, that, upon the news of his accommodation with the emperor, he had received a message to forbear coming to court; and the people were so highly provoked, that they could hardly

Digitized by Google

be restrained from insulting his palace. These letters add, that the king of Denmark was gone from Florence to Pisa, and from Pisa to Leghorn, where the governor paid his majesty all imaginable honours. The king designed to go from thence to Lucca, where a magnificent tournament was prepared for his diversion. An English man-of-war, which came from Port-Mahon to Leghorn in six days, brought advice, that the fleet, commanded by admiral Whitaker, was safely arrived at Barcelona, with the troops and ammunition which he had taken in at Naples.

General Boneval, governor of Comachio, had summoned the magistrates of all the towns near that place to appear before him, and take an oath of fidelity to his imperial majesty, commanding also the gentry to pay him homage on pain of death and confiscation of goods. Advices from Switzerland inform us, that the bankers of Geneva were utterly ruined by the failure of Mr. Bernard. They add, that the deputies of the Swiss Cantons were returned from Soleure, where they were assembled at the instance of the French ambassador, but were very much dissatisfied with the reception they had from that minister. It is true, he omitted no civilities or expressions of friendship from his master, but he took no notice of their pensions and arrears: what further provoked their indignation was, that, instead of twenty-five pistoles, formerly allowed to each member, for their charge in coming to the diet, he had presented them with six only. They write from Dresden, that king Augustus was still busy in recruiting his cavalry, and that the Danish troops that lately served in Hungary had orders to be in Saxony by the middle of May; and that his majesty of Denmark was expected at Dresden in the beginning of that month. King Augustus makes great preparations for his reception, and has appointed sixty coaches, each drawn by six horses, for that purpose: the interview of these princes affords great matter for speculation. Letters from Paris, of the twenty-second of this month say, that marshal Harcourt and the duke of Berwick were preparing to go into Alsace and Dauphiné, but that their troops were in want of all manner of necessaries. The court of France,

Digitized by Google

had received advices from Madrid, that on the seventh of this month, the states of Spain, had, with much magnificence, acknowledged the prince of Asturias presumptive heir to the crown. This was performed at Buen-Retiro; the deputies took the oaths, on that occasion, from the hands of cardinal Portocarrero. These advices add, that it was signified to the pope's nuncio, by order of council, to depart from that court in twenty-four hours, and that a guard was accordingly appointed to conduct him to Bayonne.

Letters from the Hague, of the twenty-sixth instant, inform us, that prince Eugene was to set out the next day for Brussels, to put all things in readiness for opening the campaign. They add, that the grand pensioner having reported to the duke of Marlborough what passed in the last conference with Mr. Rouille, his grace had taken a resolution immediately to return to Great Britain, to communicate to her majesty, all that has been transacted in that important affair

*From my own Apartment, April* 20.

The nature of my miscellaneous work is such, that I shall always take the liberty to tell for news, such things (let them have happened never so much before the time of writing) as have escaped public notice, or have been misrepresented to the world; provided that I am still within rules, and trespass not as a Tatler, any farther than in an incorrectness of style, and writing in an air of common speech. Thus, if any thing that is said, even of old Anchises or Æneas, be set by me in a different light than has hitherto been hit upon, in order to inspire the love and admiration of worthy actions, you will, gentle reader, I hope, accept of it for intelligence you had not before. But I am going upon a narrative, the matter of which, I know to be true: it is not only doing justice to the deceased merit of such persons as, had they lived, would not have had it in their power to thank me, but also an instance of the greatness of spirit in the lowest of her majesty's subjects. Take it as follows:—

Digitized by Google

At the siege of Namur by the allies, there were in the ranks, of the company commanded by captain Pincent, in colonel Frederick Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion, a corporal, and one Valentine, a private centinel; there happened between these two men a dispute about a matter of love, which, upon some aggravations, grew to an irreconcilable hatred. Unnion, being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to strike his rival, and profess the spite and revenge which moved him to it. The centinel bore it without resistance; but frequently said, he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had spent whole months thus, one injuring, the other complaining; when, in the midst of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the castle, where the corporal received a shot in the thigh, and fell; the French pressing on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy, 'Ah, Valentine! can you leave me here?' Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the French, took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger, as far as the abbey of Salsine, where a cannon ball took off his head: his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Unnion immediately forgot his wound, rose up, tearing his hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding carcass, crying, 'Ah, Valentine! was it for me, who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee.' He was not, by any means, to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent, his wounds were dressed by force; but the next day, still calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorse and despair.

It may be a question among men of noble sentiments, whether of these unfortunate persons had the greater soul; he that was so generous as to venture his life for his enemy, or he who could not survive the man that died, in laying upon him such an obligation?

When we see spirits like these in a people, to what

Digitized by Google

heights may we not suppose their glory may rise? but (as it is excellently oberved by Sallust) it is not only to the general bent of a nation that great revolutions are owing, but to the extraordinary genio's that lead them. On which occasion, he proceeds to say, that the Roman greatness was neither to be attributed to their superior policy, for in that the Carthaginians excelled; nor to their valour, for in that the Gauls were preferable; but to particular men, who were born for the good of their country, and formed for great attempts. This he says, to introduce the characters of Cæsar and Cato. It would be entering into too weighty a discourse for this place, if I attempted to shew, that our nation has produced as great and able men for public affairs as any other. But, I believe, the reader outruns me, and fixes his imagination upon the duke of Marlborough. It is, methinks, a pleasing reflection, to consider the dispensations of Providence in the fortune of this illustrious man, who, in the space of forty years, has passed through all the gradations of human life, until he has ascended to the character of a prince,* and become the scourge of a tyrant, who sat on one of the greatest thrones of Europe, before the man who was to have the greatest part in his downfall, had made one step into the world. But such elevations are the natural consequences of an exact prudence, a calm courage, a well-governed temper, a patient ambition, and an affable behaviour. These arts, as they were the steps to his greatness, so they are the pillars of it now it is raised. To this, her glorious son, Great Britain is indebted for the happy conduct of her arms, whom she can boast, that she has produced a man formed by nature to lead a nation of heroes.

* In the year 1704, in consequence of the memorable victory at Hochstedt, the duke of Marlborough was appointed a prince of the empire; and had Mildenheim assigned for his principality, Nov. 12, 1705. M. Mesnager says, that this compliment, for it was little more, made the duke of Marlborough more haughty. 'This little principality, in the claim of the house of Bavaria, must (says he) be rendered back again at a peace.'

Digitized by Google

No. 6.] *Saturday, April 23, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines———
———— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*Will's Coffee-house, April 22.*

I AM just come from visiting Sappho, a fine lady, who writes verses, sings, dances, and can say and do whatever she pleases, without the imputation of any thing that can injure her character; for she is so well known to have no passion, but self-love; or folly, but affectation; that now, upon any occasion, they only cry, 'It is her way!' and, 'That is so like her!' without farther reflection. As I came into the room, she cries, 'Oh! Mr. Bickerstaff, I am utterly undone; I have broke that pretty Italian fan I shewed you when you were here last, wherein were so admirably drawn our first parents in Paradise, asleep in each other's arms. But there is such an affinity between painting and poetry, that I have been improving the images which were raised by that picture, by reading the same representation in two of our greatest poets. Look you, here are the same passages in Milton and in Dryden. All Milton's thoughts are wonderfully just and natural, in that inimitable description which Adam makes of himself, in the eighth book of Paradise Lost. But there is none of them finer than that contained in the following lines, where he tells us his thoughts, when he was falling asleep, a little after the creation:

While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither
From whence I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light; when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sate me down, there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
My drowned sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve.

But now I cannot forgive this odious thing, this Dryden,

Digitized by Google

who, in his 'State of Innocence,' has given my great grandmother Eve the same apprehension of annihilation on a very different occasion; as Adam pronounces it of himself, when he was seized with a pleasing kind of stupor and deadness, Eve fancies herself falling away, and dissolving in the hurry of a rapture. However, the verses are very good, and I do not know but what she says may be natural; I will read them:

> When your kind eyes look'd languishing on mine,
> And wreathing arms did soft embraces join;
> A doubtful trembling seiz'd me first all o'er,
> Then wishes, and a warmth unknown before;
> What follow'd was all ecstasy and trance,
> Immortal pleasures round my swimming eyes did dance:
> And speechless joys, in whose sweet tumults lost
> I thought my breath and my new being lost.

She went on, and said a thousand good things at random, but so strangely mixed, that you would be apt to say, all her wit is mere good luck, and not the effect of reason and judgment. When I made my escape hither, I found a gentleman playing the critic on two other great poets, even Virgil and Homer.* He was observing, that Virgil is more judicious than the other in the epithets he gives his hero. Homer's usual epithet, said he, is Πόδας ὠκὺς, or Ποδάρκης, and his indiscretion has been often rallied by the critics, for mentioning the nimbleness of foot in Achilles, though he describes him standing, sitting, lying down, fighting, eating, drinking, or in any other circumstance, however foreign or repugnant to speed and activity. Virgil's common epithet to Æneas, is *Pius* or *Pater*. I have therefore considered, said he, what passage there is in any of his hero's actions, where either of these appellations would have been most proper, to see if I could catch him at the same fault with Homer: and this, I think,

* Addison, on reading here this curious remark upon Virgil, which he himself had communicated to Steele, instantly discovered that his friend was the author of the Tatler, to which, he very soon after, became a principal, contributor. He was at this time in Ireland, secretary to lord Wharton, and returned to England with the lord lieutenant, the eighth of September following, 1709.

Digitized by Google

is his meeting with Dido in the cave, where *Pius* Æneas would have been absurd, and *Pater* Æneas a burlesque: the poet, therefore, wisely dropped them both for *Dux Trojanus;* which he has repeated twice in Juno's speech, and his own narration: for he very well knew, a loose action might be consistent enough with the usual manners of a soldier, though it became neither the chastity of a pious man, nor the gravity of the father of a people.

*Grecian Coffee-house, April 22.*

While other parts of the town are amused with the present actions, we generally spend the evening at this table in enquiries into antiquity, and think any thing news which gives us new knowledge. Thus we are making a very pleasant entertainment to ourselves, in putting the actions of Homer's Iliad into an exact journal.

This poem is introduced by Chryses, king of Chryseïs, and priest of Apollo, who comes to re-demand his daughter, who had been carried off at the taking of that city, and given to Agamemnon for his part of the booty. The refusal he received enrages Apollo, who, for nine days, showered down darts upon them, which occasioned the pestilence.

The tenth day, Achilles assembled the council, and encourages Chalcas to speak for the surrender of Chryseïs, to appease Apollo. Agamemnon and Achilles storm at one another, notwithstanding which, Agamemnon will not release his prisoner, unless he has Briseïs in her stead. After long contestations, wherein Agamemnon gives a glorious character of Achilles's valour, he determines to restore Chryseïs to her father, and sends two heralds to fetch away Briseïs from Achilles, who abandons himself to sorrow and despair. His mother Thetis, comes to comfort him under his affliction, and promises to represent his sorrowful lamentation to Jupiter: but he could not attend to it; for, the evening before, he had appointed to divert himself for two days, beyond the seas, with the harmless Ethiopians.

It was the twenty-first day after Chryseïs's arrival at

Digitized by Google

the camp, that Thetis went very early to demand an audience of Jupiter. The means he used to satisfy her were, to persuade the Greeks to attack the Trojans; that so they might perceive the consequence of contemning Achilles, and the miseries they suffer if he does not head them. The next night he orders Agamemnon, in a dream, to attack them; who was deceived with the hopes of obtaining a victory, and also taking the city, without sharing the honour with Achilles.

On the twenty-second, in the morning, he assembles the council, and having made a feint of raising the siege and retiring, he declares to them his dream; and, together with Nestor and Ulysses, resolves on an engagement.

This was the twenty-third day, which is full of incidents, and which continues from almost the beginning of the second canto to the eighth.

The armies being then drawn up in view of one another, Hector brings it about, that Menelaus and Paris, the two persons concerned in the quarrel, should decide it by a single combat, which tending to the advantage of Menelaus, was interrupted by a cowardice infused by Minerva: then both armies engage, where the Trojans have the disadvantage; but being afterwards animated by Apollo, they repulse the enemy, yet they are once again forced to give ground; but their affairs were retrieved by Hector, who has a single combat with Ajax. The gods threw themselves into the battle: Juno and Minerva took the Grecians' part, and Apollo and Mars, the Trojans': but Mars and Venus are both wounded by Diomedes.

The truce for burying the slain ended the twenty-third day, after which the Greeks threw up a great intrenchment, to secure their navy from danger. Councils are held on both sides. On the morning of the twenty-fourth day, the battle is renewed, but in a very disadvantageous manner to the Greeks, who are beaten back to their intrenchments. Agamemnon, being in despair at this ill success, proposes to the council to quit the enterprise, and retire from Troy. But, by the advice of Nestor, he is persuaded to regain Achilles, by returning Chryseïs, and sending him

Digitized by Google

considerable presents. Hereupon Ulysses and Ajax are sent to that hero, who continues inflexible in his anger. Ulysses, at his return, joins himself with Diomedes, and goes in the night to gain intelligence of the enemy: they enter into their very camp, where, finding the centinels asleep, they made a great slaughter. Rhesus, who was just then arrived with recruits from Thrace, for the Trojans, was killed in that action. Here ends the tenth canto. The sequel of this journal, will be inserted in the next article from this place.

*St. James's Coffee-house, April 22.*

We hear from Italy, that notwithstanding the pope has received a letter from the duke of Anjou, demanding of him to explain himself upon the affair of acknowledging king Charles, his holiness has not yet thought fit to send any answer to that prince. The court of Rome appears very much mortified, that they are not to see his majesty of Denmark in that city, having perhaps given themselves vain hopes from a visit made by a Protestant prince to that see. The pope has despatched a gentleman to compliment his majesty, and sent the king a present of all the curiosities and antiquities of Rome, represented in seventeen volumes, very richly bound, which were taken out of the Vatican library. Letters from Genoa of the fourteenth instant, say, that a felucca was arrived there, in five days from Marseilles, with an account, that the people of that city had made an insurrection, by reason of the scarcity of provisions; and that the intendant had ordered some companies of marines, and the men belonging to the galleys, to stand to their arms to protect him from violence; but that he began to be in as much apprehension of his guards, as of those from whom they were to defend him. When that vessel came away, the soldiers murmured publicly for want of pay; and, it was generally believed, they would pillage the magazines, as the garrisons of Grenoble and other towns of France had already done. A vessel which lately came into Leghorn, brought advice that the British squadron was arrived at Port

Digitized by Google

Mahon, where they were taking in more troops, in order to attempt the relief of Alicant, which still made a very vigorous defence. It is said admiral Byng will be at the head of that expedition. The king of Denmark was gone from Leghorn towards Lucca.

They write from Vienna, that in case the allies should enter into a treaty of peace with France, count Zinzendorf will be appointed first plenipotentiary, the count de Goes the second, and monsieur Van Konsbruch a third. Major-general Palmes, envoy extraordinary from her Britannic majesty, has been very urgent with that court, to make their utmost efforts against France the ensuing campaign, in order to oblige her to such a peace as may establish the tranquillity of Europe for the future.

We are also informed, that the pope uses all imaginable shifts to elude the treaty concluded with the emperor, and that he demanded the immediate restitution of Comachio; insisting also, that his imperial majesty should ask pardon, and desire absolution for what had formerly passed, before he would solemnly acknowledge king Charles. But this was utterly refused.

They hear at Vienna, by letters from Constantinople, dated the twenty-second of February last, that on the twelfth of that month, the grand seignior took occasion, at the celebration of the festival of the Mussulmen, to set all the Christian slaves, which were in the galleys, at liberty.

Advices from Switzerland import, that the preachers of the county of Tockenburg, continue to create new jealousies of the Protestants; and some disturbances lately happened there on that account. The Protestants and Papists in the town of Hamman, go to divine service one after another, in the same church, as is usual in many other parts of Switzerland; but on Sunday, the tenth instant, the popish curate, having ended his service, attempted to hinder the Protestants from entering into the church, according to custom; but the Protestants briskly attacked him and his party, and broke into it by force.

Last night, between seven and eight, his grace the duke of Marlborough, arrived at court.



Digitized by Google

*From my own Apartment, April 22.*

The present great captains of the age, the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene, having been the subject of the discourse of the last company I was in; it has naturally led me into a consideration of Alexander and Cæsar, the two greatest names that ever appeared before this century. In order to enter into their characters, there needs no more but examining their behaviour in parallel circumstances. It must be allowed, that they had an equal greatness of soul; but Cæsar's was more corrected, and allayed by a mixture of prudence and circumspection. This is seen conspicuously in one particular, in their histories, wherein they seem to have shewn exactly the difference of their tempers. When Alexander, after a long course of victories, would still have led his soldiers farther from home, they unanimously refused to follow him. We meet with the like behaviour in Cæsar's army, in the midst of his march against Ariovistus. Let us, therefore, observe the conduct of our two generals in so nice an affair: and here we find Alexander at the head of his army, upbraiding them with their cowardice, and meanness of spirit; and, in the end, telling them plainly, he would go forward himself, though not a man followed him. This showed, indeed, an excessive bravery; but how would the commander have come off, if the speech had not succeeded, and the soldiers had taken him at his word? the project seems of a piece with Mr. Bayes's in 'The Rehearsal,' who, to gain a clap in his prologue, comes out with a terrible fellow, in a fur-cap, following him, and tells his audience, if they would not like his play, he would lie down and have his head struck off. If this gained a clap, all was well: but if not, there was nothing left but for the executioner to do his office. But Cæsar would not leave the success of his speech to such uncertain events: he shows his men the unreasonableness of their fears in an obliging manner, and concludes, that if none else would march along with him, he would go himself, with the tenth legion, for he was assured of their fidelity and valour,

Digitized by Google

though all the rest forsook him; not but that, in all probability, they were as much against the march as the rest. The result of all was very natural: the tenth legion, fired with the praises of their general, send thanks to him for the just opinion he entertains of them; and the rest, ashamed to be outdone, assure him, that they are as ready to follow where he pleases to lead them, as any other part of the army.

No. 7.] *Tuesday, April* 26, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

'It is so just an observation, that mocking is catching, that I am become an unhappy instance of it, and am (in the same manner that I have represented Mr. Partridge) * myself a dying man, in comparison of the vigour with which I first set out in the world. Had it been otherwise, you may be sure I would not have pretended to have given for news, as I did last Saturday, a diary of the siege of Troy. But man is a creature very inconsistent with himself: the greatest heroes are sometimes fearful; the sprightliest wits at some hours dull; and the greatest politicians, on some occasions, whimsical. But I shall not pretend to paliate or excuse the matter; for I find, by a calculation of my own nativity; that I cannot hold out with any tolerable wit longer than two minutes after twelve of the clock at night, between the eighteenth and nineteenth of the next month: for which space of time you may still expect to hear from me, but no longer; except you will transmit to me the occurrences you meet with relating to your amours, or any other subject within the rules by which I have proposed to walk. If any gentleman or lady

* 'This man was a shoe-maker in Covent garden, in 1680, yet styled himself physician to his majesty, in 1692. But though he was one of the sworn physicians, he never attended the court, nor received any salary.' See Granger's 'Biog. Hist. of England, 4to. vol. ii. p. 11. p. 322. p. 379.

Digitized by Google

sends to Isaac Bickerstaff, esq. at Mr. Morphew's, near Stationer's-hall, by the penny-post, the grief or joy of their soul, what they think fit of the matter shall be related in colours as much to their advantage, as those in which Gervass* has drawn the agreeable Chloe. But since, without such assistance, I frankly confess, and am sensible, that I have not a month's wit more, I think I ought, while I am in my sound health and senses, to make my will and testament; which I do in manner and form following:—

'*Imprimis*, I give to the stock-jobbers about the Exchange of London, as a security for the trusts daily reposed in them, all my real estate; which I do hereby vest in the said body of worthy citizens for ever.

'*Item*, Forasmuch as it is very hard to keep land in repair without ready cash, I do, out of my personal estate, bestow the bear-skin,† which I have frequently lent to several societies about this town, to supply their necessities; I say, I give also the said bear-skin, as an immediate fund to the said citizens for ever.

'*Item*, I do hereby appoint a certain number of the said citizens to take all the custom-house or customary oaths concerning all goods imported by the whole city; strictly directing, that some select members, and not the whole number of a body corporate, should be perjured.

'*Item*, I forbid all n———s and persons of q——ty to watch bargains near and about the Exchange, to the diminution and wrong of the said stock-jobbers.

'Thus far, in as brief and intelligible a manner as any will can appear, until it is explained by the learned, I have disposed of my real and personal estate; but, as I am an adept, I have by birth an equal right to give also an inde-

* Jervas.

† Stock-jobbers, who contract for a future transfer of stock which they do not possess, are called sellers of bear-skins; and universally, whoever sells what he does not possess, is said, proverbially, to sell the bear's skin, while the bear runs in the woods.

In the language of Exchange-alley, *bears* signify those who buy stock which they cannot receive, or who sell stock which they have not. Those who pay money for what they purchase, or who sell stock which they really have, are called *bulls*.

Digitized by Google

feasible title to my endowments and qualifications, which I do in the following manner.

'*Item*, I give my chastity to all virgins who have withstood their market.

'*Item*, I give my courage among all who are ashamed of their distressed friends, all sneakers in assemblies, and men who show valour in common conversation.

'*Item*, I give my wit (as rich men give to the rich) among such as think they have enough already. And in case they shall not accept of the legacy, I give it to Bentivolio * to defend his works, from time to time, as he shall think fit to publish them.

'*Item*, I bestow my learning upon the honorary members of the Royal Society.

'Now for the disposal of this body.

'As these eyes must one day cease to gaze on Teraminta, and this heart shall one day pant no more for her indignation: that is to say, since this body must be earth; I shall commit it to the dust in a manner suitable to my character. Therefore, as there are those who dispute, whether there is any such real person as Isaac Bickerstaff or not; I shall excuse all persons who appear what they really are, from coming to my funeral. But all those who are, in their way of life, *personæ*, as the Latins have it, persons assumed, and who appear what they really are not, are hereby invited to that solemnity.

'The body shall be carried by six watchmen, who are never seen in the day.

'*Item*, The pall shall be held up by the six most known pretenders to honesty, wealth, and power, who are not possessed of any of them. The two first, a half-lawyer and a complete justice. The two next, a chymist and a projector. The third couple, a treasury-solicitor and a small courtier.

'To make my funeral (what that solemnity, when done to common men, really is in itself) a very farce; and since all mourners are mere actors on these occasions, I shall

* Dr. Richard Bentley, born at Wakefield in Yorkshire, Jan. 1661, died in July 1742.

Digitized by Google

desire those who are professedly such to attend mine. I humbly, therefore, beseech Mrs. Barry to act once more, and be my widow. When she swoons away at the church-porch, I appoint the merry sir John Falstaff, and the gay sir Harry Wildair, to support her. I desire Mr. Pinkethman to follow in the habit of a cardinal, and Mr. Bullock in that of a privy-counsellor. To make up the rest of the appearance, I desire all the ladies from the balconies to weep with Mrs. Barry, as they hope to be wives and widows themselves. I invite all, who have nothing else to do, to accept of gloves and scarves.

'Thus, with the great Charles V. of Spain, I resign the glories of this transitory world: yet, at the same time, to show you my indifference, and that my desires are not too much fixed upon any thing, I own to you, I am as willing to stay as to go: therefore leave it in the choice of my gentle readers, whether I shall hear from them, or they hear no more from me.'

*White's Chocolate-house, April* 25.

Easter day being a time when you cannot well meet with any but humble adventurers; and there being such a thing as low gallantry, as well as low comedy, colonel Ramble * and myself went early this morning into the fields, which were strewed with shepherds and shepherdesses, but indeed of a different turn from the simplicity of those of Arcadia. Every hedge was conscious of more than what the representations of enamoured swains admit of. While we were surveying the crowd around us, we saw at a distance a company coming towards Pancras Church; but though there was not much disorder, we thought we saw the figure of a man stuck through with a sword, and at every step ready to fall, if a woman by his side had not supported him; the rest followed two and two. When we came nearer this appearance, who should it be but monsieur Guardeloop, mine and Ramble's French taylor, attended by others, leading one of madam Depingle's

* Probably colonel Brett, who is said to have been one of the chief companions of Addison and Steele.

Digitized by Google

maids to the church, in order to their espousals. It was his sword tucked so high above his waist, and the circumflex which persons of his profession take in their walking, that made him appear at a distance wounded and falling. But the morning being rainy, methought the march to this wedding was but too lively a picture of wedlock itself. They seemed both to have a month's mind to make the best of their way single; yet both tugged arm in arm; and when they were in a dirty way, he was but deeper in the mire, by endeavouring to pull out his companion, and yet without helping her. The bridegroom's feathers in his hat all drooped; one of his shoes had lost a heel. In short, he was in his whole person and dress so extremely soused, that there did not appear one inch or single thread about him *unmarried*.† Pardon me, that the melancholy object still dwells upon me so far, as to reduce me to punning. However, we attended them to the chapel, where we stayed to hear the irrevocable words pronounced upon our old servant, and made the best of our way to town. I took a resolution to forbear all married persons, or any in danger of being such, for four and twenty hours at least; therefore dressed, and went to visit Florimel, the vainest thing in town, where I knew would drop in colonel Picket, just come from the camp, her professed admirer. He is of that order of men who have much honour and merit, but withal a coxcomb; the other of that set of females, who has innocence and wit, but the first of coquets. It is easy to believe, these must be admirers of each other. She says, the colonel rides the best of any man in England: The colonel says, she talks the best of any woman. At the same time, he understands wit just as she does horsemanship. You are to know, these extraordinary persons see each other daily; and they themselves, as well as the town, think it will be a match: but it can never happen that they can come to the point; for, instead of addressing to each other, they spend their whole time in the reports of themselves: he is satisfied if he can convince her he is

† Alluding to the similarity of sound between the words *unmarred* and *unmarried*.

Digitized by Google

a fine gentleman, and a man of consequence; and she in appearing to him an accomplished lady and a wit, without further design. Thus he tells her of his manner of posting his men at such a pass, with the numbers he commanded on that detachment: she tells him, how she was dressed on such a day at court, and what offers were made her the week following. She seems to hear the repetition of his men's names with admiration, and waits only to answer him with as false a muster of lovers. They talk to each other, not to be informed, but approved. Thus they are so like, that they are to be ever distant, and the parallel lines may run together for ever, but never meet.

*Will's Coffee-house, April 25.*

This evening the comedy, called 'Epsom Wells,'* was acted for the benefit of Mr. Bullock, who, though he is a person of much wit and ingenuity, has a peculiar talent of looking like a fool, and therefore excellently well qualified for the part of Bisket in this play. I cannot indeed sufficiently admire his way of bearing a beating, as he does in this drama, and that with such a natural air and propriety of folly, that one cannot help wishing the whip in one's own hand; so richly does he seem to deserve his chastisement. Skilful actors think it a very peculiar happiness to play in a scene with such as top their parts. Therefore I cannot but say, when the judgment of any good author directs him to write a beating for Mr. Bullock from Mr. William Pinkethman, or for Mr. William Pinkethman from Mr. Bullock, those excellent players seem to be in their most shining circumstances, and please me more, but with a different sort of delight, than that which I receive from those grave scenes of Brutus and Cassius, or Antony and Ventidius. The whole comedy is

* By Thomas Shadwell, afterwards poet-laureat to king William III. It was first printed in quarto, 1676, but it was acted, it should seem, from 1673. He stripped the laurel from the brows of Dryden, who thereupon wrote the bitterest satire that ever was penned, entitled 'M'Flecknoe.' He died suddenly in 1692, aged 52; and his friend Dr. N. Brady preached his funeral sermon.

Digitized by Google

very just, and the low part of human life represented with much humour and wit.

*St. James's Coffee-house, April 25.*

We are advised from Vienna, by letters of the twentieth instant, that the emperor hath lately added twenty new members to his council of state, but they have not yet taken their places at the board. General Thaun is returned from Baden, his health being so well re-established by the baths of that place, that he designs to set out next week for Turin, to his command of the imperial troops in the service of the duke of Savoy. His imperial majesty has advanced his brother, count Henry Thaun to be a brigadier, and a counsellor of the Aulic council of war. These letters import, that king Stanislaus and the Swedish general Crassau, are directing their march to the Nieper to join the king of Sweden's army in Ukrania; that the states of Austria have furnished marshal Heister with a considerable sum of money, to enable him to push on the war vigorously in Hungary, where all things as yet are in perfect tranquillity; and that general Thungen has been very importunate for a speedy reinforcement of the forces on the Upper Rhine, representing at the same time, what miseries the inhabitants must necessarily undergo, if the designs of France on those parts be not speedily and effectually prevented.

Letters from Rome, dated the thirteenth instant, say, that on the preceding Sunday, his holiness was carried in an open chair from St. Peter's to St. Mary's, attended by the sacred college, in cavalcade; and, after mass, distributed several dowries for the marriage of poor and distressed virgins. The proceedings of that court are very dilatory concerning the recognition of king Charles, notwithstanding the pressing instances of the marquis de Prie, who has declared, that if this affair be not wholly concluded by the fifteenth instant, he will retire from that court, and order the imperial troops to return into the ecclesiastical state. On the other hand, the duke of Anjou's minister has, in the name of his master, demanded of his holiness to explain

Digitized by Google

himself on that affair; which, it is said, will be finally determined in a consistory to be held on Monday next; the duke d'Uzeda designing to delay his departure until he sees the issue. These letters also say, that the court was mightily alarmed at the news which they received by an express from Ferrara, that general Boneval, who commands in Comachio, had sent circular letters to the inhabitants of St. Alberto, Longastrino, Fillo, and other adjacent parts, enjoining them to come and swear fealty to the emperor, and receive new investitures of their fiefs from his hands. Letters from other parts of Italy say, that the king of Denmark continues at Lucca; that four English and Dutch men-of-war were seen off Onglia, bound for Finale, in order to transport the troops designed for Barcelona; and that her majesty's ship the Colchester arrived at Leghorn the fourth instant from Port-Mahon, with advice that major-general Stanhope designed to depart from thence the first instant with six or seven thousand men, to attempt the relief of the castle of Alicant.

Our last advices from Berlin, bearing date the twenty-seventh instant, import that the king was gone to Linum, and the queen to Mecklenburg; but that their majesties designed to return the next week to Oranienburg, where a great chace of wild beasts was prepared for their diversion, and from thence they intend to proceed together to Potsdam; that the prince royal was set out for Brabant, but intended to make some short stay at Hanover. These letters also inform us, that they are advised from Obory, that the king of Sweden, being on his march towards Holki, met general Renne with a detachment of Muscovites, who, placing some regiments in ambuscade, attacked the Swedes in their rear, and putting them to flight, killed two thousand men, the king himself having his horse shot under him.

We hear from Copenhagen, that the ice being broke, the Sound is again open for the ships; and that they hoped his majesty would return sooner than they at first expected.

Letters from the Hague, dated May the fourth, N. S. say, that an express arrived there on the first, from prince

Digitized by Google

Eugene to his grace the duke of Marlborough. The States are advised that the auxiliaries of Saxony were arrived on the frontiers of the United Provinces; as also, that the two regiments of Wolfenbuttel, and four thousand troops from Wirtemberg, who are to serve in Flanders, are in full march thither. Letters from Flanders say, that the great convoy of ammunition and provisions, which set out from Ghent for Lisle, was safely arrived at Courtray. We hear from Paris, that the king has ordered the militia on the coasts of Normandy and Bretagne to be in readiness to march; and that the court was in apprehension of a descent to animate the people to rise in the midst of their present hardships.

They write from Spain, that the pope's nuncio left Madrid the tenth of April, in order to go to Bayonne; that the marquis de Bay was at Badajos, to observe the motions of the Portugueze; and that the count d'Estain, with a body of five thousand men, was on his march to attack Gironne. The duke of Anjou has deposed the bishop of Lerida, as being a favourer of the interest of king Charles, and has summoned a convocation at Madrid, composed of the archbishops, bishops, and states of that kingdom, wherein he hopes they will come to a resolution to send for no more bulls to Rome.

No. 8.] *Thursday, April* 28, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
——— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house, April* 26.

THE play of the London Cuckolds* was acted this evening before a suitable audience, who were extremely well diverted with that heap of vice and absurdity. The in-

* A very immoral, as well as a very ill-written comedy, by Edward Ravenscroft. It used to be acted frequently, especially upon Lord Mayor's days, in contempt, and to the disgrace of the city.

Digitized by Google

dignation which Eugenio, who is a gentleman of a just taste, has upon occasion of seeing human nature fall so low in its delights, made him, I thought, expatiate upon the mention of this play very agreeably. Of all men living, said he, I pity players (who must be men of good understanding, to be capable of being such,) that they are obliged to repeat and assume proper gestures for representing things of which their reason must be ashamed, and which they must disdain their audience for approving. The amendment of these low gratifications is only to be made by people of condition, by encouraging the representation of the noble characters drawn by Shakspeare and others, from whence it is impossible to return without strong impressions of honour and humanity. On these occasions, distress is laid before us with all its causes and consequences, and our resentment placed according to the merit of the persons afflicted. Were dramas of this nature more acceptable to the taste of the town, men who have genius would bend their studies to excel in them. How forcible an affect this would have on our minds, one needs no more than to observe how strongly we are touched by mere pictures. Who can see Le Brun's picture of the battle of Porus, without entering into the character of that fierce gallant man, and being accordingly spurred to an emulation of his constancy and courage? When he is falling with his wound, the features are at the same time very terrible and languishing; and there is such a stern faintness diffused through all his look, as is apt to move a kind of horror, as well as pity, in the beholder. This, I say, is an effect wrought by mere lights and shades; consider also a representation made by words only, as in an account given by a good writer. Cataline in Sallust makes just such a figure as Porus by Le Brun. It is said of him, *Catilina verò longè a suis inter hostium cadavera repertus est; paululum etiam spirans, ferocitatemque animi, quam vivus habuerat, in vultu retinens.* 'Catiline was found killed, far from his own men, among the dead bodies of the enemy: he seemed still to breathe, and still retained in his face the same fierceness he had when he was living.'

Digitized by Google

You have in that one sentence a lively impression of his whole life and actions. What I would insinuate from all this is, that if the painter and the historian can do thus much in colours and language, what may not be performed by an excellent poet, when the character he draws is presented by the person, the manner, the look, and the motion, of an accomplished player? If a thing painted or related can irresistibly enter our hearts, what may not be brought to pass by seeing generous things performed before our eyes? Eugenio ended his discourse, by recommending the apt use of a theatre, as the most agreeable and easy method of making a polite and moral gentry; which would end in rendering the rest of the people regular in their behaviour, and ambitious of laudable undertakings.

*St. James's Coffee-house, April 27.*

Letters from Naples of the ninth instant, N. S. advise, that cardinal Grimani had ordered the regiment commanded by general Pate to march towards Final, in order to embark for Catalonia; whither also a thousand horse are to be transported from Sardinia, besides the troops which come from the Milanese. An English man-of-war has taken two prizes, one a vessel of Malta, the other of Genoa, both laden with goods of the enemy. They write from Florence of the thirteenth, that his majesty of Denmark had received a courier from the Hague, with an account of some matters relating to the treaty of a peace; upon which he declared, that he thought it necessary to hasten to his own dominions.

Letters from Switzerland inform us, that the effects of the great scarcity of corn in France were felt at Geneva; the magistrates of which city had appointed deputies to treat with the cantons of Bern and Zurich, for leave to buy up such quantities of grain within their territories as should be thought necessary. The Protestants of Tockenburg are still in arms about the convent of St. John, and have declared, that they will not lay them down, until they shall have sufficient security, from the Roman Catholics,



Digitized by Google

of living unmolested in the exercise of their religion. In the mean time, the deputies of Bern and Tockenburg have frequent conferences at Zurich with the regency of that canton, to find out methods for quieting these disorders.

Letters from the Hague, of the third of May, advise, that the president Rouille, after his last conference with the deputies of the States, had retired to Bodegrave, five miles distant from Worden, and expected the return of a courier from France on the fourth, with new instructions. It is said, if his answer from the French court shall not prove satisfactory, he will be desired to withdraw out of these parts. In the mean time it is also reported, that his equipage, as an ambassador on this great occasion, is actually on the march towards him. They write from Flanders, that the great convoy of provisions, which set out from Ghent, is safely arrived at Lisle. Those advices add, that the enemy had assembled near Tournay a considerable body of troops, drawn out of the neighbouring garrisons. Their high mightinesses having sent orders to their ministers at Hamburgh and Dantzic, to engage the magistrates of those cities to forbid the sale of corn to the French, and to signify to them, that the Dutch merchants will buy up as much of that commodity as they can spare, the Hamburghers have accordingly contracted with the Dutch, and refused any commerce with the French, on that occasion.

*From my own Apartment.*

After the lassitude of a day, spent in the strolling manner which is usual with men of pleasure in this town, and with a head full of a million of impertinencies, which had danced round it for ten hours together, I came to my lodging, and hastened to bed. My valet de chambre knows my university-trick of reading there; and he, being a good scholar for a gentleman, ran over the names of Horace, Tibullus, Ovid, and others, to know which I would have. 'Bring Virgil,' said I; 'and if I fall asleep, take care of the candle.' I read the sixth book over with the most exquisite delight, and had gone half through it

Digitized by Google

a second time, when the pleasing ideas of Elysian fields, deceased worthies walking in them, sincere lovers enjoying their languishment without pain, compassion for the unhappy spirits who had misspent their short day-light, and were exiled from the seats of bliss for ever; I say, I was deep again in my reading, when this mixture of images had taken place of all others in my imagination before, and lulled me into a dream, from which I am just awake, to my great disadvantage. The happy mansions of Elysium, by degrees, seemed to be wafted from me, and the very traces of my late waking thoughts began to fade away, when I was cast by a sudden whirlwind upon an island, encompassed with a roaring and troubled sea, which shaked its very centre, and rocked its inhabitants as in a cradle. The islanders lay on their faces, without offering to look up, or hope for preservation; all her arbours were crowded with mariners, and tall vessels of war lay in danger of being driven to pieces on her shores. 'Bless me!' said I, 'why have I lived in such a manner, that the convulsion of nature should be so terrible to me, when I feel in myself that the better part of me is to survive it? Oh! may that be in happiness!' A sudden shriek, in which the whole people on their faces joined, interrupted my soliloquy, and turned my eyes and attention to the object that had given us that sudden sart, in the midst of an inconsolable and speechless affliction. Immediately the winds grew calm, the waves subsided, and the people stood up, turning their faces upon a magnificent pile in the midst of the island. There we beheld an hero of a comely and erect aspect, but pale and languid, sitting under a canopy of state. By the faces and dumb sorrow of those who attended, we thought him in the article of death. At a distance sat a lady whose life seemed to hang upon the same thread with his; she kept her eyes fixed upon him, and seemed to smother ten thousand thousand nameless things, which urged her tenderness to clasp him in her arms; but her greatness of spirit overcame those sentiments, and gave her power to forbear disturbing his last moment; which immediately approached.

Digitized by Google

The hero* looked up with an air of negligence, and satiety of being, rather than of pain to leave it; and leaning back his head, expired.

When the heroine, who sat at a distance, saw his last instant come, she threw herself at his feet, and, kneeling, pressed his hand to her lips, in which posture she continued under the agony of an unutterable sorrow, until conducted from our sight by her attendants. That commanding awe, which accompanies the grief of great minds, restrained the multitude while in her presence; but as soon as she retired, they gave way to their distraction, and all the islanders called upon their deceased hero. To him, methought, they cried out as to a guardian being; and I gathered from their broken accents, that it was he who had the empire over the ocean and its powers, by which he had long protected the island from shipwreck and invasion. They now give a loose to their moan, and think themselves exposed without hopes of human or divine assistance. While the people ran wild, and expressed all the different forms of lamentation, methought a sable cloud overshadowed the whole land, and covered its inhabitants with darkness: no glimpse of light appeared, except one ray from heaven upon the place in which the heroine now secluded herself from the world, with her eyes fixed on those abodes to which her consort was ascended. Methought a long period of time had passed away in mourning and in darkness, when a twilight began by degrees to enlighten the hemisphere; and, looking round me, I saw a boat rowed towards the shore, in which sat a personage adorned with warlike trophies, bearing on his left arm a shield, on which was engraven the image of victory, and in his right hand a branch of olive. His visage was at once so winning and so awful, that the shield and the olive seemed equally suitable to his genius.

When this illustrious 'person† touched on the shore, he was received by the acclamations of the people, and followed to the palace of the heroine. No pleasure in the

* George prince of Denmark.

† About this time the duke of Marlborough returned from Holland, with the preliminaries of a peace.

Digitized by Google

glory of her arms, or the acclamations of her applauding subjects, were ever capable to suspend her sorrow for one moment, till she saw the olive-branch in the hand of that suspicious messenger. At that sight, as heaven bestows its blessings on the wants and importunities of mortals, out of its native bounty, and not to increase its own power or honour, in compassion to the world, the celestial mourner was then first seen to turn her regard to things below; and, taking the branch out of the warrior's hand, looked at it with much satisfaction, and spoke of the blessings of peace, with a voice and accent, such as that in which guardian-spirits whisper to dying penitents assurances of happiness. The air was hushed, the multitude attentive, and all nature in a pause while she was speaking. But as soon as the messenger of peace had made some low reply, in which, methought, I heard the word *Iberia*, the heroine, assuming a more severe air, but such as spoke resolution without rage, returned him the olive, and again veiled her face. Loud cries and clashing of arms immediately followed, which forced me from my charming vision, and drove me back to these mansions of care and sorrow.

*** Mr. Bickerstaff thanks Mr. Quarterstaff for his kind and instructive letter dated the twenty-sixth instant.

---

No. 9.] *Saturday, April* 30, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for it's theme. *P.*

*Will's Coffee-house, April* 28.

THIS evening we were entertained with The Old Bachelor * a comedy of deserved reputation. In the character which gives name to the play, there is excellently represented the reluctance of a battered debauchee to come

* By Congreve. His first play, and first acted in 1693.



Digitized by Google

into the trammels of order and decency; he neither languishes nor burns, but frets for love. The gentlemen of more regular behaviour are drawn with much spirit and wit, and the drama introduced by the dialogue of the first scene with uncommon, yet natural conversation. The part of Fondlewife is a lively image of the unseasonable fondness of age and impotence. But, instead of such agreeable works as these, the town has for half an age been tormented with insects called *Easy Writers*, whose abilities Mr. Wycherly one day described excellently well in one word: 'That,' say's he, 'among these fellows is called *Easy Writing*, which any one may easily write.' Such janty scribblers are so justly laughed at for their sonnets on Phillis and Chloris, and fantastical descriptions in them, that an ingenious kinsman of mine, of the family of the Staffs, Mr. Humphrey Wagstaff by name, has, to avoid their strain, run into a way perfectly new, and described things exactly as they happen;* he never forms fields, or nymphs, or groves, where they are not; but makes the incidents just as they really appear. For an example of it: I stole out of his manuscript the following lines; they are a description of the morning, but of the morning in town; nay, of the morning at present lodges:

Now hardly here and there an hackney coach
Appearing, show'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own.
The slipshod 'prentice, from his master's door,
Had par'd the street, and sprinkled round the floor;
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dex'trous airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel-edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep.
Duns at his lordship's gates began to meet;
And brick-dust Moll had scream'd thro' half a street:
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a' nights to steal for fees.
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands;
And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

* Dr. Swift.

Digitized by Google

All that I apprehend is, that dear Numps will be angry I have published these lines; not that he has any reason be ashamed of them, but for fear of those rogues, the bane to all excellent performances, the imitators. Therefore, beforehand, I bar all descriptions of the evening; as a medley of verses signifying grey peas are now cried warm; that wenches now begin to amble round the passages of the play-house; or of noon; as, that fine ladies and great beaux are just yawning out of their beds and windows in Pall-mall, and so forth. I forewarn also all persons from encouraging any draughts after my cousin; and foretell any man who shall go about to imitate him, that he will be very insipid. The family-stock is embarked in this design, and we will not admit of counterfeits. Dr. Anderson* and his heirs enjoy his pills; Sir William Read† has the cure of eyes, and monsieur Rosselli‡ only can cure the gout. We pretend to none of these things; but to examine who and who are together, to tell any mistaken man he is not what he believes he is, to distinguish merit, and expose false pretences to it, is a liberty our family has by law in them, from an intermarriage with a daughter of Mr. Scoggin, § the famous droll of the last century. This right I design to make use of; but will not encroach upon the above-mentioned adepts, or any other. At the same time, I shall take all the privileges I may, as an Englishman; and will lay hold of the late act of naturalization to introduce what I shall think fit from France. The use of that law may, I hope, be ex-

* Anderson was a Scottish physician in the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II.

† 'Henley would fain have me to go with Steele and Rowe, &c. to an invitation at Sir William Read's. Surely you have heard of him. He has been a mountebank, and is the queen's oculist; he makes admirable punch, and treats you in gold vessels. But I am engaged, and won't go; neither indeed am I fond of the jaunt.' April 11, 1711.—
Swift's Works, vol. xxii. p. 20.

It is said that the queen's oculist, though he was wonderfully successful, could neither read nor write.

‡ Rosselli, sufficiently known from the Romance of his life, which was written by himself.

§ Scoggin was a buffoon in the reign of king James I.

Digitized by Google

tended to people the polite world with new characters, as well as the kingdom itself with new subjects. Therefore an author of that nation, called La Bruyere, I shall make bold with on such occasions. The last person I read of in that writer was lord Timon. Timon, says my author, is the most generous of all men; but is so hurried away with that strong impulse of bestowing, that he confers benefits without distinction, and is munificent without laying obligations. For all the unworthy, who receive from him have so little sense of this noble infirmity, that they look upon themselves rather as partners in a spoil, than partakers of a bounty. The other day, coming into Paris, I met Timon going out on horseback, attended only by one servant. It struck me with a sudden damp, to see a man of so excellent a disposition, and who understood making a figure so well, so much shortened in his retinue. But, passing by his house, I saw his great coach break to pieces before his door, and, by a strange enchantment, immediately turned into many different vehicles. The first was a very pretty chariot, into which stepped his lordship's secretary. The second was hung a little heavier; into that strutted the fat steward. In an instant followed a chaise, which was entered by the butler. The rest of the body and wheels were forthwith changed into go-carts, and run away with by the nurses and brats of the rest of the family. What makes these misfortunes in the affairs of Timon the more astonishing is, that he has better understanding than those who cheat him; so that a man knows not which more to wonder at, the indifference of the master, or the impudence of the servant.

*White's Chocolate-house, April 29.*

It is a matter of much speculation among the beaux and oglers, what it is that can have made so sudden a change, as has been of late observed, in the whole behaviour of Pastorella, who never sat still a moment until she was eighteen, which she has now exceeded by two months. Her aunt, who has the care of her, has not been always so rigid as she is at this present date; but has so

Digitized by Google

good a sense of the frailty of woman, and falsehood of man, that she resolved on all manner of methods to keep Pastorella, if possible, in safety, against herself and all her admirers. At the same time, the good lady knew by long experience, that a gay inclination, curbed too rashly, would but run to the greater excesses for that restraint; she therefore intended to watch her, and take some opportunity of engaging her insensibly in her own interests, without the anguish of an admonition. You are to know, then, that miss, with all her flirting and ogling, had also naturally a strong curiosity in her, and was the greatest eaves-dropper breathing. Parisatis (for so her prudent aunt is called) observed this humour, and retires one day to her closet, into which she knew Pastorella would peep, and listen to know how she was employed. It happened accordingly; and the young lady saw her good governante on her knees, and, after a *mental behaviour*, break into these words,—'As for the dear child committed to my care, let her sobriety of carriage, and severity of behaviour, be such as may make that noble lord who is taken with her beauty, turn his designs to such as are honourable.' Here Parisatis heard her niece nestle closer to the key-hole: she then goes on: 'Make her the joyful mother of a numerous and wealthy offspring; and let her carriage be such, as may make this noble youth expect the blessings of a happy marriage, from the singularity of her life, in this loose and censorious age.' Miss, having heard enough, sneaks off for fear of discovery, and immediately at her glass alters the sitting of her head then pulls up her tucker, and forms herself into the exact manner of Lindamira; in a word, becomes a sincere convert to every thing that is commendable in a fine young lady; and two or three such matches, as her aunt feigned in her devotions, are at this day in her choice. This is the history and original cause of Pastorella's conversion from coquetry. The prudence in the management of this young lady's temper, and good judgment of it, is hardly to be exceeded. I scarce remember a greater instance of forbearance of the usual peevish way with which the aged

Digitized by Google

treat the young than this, expect that of our famous Noy, whose good-nature went so far, as to make him put off his admonitions to his son, even until after his death; and did not give him his thoughts of him, until he came to read that memorable passage in his will: 'All the rest of my estate,' says he, 'I leave to my son Edward (who is executor to this my will) to be squandered as he shall think fit: I leave it him for that purpose, and hope no better for him.' A generous disdain, and reflection upon how little he deserved from so excellent a father, reformed the young man, and made Edward, from an arrant rake, become a fine gentleman.

*St. James's Coffee-house, April 29.*

Letters from Portugal of the eighteenth instant, dated from Estremos, say, that on the sixth the earl of Galway arrived at that place, and had the satisfaction to see the quarters well furnished with all manner of provisions, and a quantity of bread sufficient for subsisting the troops for sixty days, besides biscuit for twenty-five days. The enemy give out, that they shall bring into the field fourteen regiments of horse, and twenty-four battalions. The troops in the service of Portugal will make up 14,000 foot, and 4000 horse. On the day these letters were despatched, the earl of Galway received advice, that the marquis de Bay was preparing for some enterprise, by gathering his troops together on the frontiers. Whereupon his excellency resolved to go that same night to Villa Viciosa, to assemble the troops in that neighbourhood, in order to disappoint his designs.

Yesterday, in the evening, captain Foxton, aid-de-camp to major-general Cadogan, arrived here express from the duke of Marlborough; and this day a mail is come in with letters from Brussels of the sixth of May, N. S. which advise, that the enemy had drawn together a body, consisting of 20,000 men, with a design, as was supposed, to intercept the great convoy on the march towards Lisle, which was safely arrived at Menin and Courtray, in its

Digitized by Google

way to that place, the French having retired without making any attempt.

We hear from the Hague, that a person of the first quality is arrived in the Low Countries from France, in order to be a plenipotentiary in an ensuing treaty of peace.

Letters from France acknowledge, that monsieur Bernard has made no higher offers of satisfaction to his creditors than of thirty-five pounds per cent.

These advices add, that the marshal Boufflers, monsieur Torcy (who distinguished himself formerly,) by advising court of France to adhere to the treaty of partition,) and monsieur d'Harcourt (who negociated with cardinal Portocarrero for the succession of the crown of Spain in the house of Bourbon,) are all three joined in a commission for a treaty of peace. The marshal is come to Ghent: the other two are arrived at the Hague.

It is confidently reported here, that the right honourable the lord Townshend is to go with his grace the duke of Marlborough into Holland.

*** Mr. Bickerstaff has received the epistles of Mrs. Rebecca Wagstaff, Timothy Pikestaff and Wagstaff, which he will acknowledge farther as occasion shall serve.

---

No. 10.] *Tuesday, May* 3, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat.* i. 85. 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for it's theme. *P.*

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

*From my own Apartment, May* 1.

My brother Isaac, having a sudden occasion to go out of town, ordered me to take upon me the despatch of the next advices from home, with liberty to speak in my own way; not doubting the allowances which would be given to a writer of my sex. You may be sure I undertook it with much satisfaction; and I confess, I am not a little

Digitized by Google

pleased with the opportunity of running over all the papers in his closet, which he has left open for my use on this occasion. The first that I lay my hands on, is a treatise concerning 'the empire of beauty,' and the effects it has had in all nations of the world, upon the public and private actions of men; with an appendix, which he calls, 'The bachelor's scheme for governing his wife.' The first thing he makes this gentleman propose, is, that she shall be no woman; for she is to have an aversion to balls, to operas, to visits: she is to think his company sufficient to fill up all the hours of life with great satisfaction; she is never to believe any other man wise, learned, or valiant; or at least, but in a second degree. In the next place, he intends she shall be a cuckold; but expects, that he himself must live in perfect security from that terror. He dwells a great while on instructions for her discreet behaviour, in case of his falsehood. 'I have not patience with these unreasonable expectations,' therefore turn back to the treatise itself. Here indeed my brother deduces all the revolutions among men from the passion of love; and in his preface answers that usual observation against us, 'that there is no quarrel without a woman in it,' with a gallant assertion, that 'there is nothing else worth quarrelling for.' My brother is of a complexion truly amorous; all his thoughts and actions carry in them a tincture of that obliging inclination; and this turn has opened his eyes to see, that we are not the inconsiderable creatures which unlucky pretenders to our favour would insinuate. He observes, that no man begins to make any tolerable figure, until he sets out with the hopes of pleasing some one of us. No sooner he takes that in hand, but he pleases every one else by the bye. It has an immediate effect upon his behaviour. There is colonel Ranter,* who never spoke without an oath, until he saw the lady

* There is probably an allusion here to the celebrated Mrs. Anne Oldfield and brigadier-general Churchill. Mrs. O. played at this time inimitably well the character of Lady Betty Modish in the 'Careless Husband,' which the author, Mr. Cibber, acknowledges was not only written for her, but copied from her, so that she was both the player, and the original of the character. *Biog. Brit. Art. Oldfield.*

Digitized by Google

Betty Modish, now, never gives his man an order, but it is, 'Pray, Tom, do it.' The drawers where he drinks live in perfect happiness. He asked Will at the George the other day, how he did? Where he used to say, 'Damn it, it is so;' he now 'believes there is some mistake; he must confess, he is of another opinion; but however he will not insist.'

Every temper, except downright insipid, is to be animated and softened by the influence of beauty; but of this untractable sort is a lifeless handsome fellow that visits us, whom I have dressed at this twelvemonth, but he is as insensible of all the arts I use, as if he conversed all that time with his nurse. He outdoes our whole sex in all the faults our enemies impute to us; he has brought laziness into an opinion, and makes his indolence his philosophy: insomuch that no longer ago than yesterday in the evening he gave me this account of himself: 'I am, madam, perfectly unmoved at all that passes among men, and seldom give myself the fatigue of going among them; but when I do, I always appear the same thing to those whom I converse with. My hours of existence, or being awake, are from eleven in the morning to eleven at night; half of which I live to myself, in picking my teeth, washing my hands, paring my nails, and looking in the glass. The insignificancy of my manners to the rest of the world,* makes the laughers call me a *Quidnunc*, a phrase which I neither understand, nor shall ever enquire what they mean by it. The last of me each night is at St. James's coffee-house, where I converse, yet never fall into a dispute on any occasion; but leave the understanding I have, passive of all that goes through it, without entering into the business of life. And thus, madam, have I arrived by laziness, to what others pretend to by philosophy, a perfect neglect of the world.' Sure, if our sex had the liberty of frequenting public houses and conversations, we should

* What follows is inserted as a farther specimen of the manner of the Annotator on the Tatler, and of the nature of his remarks. *See Tatler*, Nos. 5 and 7. 'Nothing is more apropos, than to talk in a dialect that is not English, of a phrase that is not sense.' *Annotations on the Tatler*, part i. p. 85.



Digitized by Google

put these rivals of our faults and follies out of countenance. However, we shall soon have the pleasure of being acquainted with them one way or other; for my brother Isaac designs, for the use of our sex, to give the exact characters of all the chief politicians who frequent any of the coffee-houses from St. James's to the Exchange; but designs to begin with that cluster of wise-heads, as they are found sitting every evening from the left side of the fire, at the Smyrna, to the door. This will be of great service for us, and I have authority to promise an exact journal of their deliberations; the publication of which, I am to be allowed for pin-money. In the mean time, I cast my eye upon a new book, which gave me more pleasing entertainment, being a sixth part of Miscellany Poems published by Jacob Tonson,* which, I find, by my brother's notes upon it, no way inferior to the other volumes. There is, it seems in this, a collection of the best pastorals that have hitherto appeared in England; but, among them, none superior to that dialogue between Sylvia and Dorinda, written by one of my own sex;† where all our little weaknesses are laid open in a manner more just, and with truer raillery, than ever man yet hit upon.

> Only this I now discern,
> From the things thou'dst have me learn,
> That womankind's peculiar joys
> From past or present beauties rise.

But, to reassume my first design, there cannot be a greater instance of the command of females, than in the prevailing charms of the heroine in the play, which was acted this night, called, 'All for Love; or The World well Lost.'‡ The enamoured Anthony resigns glory and power to the force of the attractive Cleopatra, whose charms were the defence of her diadem against a people otherwise invincible. It is so natural for women to talk of themselves, that it is to be hoped, all my own sex at least will pardon

* Usually called 'Dryden's Collection.'

† By Mrs. Elizabeth Singer, celebrated by Prior in many parts of his poems, and afterwards Mrs. Rowe.

‡ By Dryden, first acted in the year 1678.

Digitized by Google

me, that I could fall into no other discourse. If we have their favour, we give ourselves very little anxiety for the rest of our readers. I believe I see a sentence of Latin in my brother's day-book of wit, which seems applicable on this occasion, and in contempt of the critics,

——— Tristitiam et metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum *
Portare ventis. *Hor.* l. Od. xxvi. 2.

No boding fears shall break my rest,
Nor anxious cares invade my breast;
Puff them, ye wanton gales, away,
And plunge them in the Cretan sea. *R. Wynne.*

But I am interrupted by a packet from Mr. Kidney, from St. James's coffee-house, which I am obliged to insert in the very style and words which Mr. Kidney uses in his letter.

*St. James's Coffee-house, May 2.*

We are advised by letters from Bern, dated the first instant, N. S. that the duke of Berwick arrived at Lyons the twenty-fifth of the last month, and continued his journey the next day to visit the passes of the mountains and other posts in Dauphiné and Provence. These letters also informed us, that the miseries of the people in France are heightened to that degree, that unless a peace be speedily concluded, half of that kingdom would perish for want of bread. On the twenty-fourth, the marshal de Thesse passed through Lyons, in his way to Versailles; and two battalions, which were marching from Alsace to reinforce the army of the duke of Berwick, passed also through that place. Those troops were to be followed by six battalions more.

Letters from Naples of the sixteenth of April say, that the marquis de Prie's son was arrived there, with instructions from his father, to signify to the viceroy the necessity his imperial majesty was under, of desiring an aid from that kingdom, for carrying on the extraordinary expenses

* The humour of Mrs. Jenny Distaff's Latin quotation stands in need of some illustration. It rises out of the similarity between the words *Cretecum* and *Criticum*, which are sufficiently alike to mislead a lady unskilled in the Latin language, into this misapplication of the passage.

Digitized by Google

of the war. On the fourteenth of the same month they made a review of the Spanish troops in that garrison, and afterwards of the marines; one part of whom will embark with those designed for Barcelona, and the rest are to be sent on board the galleys appointed to convoy provisions to that place.

We hear from Rome, by letters dated the twentieth of April, that the count de Mellos, envoy from the king of Portugal, had made his public entry into that city with much state and magnificence. The pope has lately held two other consistories, wherein he made a promotion of two cardinals; but the acknowledgment of king Charles is still deferred.

Letters from other parts of Italy advise us, that the doge of Venice continues dangerously ill; that the prince de Carignan, having relapsed into a violent fever, died the twenty-third of April, in his eightieth year.

Advices from Vienna of the twenty-seventh of April import, that the archbishop of Saltzburg is dead, who is succeeded by count Harrach, formerly bishop of Vienna, and for these last three years coadjutor to the said archbishop; and that prince Maximilian of Lichtenstein is likewise departed this life at his country seat called Cromaw in Moravia. These advices add, that the emperor has named count Zinzendorf, count Goes, and monsieur Consbruck, for his plenipotentiaries in an ensuing treaty of peace; and they hear from Hungary, that the imperialists have had several successful skirmishes with the malecontents.

Letters from Paris, dated May the sixth, say that the marshal de Thesse arrived there on the twenty-ninth of the last month, and that the chevalier de Beuil was sent thither by Don Pedro Ronquillo with advice, that the confederate squadron appeared before Alicant on the seventeenth; and, having for some time cannonaded the city, endeavoured to land some troops for the relief of the castle; but general Stanhope, finding the passes well guarded, and the enterprise dangerous, demanded to capitulate for the castle; which being granted him, the garrison, consisting of six hundred regular troops, marched out with their arms and

Digitized by Google

baggage the day following; and being received on board, they immediately set sail for Barcelona. These letters add, that the march of the French and Swiss regiments is further deferred for a few days; and that the duke of Noailles was just ready to set out for Roussillon, as well as the count de Bezons for Catalonia.

The same advices say, bread was sold at Paris for sixpence a pound; and that there was not half enough, even at that rate, to supply the necessities of the people, which reduced them to the utmost despair; that three hundred men had taken up arms, and, having plundered the market of the suburb of St. Germain, pressed down by their multitude the king's guards who opposed them. Two of those mutineers were afterwards seized and condemned to death; but four others went to the magistrate who pronounced that sentence, and told him, he must expect to answer with his own life for those of their comrades. All order and sense of government being thus lost among the enraged people; to keep up a show of authority, the captain of the guards, who saw all their insolence, pretended, that he had represented to the king their deplorable condition, and had obtained their pardon. It is further reported, that the dauphin and dutchess of Burgundy, as they went to the opera, were surrounded by crowds of people, who upbraided them with their neglect of the general calamity, in going to diversions, when the whole people were ready to perish for want of bread. Edicts are daily published to suppress these riots; and papers, with menaces against the government, as publicly thrown about. Among others, these words were dropped in a court of justice. 'France wants a Ravilliac or a Jesuit to deliver her.' Besides this universal distress, there is a contagious sickness, which, it is feared, will end in a pestilence. Letters from Bourdeaux bring accounts no less lamentable; the peasants are driven by hunger from their abodes into that city, and make lamentations in the streets without redress.

We are advised by letters from the Hague, dated the tenth instant, N. S. that on the sixth the marquis de Torcy arrived there from Paris; but the passport, by which he



Digitized by Google

came, having been sent blank by monsieur Rouille, he was there two days before his quality was known. That minister offered to communicate to monsieur Heinsius the proposals which he had to make; but the pensionary refused to see them, and said, he would signify it to the states, who deputed some of their own body to acquaint him, that they would enter into no negotiation until the arrival of his grace the duke of Marlborough, and the other ministers of the alliance. Prince Eugene was expected there the twelfth instant from Brussels. It is said, that besides monsieur de Torcy, and monsieur Pajot, director-general of the posts, there are two or three persons at the Hague whose names are not known; but it is supposed, that the duke d'Alba, ambassador from the duke of Anjou, was one of them. The states have sent letters to all the cities of the provinces, desiring them to send their deputies to receive the propositions of peace made by the court of France.

*** In the absence of Mr. Bickerstaff, Mrs. Distaff has received Mr. Nathaniel Broomstick's letter.

N. B. Under the signature of Nath. Broom-stick, the subsequent paper, or hints for it, might have been communicated to Steele by Swift, by Anthony Henley, Esq. or by Mr. Jabez Hughes. See Tatler, No. 11.

No. 11.] *Thursday, May 5, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines——
——— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.*

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

*Will's Coffee-house, May 3.*

'A KINSMAN has sent me a letter, wherein he informs me, he had lately resolved to write an heroic poem, but by business has been interrupted, and has only made one similitude, which he should be afflicted to have wholly lost;

Digitized by Google

and begs of me to apply it to something, being very desirous to see it well placed in the world. I am so willing to help the distressed, that I have taken it in; but, though his greater genius might very well distinguish his verses from mine, I have marked where his begin. His lines are a description of the sun in eclipse, which I know nothing more like than a brave man in sorrow, who bears it as he should, without imploring the pity of his friends, or being dejected with the contempt of his enemies; as in the case of Cato.

'When all the globe to Cæsar's fortune bow'd,
Cato alone his empire disallow'd;
With inborn strength alone oppos'd mankind,
With heav'n in view, to all below it blind:
Regardless of his friends' applause, or moan,
Alone triumphant, since he falls alone.

'Thus when the ruler of the genial day
Behind some dark'ning planet forms his way,
Desponding mortals, with officious care,
The concave drum and magic brass prepare;
Implore him to sustain th' important fight,
And save depending worlds from endless night:
Fondly they hope their labour may avail
To ease his conflict, and assist his toil,
Whilst he, in beams of native splendour bright,
(Though dark his orb appear to human sight)
Shines to the gods with more diffusive light;
To distant stars with equal glory burns,
Inflames their lamps, and feeds their golden urns,
Sure to retain his known superior tract,
And proves the more illustrious by defect.'

This is a very lively image; but I must take the liberty to say, my kinsman drives the sun a little like Phaëton;* he has all the warmth of Phœbus, but will not stay for his direction of it. *Avail* and *toil*, *defect* and *tract*, will never do for rhymes. But, however, he has the true spirit in him; for which reason I was willing to entertain any thing he pleased to send me. The subject which he writes upon, naturally raises great reflexions in the soul, and puts us in mind of the mixed condition which we mortals are to support; which, as it varies to good or bad, adorns or defaces

* Ovid, Metam. ii. 1.

Digitized by Google

our actions to the beholders; all which glory and shame must end in, what we so much repine at, death. But doctrines on this occasion, any other than that of living well, are the most insignificant and most empty of all the labours of men. None but a tragedian can die by rule, and wait till he discovers a plot, or says a fine thing upon his *exit*. In real life, this is a chimera; and by noble spirits it will be done decently, without the ostentation of it. We see men of all conditions and characters go through it with equal resolution; and if we consider the speeches of the mighty philosophers, heroes, lawgivers, and great captains, they can produce no more in a discerning spirit, than rules to make a man a fop on his death-bed. Commend me to that natural greatness of soul, expressed by an innocent, and consequently resolute country-fellow, who said in the pains of the cholic, 'If I once get this breath out of my body, you shall hang me before you put it in again.' Honest Ned! and so he died.*

But it is to be supposed, that from this place you may expect an account of such a thing as a new play is not to be omitted. That acted this night is the newest that ever was writ. The author is my ingenious friend Mr. Thomas Durfey. This drama is called, 'The Modern Prophets,' and is a most unanswerable satire against the late spirit of enthusiasm. The writer had by long experience observed that, in company, very grave discourses had been followed by bawdry; and therefore has turned the humour that way with great success, and taken from his audience all manner of superstition, by the agitations of pretty Mrs. Bignell, whom he has, with great subtilty, made a lay-sister, as well as a prophetess; by which means she carries on the affairs of both worlds with great success. My friend designs to go on with another work against winter, which he intends to call, 'The Modern Poets,' a people no less mistaken in their opinions of being inspired, than the other. In order to this, he has by him seven songs, besides many ambiguities, which cannot be mistaken for any thing but what

* This *Ned* was a farmer of Anthony Henley, esq. who mentions this saying of his in a letter to Swift. *Swift's Works*, vol. xviii. p. 15.

Digitized by Google

he means them. Mr. Durfey generally writes state-plays, and is wonderfully useful to the world in such representations. This method is the same that was used by the old Athenians, to laugh out of countenance, or promote, opinions among the people. My friend has therefore, against this play is acted for his own benefit, made two dances, which may be also of an universal benefit. In the first, he has represented absolute power in the person of a tall man with a hat and feather, who gives his first minister, that stands just before him, a huge kick; the minister gives the kick to the next before; and so to the end of the stage. In this moral and practical jest, you are made to understand, that there is, in an absolute government, no gratification but giving the kick you receive from one above you to one below you. This is performed to a grave and melancholy air; but on a sudden the tune moves quicker, and the whole company fall into a circle, and take hands; and then, at a certain sharp note, they move round, and kick as kick can. This latter performance he makes to be the representation of a free state; where, if you all mind your steps, you may go round and round very jollily, with a motion pleasant to yourselves and those you dance with; nay, if you put yourselves out, at the worst, you only kick and are kicked, like friends and equals.

*From my own Apartment, May 4.*

Of all the vanities under the sun, I confess that of being proud of one's birth is the greatest. At the same time, since, in this unreasonable age, by the force of prevailing custom, things in which men have no hand are imputed to them; and that I am used by some people, as if Isaac Bickerstaff, though I write myself *Esquire*, was nobody; to set the world right in that particular, I shall give you my genealogy, as a kinsman of ours has sent it me from the herald's office. It is certain, and observed by the wisest writers, that there are women who are not nicely chaste, and men not severely honest, in all families; therefore let those who may be apt to raise aspersions upon ours, please to give us as impartial an account of their own, and we

Digitized by Google

shall be satisfied. The business of heralds is a matter of so great nicety, that, to avoid mistakes, I shall give you my cousin's letter *verbatim*, without altering a syllable.

'DEAR COUSIN,

'Since you have been pleased to make yourself so famous of late by your ingenious writings, and some time ago by your learned predictions; since Partridge, of immortal memory, is dead and gone, who, poetical as he was, could not understand his own poetry; and philomatical as he was, could not read his own destiny; since the pope, the king of France, and great part of his court, are either literally or metaphorically defunct; since, I say, these things (not foretold by any one but yourself) have come to pass after so surprising a manner; it is with no small concern I see the original of the Staffian race so little known in the world as it is at this time; for which reason, as you have employed your studies in astronomy, and the occult sciences, so I, my mother being a Welch woman, dedicated mine to genealogy, particularly that of our own family, which, for its antiquity and number, may challenge any in Great Britain. The Staffs are originally of Staffordshire, which took its name from them: the first that I find of the Staffs was one Jacobstaff, a famous and renowned astronomer, who, by Dorothy his wife had issue seven sons; *viz.* Bickerstaff, Longstaff, Wagstaff, Quarterstaff, Whitestaff, Falstaff, and Tipstaff. He also had a younger brother, who was twice married, and had five sons; *viz.* Distaff, Pikestaff, Mopstaff, Broomstaff, and Raggedstaff. As for the branch from whence you spring, I shall say very little of it, only that it is the chief of the Staffs, and called Bickerstaff, *quasi* Biggerstaff; as much as to say, the Great Staff, or Staff of Staffs; and that it has applied itself to astronomy with great success, after the example of our aforesaid forefather. The descendants from Longstaff, the second son, were a rakish disorderly sort of people, and rambled from one place, to another until, in the time of Harry the Second, they settled in Kent, and were called Long-tails, from the long tails which were sent them as a

Digitized by Google

punishment for the murder of Thomas a-Becket, as the legends say. They have always been sought after by the ladies; but whether it be to show their aversion to popery, or their love to miracles, I cannot say. The Wagstaffs are a merry thoughtless sort of people, who have always been opinionated of their own wit; they have turned themselves mostly to poetry. This is the most numerous branch of our family, and the poorest. The Quarterstaffs are most of them prize-fighters or deer-stealers; there have been so many of them hanged lately, that there are very few of that branch of our family left. The Whitestaffs* are all courtiers, and have had very considerable places. There have been some of them of that strength and dexterity, that five hundred† of the ablest men in the kingdom have often tugged in vain to pull a staff out of their hands. The Falstaffs are strangely given to whoring and drinking; there are abundance of them in and about London. One thing is very remarkable of this branch, and that is, there are just as many women as men in it. There was a wicked stick of wood of this name in Harry the Fourth's time, one sir John Falstaff. As for Tipstaff, the youngest son, he was an honest fellow; but his sons, and his sons' sons, have all of them been the veriest rogues living; it is this unlucky branch that has stocked the nation with that swarm of lawyers, attorneys, serjeants, and bailiffs, with which the nation is over-run. Tipstaff, being a seventh son, used to cure the king's-evil; but his rascally descendants are so far from having that healing quality, that, by a touch upon the shoulder, they give a man such an ill habit of body, that he can never come abroad afterwards. This is all I know of the line of Jacobstaff; his younger brother Isaacstaff, as I told you before, had five sons, and was married twice: his first wife was a Staff (for they did not stand upon false heraldry in those days) by whom he had one son, who, in process of time, being a schoolmaster and well read in the Greek, called himself

* An allusion to the staff carried by the first lord of the treasury, who is afterwards humourously compared by Steele to "an emmet distinguished from his fellows by a white straw."

† The House of Commons.

Digitized by Google

Distaff or Twicestaff. He was not very rich, so he put his children out to trades; and the Distaffs have ever since been employed in the woollen and linen manufactures, except myself, who am a genealogist. Pikestaff, the eldest son by the second *venter*, was a man of business, a downright plodding fellow, and withal so plain, that he became a proverb. Most of this family are at present in the army. Raggedstaff was an unlucky boy, and used to tear his cloaths in getting birds' nests, and was always playing with a tame bear his father kept. Mopstaff fell in love with one of his father's maids, and used to help her to clean the house. Broomstaff was a chimney-sweeper. The Mopstaffs and Broomstaffs are naturally as civil people as ever went out of doors; but alas! if they once get into ill hands, they knock down all before them. Pilgrimstaff ran away from his friends, and went strolling about the country; and Pipestaff was a wine-cooper. These two were the unlawful issue of Longstaff.

N. B. The Canes, the Clubs, the Cudgels, the Wands, the Devil upon two Sticks, and one Bread, that goes by the name of Staff of Life, are none of our relations.

'I am,

'Dear Cousin,

'Your humble servant,

From the Herald's Office, May 1, 1709. 'D. DISTAFF.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, May 4.*

As political news is not the principal subject on which we treat, we are so happy as to have no occasion for that art of cookery which our brother newsmongers so much excel in; as appears by their excellent and inimitable manner of dressing up a second time for your taste the same dish which they gave you the day before, in case there come over no new pickles from Holland. Therefore, when we have nothing to say to you from courts and camps, we hope still to give you somewhat new and curious from ourselves: the women of our house, upon occasion, being capable of carrying on the business, according to the

Digitized by Google

laudable custom of the wives in Holland; but, without farther preface, take what we have not mentioned in our former relations.

Letters from Hanover of the thirtieth of the last month say, that the prince royal of Prussia arrived there on the fifteenth, and left that court on the second of this month, in pursuit of his journey to Flanders, where he makes the ensuing campaign. Those advices add, that the young prince Nassau, hereditary governor of Friesland, celebrated, on the twenty-sixth of the last month, his marriage with the beauteous princess of Hesse-Cassel, with a pomp and magnificence suitable to their age and quality.

Letters from Paris say, his most Christian majesty retired to Marley on the first instant, N. S. and our last advices from Spain inform us, that the prince of Asturias had made his public entry into Madrid in great splendour. The duke of Anjou has given Don Joseph Hartado de Amaraga the government of Terra firma de Veragua, and the presidency of Panama in America. They add, that the forces commanded by the marquis de Bay have been reinforced by six battalions of Spanish Walloon guards. Letters from Lisbon advise, that the army of the king of Portugal was at Elvas on the twenty-second of the last month, and would decamp on the twenty-fourth, in order to march upon the enemy who lay at Badajos.

Yesterday, at four in the morning, his grace the duke of Marlborough set out for Margate and embarked for Holland at eight this morning.

Yesterday also sir George Thorold was declared alderman of Cordwainers' Ward, in the room of his brother, sir Charles Thorold, deceased.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** Any ladies who have any particular stories of their acquaintance, which they are willing privately to make public, may send them by the penny-post to Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. inclosed to Mr. John Morphew, near Stationers' Hall.



Digitized by Google

No. 12.] *Saturday May* 7, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines — ——
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for it's theme. *P.*

*May* 5.

WHEN a man has engaged to keep a stage-coach, he is obliged, whether he has passengers or not, to set out; thus it fares with us weekly historians; but indeed, for my particular, I hope, I shall soon have little more to do in this work, than to publish what is sent me from such as have leisure and capacity for giving delight, and being pleased in an elegant manner. The present grandeur of the British nation might make us expect, that we should rise in our public diversions, and manner of enjoying life, in proportion to our advancement in glory and power. Instead of that, survey this town, and you will find rakes and debauchees are your men of pleasure; thoughtless atheists and illiterate drunkards call themselves free-thinkers; and gamesters, banterers, biters, swearers, and twenty new-born insects more, are, in their several species, the modern men of wit. Hence it is, that a man, who has been out of town but one half year, has lost the language, and must have some friend to stand by him, and keep him in countenance for talking common sense. To day I saw a short interlude at White's of this nature, which I took notes of, and put together as well as I could in a public place. The persons of the drama are Pip, the last gentleman that has been made so at cards; Trimmer, a person half undone at them, and who is now between a cheat and a gentleman; Acorn, an honest Englishman of good plain sense and meaning; and Mr. Friendly, a reasonable man of the town.

*White's Chocolate-house, May* 5.

*Enter* PIP, TRIMMER, *and* ACORN.

*Ac.* What is the matter, gentlemen? what! take no notice of an old friend?

Digitized by Google

*Pip.* Pox on it! do not talk to me, I am voweled by the count, and cursedly out of humour.

*Ac. Voweled!* pry'thee, Trimmer, what does he mean by that?

*Trim.* Have a care, Harry, speak softly; do not show your ignorance:—if you do, they will bite you wherever they meet you, they are such cursed curs—the present wits.

*Ac. Bite* me! what do you mean?

*Pip.* Why! do not you know what *biting* is? nay, you are in the right on it. However, one would learn it only to defend one's self against men of wit, as one would know the tricks of play, to be secure against the cheats. But do not you hear, Acorn, that report, that some potentates of the alliance have taken care of themselves exclusively of us?

*Ac.* How! heaven forbid! after all our glorious victories; all the expense of blood and treasure!

*Pip.* BITE.

*Ac. Bite!* how?

*Trim.* Nay, he has *bit* you fairly enough; that is certain.

*Ac.* Pox! I do not feel it—How? where?

[*Exeunt* Pip *and* Trimmer *laughing.*

*Ac.* Ho! Mr. Friendly, your most humble servant; you heard what passed between those fine gentlemen and me. Pip complained to me, that he had been voweled; and they tell me I am bit.

*Friend.* You are to understand, sir, that simplicity of behaviour, which is the perfection of good breeding and good sense, is utterly lost in the world; and in the room of it there are started a thousand little inventions, which men, barren of better things, take up in the place of it. Thus, for every character in conversation that used to please, there is an impostor put upon you. Him whom we allowed, formerly, for a certain pleasant subtilty, and natural way of giving you an unexpected hit, called a *droll*, is now mimicked by a *biter*, who is a dull fellow, that tells you a lie with a grave face, and laughs at you for knowing him no better than to believe him. Instead of

Digitized by Google

that sort of companion who could rally you, and keep his countenance, until he made you fall into some little inconsistency of behaviour, at which you yourself could laugh with him, you have the sneerer, who will keep you company from morning to night, to gather your follies of the day (which perhaps you commit out of confidence in him) and expose you in the evening to all the scorners in town. For your man of sense and free spirit, whose set of thoughts were built upon learning, reason, and experience, you have now an impudent creature made up of vice only, who supports his ignorance by his courage, and want of learning by contempt of it.

*Ac.* Dear sir, hold: what you have told me already of this change in conversation is too miserable to be heard with any delight; but methinks, as these new creatures appear in the world, it might give an excellent field to writers for the stage, to divert us with the representation of them there.

*Friend.* No, no; as you say, there might be some hopes of redress of these grievances, if there were proper care taken of the theatre; but the history of that is yet more lamentable than that of the decay of conversation I gave you.

*Ac.* Pray, sir, a little: I have not been in town these six years, until within this fortnight.

*Friend.* It is now some time since several revolutions in the gay world had made the empire of the stage subject to very fatal convulsions, which were too dangerous to be cured by the skill of little king Oberon,* who then sat in the throne of it. The lasiness of this prince threw him upon the choice of a person who was fit to spend his life in contentions, an able and profound attorney, to whom he mortgaged his whole empire. This Divito† is the

* 'Mr. Owen, or Mac Owen Swiney, was born in Ireland, and formerly a manager of Drury-lane theatre, and afterwards of the Queen's theatre in the Haymarket. After leaving that office, he resided in Italy several years, and, at his return, procured a place in the custom-house, and was keeper of the king's mews. He died Oct. 2, 1754, and left his fortune to Mrs. Woffington. He was the author of several dramatic pieces.'

† Christopher Rich.

Digitized by Google

most akilful of all politicians; he has a perfect art in being unintelligible in discourse, and uncomeatable in business. But he, having no understanding in this polite way, brought in upon us, to get in his money, ladder dancers, jugglers, and mountebanks, to strut in the place of Shakspeare's heroes, and Jonson's humorists. When the seat of wit was thus mortgaged without equity of redemption, an architect* arose, who has built the muse a new palace, but secured her no retinue; so that, instead of action there, we have been put off by song and dance. This latter help of sound has also begun to fail for want of voices; therefore the palace has since been put into the hands of a surgeon, who cuts any foreign fellow into a eunuch,† and passes him upon us for a singer of Italy.

*Ac.* I will go out of town to-morrow.

*Friend.* Things are come to this pass; and yet the world will not understand, that the theatre has much the same effect on the manners of the age, as the bank on the credit of the nation. Wit and spirit, humour and good sense, can never be revived, but under the government of those who are judges of such talents; who know, that whatever is put up in their stead, is but a short and trifling expedient, to support the appearance of them for a season. It is possible, a peace will give leisure to put these matters under new regulations, but, at present, all the assistance we can see towards our recovery is as far from giving us help, as a poultice is from performing what can be done only by the grand elixir.

*Will's Coffee-house, May 6.*

According to our late design in the applauded verses on the morning,‡ which you lately had from hence, we proceed to improve that just intention, and present you with other labours, made proper to the place in which they were written. The following poem comes from Copen-

* Sir John Vanbrugh.

† John James Heidegger, esq. styled here a surgeon, in allusion to the employment assigned to him; he had at that time the direction of the operas, as he had afterwards of the masquerades.

‡ By Swift.



Digitized by Google

hagen, and is as fine a winter-piece as we have ever had from any of the schools of the most learned painters. Such images as these give us a new pleasure in our sight, and fix upon our minds traces of reflection, which accompany us whenever the like objects occur. In short, excellent poetry and description dwell upon us so agreeably, that all the readers of them are made to think, if not write, like men of wit. But it would be injury to detain you longer from this excellent performance, which is addressed to the earl of Dorset by Mr. Philips, the author of several choice poems in Mr. Tonson's new Miscellany.

*Copenhagen, March* 9, 1709.

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams that northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects that to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle-breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing:
The ships unmov'd, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day,
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
For many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds began thro' hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose;
And the descending rain unsully'd froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes:

Digitized by Google

For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass,
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorn's show,
While thro' the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds the watery marshes yield
Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The stag in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the distant sun.

When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies:
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends;
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintery charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees.

Like some deluded peasant Merlin leads
Thro' fragrant bowers, and thro' delicious meads;
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue;
And while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear:
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

*From my own Apartment, May 6.*

There has a mail this day arrived from Holland; but the matter of the advices importing rather what gives us great expectations, than any positive assurances, I shall, for this time, decline giving you what I know; and apply the following verses of Mr. Dryden, in the second part of 'Almanzor,' to the present circumstances of things, without discovering what my knowledge in astronomy suggests to me:—

When empire in its childhood first appears,
A watchful fate o'ersees its tender years:
Till, grown more strong it thrusts and stretches out,
And elbows all the kingdoms round about.
The place thus made for its first breathing free,
It moves again for ease and luxury:

Digitized by Google

Till, swelling by degrees, it has possest
The greater space, and now crowds up the rest.
When from behind there starts some petty state,
And pushes on its now unwieldy fate:
Then down the precipice of time it goes,
And sinks in minutes, which in ages rose.

No. 13.] *Tuesday, May* 10, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
———— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*From my own Apartment, May* 8.

MUCH hurry and business has to-day perplexed me into a mood too thoughtful for going into company; for which reason, instead of the tavern, I went into Lincoln's Inn walks; and, having taken a round or two, I sat down, according to the allowed familiarity of these places, on a bench; at the other end of which sat a venerable gentleman, who speaking with a very affable air,—'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said he, 'I take it for a very great piece of good fortune that you have found me out.' 'Sir,' said I, 'I had never, that I know of, the honour of seeing you before.' 'That,' replied he, 'is what I have often lamented; but, I assure you, I have for many years done you good offices, without being observed by you; or else, when you had any little glimpse of my being concerned in an affair, you have fled from me, and shunned me like an enemy; but, however, the part I am to act in the world is such, that I am to go on in doing good, though I meet with never so many repulses, even from those I oblige.' This, thought I, shews a great good-nature, but little judgment in the persons upon whom he confers his favours. He immediately took notice to me, that he observed by my countenance I thought him indiscreet in his beneficence, and proceeded to tell me his quality in the following manner: 'I know thee, Isaac, to be so well versed in the occult sciences, that I need not much preface, or make long preparations to gain your faith that there are airy beings who

Digitized by Google

are employed in the care and attendance of men, as nurses are to infants, until they come to an age in which they can act of themselves. These beings are usually called amongst men, guardian-angels; and, Mr. Bickerstaff, I am to acquant you, that I am to be yours for some time to come; it being our orders to vary our stations, and sometimes to have one patient under our protection, and sometimes another, with a power of assuming what shape we please, to ensnare our wards into their own good. I have of late been upon such hard duty, and know you have so much work for me, that I think fit to appear to you face to face, to desire you will give me as little occasion for vigilance as you can.' 'Sir,' said I, 'it will be a great instruction to me in my behaviour, if you please to give me some account of your late employments, and what hardships or satisfactions you have had in them, that I may govern myself accordingly.' He answered, 'To give you an example of the drudgery we go through, I will entertain you only with my three last stations: I was on the first of April last put to mortify a great beauty, with whom I was a week; from her I went to a common swearer, and have been last with a gamester. When I first came to my lady, I found my great work was to guard well her eyes and ears; but her flatterers were so numerous, and the house, after the modern way, so full of looking-glasses, that I seldom had her safe but in her sleep. Whenever we went abroad, we were surrounded by an army of enemies: when a well-made man appeared, he was sure to have a side glance of observation; if a disagreeable fellow, he had a full face, out of mere inclination to conquests. But at the close of the evening, on the sixth of the last month, my ward was sitting on a couch, reading Ovid's Epistles; and as she came to this line of Helen to Paris,

'She half consents who silently denies;'*

enter de Philander,† who is the most skilful of all men in

* This line occurs in a joint translation of 'Helen's Epistle to Paris,' by the earl of Mulgrave and Dryden, in the edition of 'Ovid's Epistles,' 1709.

† Supposed to be lord Halifax.

Digitized by Google

an address to women. He is arrived at the perfection of that art which gains them, which is, 'to talk like a very miserable man, but look like a very happy one.' I saw Dictinna blush at his entrance, which gave me the alarm; but he immediately said something so agreeably on her being at study, and the novelty of finding a lady employed in so grave a manner, that he on a sudden became very familiarly a man of no consequence; and in an instant laid all her suspicions of his skill asleep, as he had almost done mine, until I observed him very dangerously turn his discourse upon the elegance of her dress, and her judgment in the choice of that very pretty mourning. Having had women before under my care, I trembled at the apprehension of a man of sense who could talk upon trifles, and resolved to stick to my post with all the circumspection imaginable. In short, I prepossessed her against all he could say to the advantage of her dress and person; but he turned again the discourse, where I found I had no power over her, on the abusing her friends and acquaintance. He allowed indeed that Flora had a little beauty, and a great deal of wit; but then she was so ungainly in her behaviour, and such a laughing hoyden!—Pastorella had with him the allowance of being blameless; but what was that towards being praise-worthy? To be only innocent, is not to be virtuous! He afterwards spoke so much against Mrs. Dipple's forehead, Mrs. Prim's mouth, Mrs. Dentifrice's teeth, and Mrs. Fidget's cheeks, that she grew downright in love with him; for, it is always to be understood, that a lady takes all you detract from the rest of her sex to be a gift to her. In a word, things went so far, that I was dismissed, and she will remember that evening nine months, from the sixth of April, by a very remarkable token. The next, as I said, I went to, was a common swearer: never was a creature so puzzled as myself, when I came first to view his brain: half of it was worn out, and filled up with mere expletives, that had nothing to do with any other parts of the texture; therefore, when he called for his clothes in a morning, he would cry, 'John!'—John does not answer. 'What a plague! nobody there?

Digitized by Google

What the devil, and rot me, John, for a lazy dog as you are!' I knew no way to cure him, but by writing down all he said one morning as he was dressing, and laying it before him on the toilet when he came to pick his teeth. The last recital I gave him of what he said for half an hour before was, 'What, a pox rot me! where is the wash-ball? call the chairmen: damn them, I warrant they are at the alehouse already! zounds, and confound them!' When he came to the glass, he takes up my note—'Ha! this fellow is worse than I:—what, does he swear with pen and ink!' But, reading on, he found them to be his own words. The stratagem had so good an effect upon him, that he grew immediately a new man, and is learning to speak without an oath, which makes him extremely short in his phrases; for, as I observed before, a common swearer has a brain without any idea on the swearing side; therefore my ward has yet mighty little to say, and is forced to substitute some other vehicle of nonsense, to supply the defect of his usual expletives. When I left him, he made use of 'Odsbodikins! Oh me! and never stir alive!' and so forth; which gave me hopes of his recovery. So I went to the next I told you of, the gamester. When we first take our place about a man, the receptacles of the *pericranium* are immediately searched. In his, I found no one ordinary trace of thinking; but strong passion, violent desires, and a continued series of different changes, had torn it to pieces. There appeared no middle condition; the triumph of a prince, or the misery of a beggar, were his alternate states. I was with him no longer than one day, which was yesterday. In the morning at twelve, we were worth four thousand pounds; at three, we were arrived at six thousand; half an hour after, we were reduced to one thousand; at four of the clock, we were down to two hundred; at five, to fifty; at six, to five; at seven, to one guinea; the next bet, to nothing. This morning he borrowed half-a-crown of the maid who cleans his shoes; and is now gaming in Lincoln's-Inn Fields among the boys for farthings and oranges until he has made up three pieces, and then he returns to White's into the best company in town.'

Digitized by Google

Thus ended our first discourse; and, it is hoped, you will forgive me that I have picked so little out of my companion at our first interview. In the next, it is possible, he may tell me more pleasing incidents; for, though he is a familiar, he is not an evil spirit.

*St. James's Coffee-house, May 9.*

We hear from the Hague, of the fourteenth instant, N. S. that monsieur de Torcy hath had frequent conferences with the grand pensioner, and the other ministers who were heretofore commissioned to treat with monsieur Rouille. The preliminaries of a peace are almost settled, and the proceedings wait only for the arrival of the duke of Marlborough; after whose approbation of the articles proposed, it is not doubted but the methods of the treaty will be publicly known. In the mean time, the States have declared an abhorrence of taking any step in this great affair, but in concert with the court of Great Britain, and other princes of the alliance. The posture of affairs in France does necessarily oblige that nation to be very much in earnest in their offers; and monsieur de Torcy hath professed to the grand pensioner, that he will avoid all occasions of giving him the least jealousy of his using any address in private conversation for accomplishing the ends of his embassy. It is said, that as soon as the preliminaries are adjusted, that minister is to return to the French court. The states of Holland have resolved to make it an instruction to all their men-of-war and privateers, to bring into their ports whatever neutral ships they shall meet with, laden with corn, and bound for France; and, to avoid all cause of complaint from the potentates to whom these ships shall belong, their full demand for their freight shall be paid them there. The French Protestants residing in that country have applied themselves to their respective magistrates, desiring that there may be an article in the treaty of peace, which may give liberty of conscience to the Protestants in France. Monsieur Bosnage, minister of the Walloon church at Rotterdam, has been at the Hague, and hath had some conferences with the

Digitized by Google

deputies of the States on that subject. It is reported there, that all the French refugees in those dominions are to be naturalized, that they may enjoy the same good effects of the treaty with the Hollanders themselves, in respect of France.

Letters from Paris say, the people conceive great hopes of a sudden peace, from monsieur Torcy's being employed in the negotiation; he being a minister of too great weight in that court, to be sent on any employment in which his master would not act in a manner wherein he might justly promise himself success. The French advices add, that there is an insurrection in Poictou, three thousand men having taken up arms, and beaten the troops which were appointed to disperse them; three of the mutineers, being taken, were immediately executed; and as many of the king's party were used after the same manner.

Our late act of naturalization hath had so great an effect in foreign parts, that some princes have prohibited the French refugees in their dominions to sell or transfer their estates to any other of their subjects; and, at the same time, have granted them greater immunities than they hitherto enjoyed. It has been also thought necessary to restrain their own subjects from leaving their country on pain of death.

No. 14.] *Thursday, May* 12, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*From my own Apartment, May* 10.

HAD it not been that my familiar had appeared to me, as I told you in my last, in person, I had certainly been unable to have found even words without meaning, to keep up my intelligence with the town; but he has checked me severely for my despondence, and ordered me to go on in my design of observing upon things, and forbearing per-



Digitized by Google

sons; for, said he, the age you live in is such, that a good picture of any vice or virtue will infallibly be misrepresented; and though none will take the kind description you make so much to themselves, as to wish well to the author, yet all will resent the ill characters you produce, out of fear of their own turn in the licence you must be obliged to take, if you point at particular persons. I took his admonition kindly, and immediately promised him to beg pardon of the author of the 'Advice to the Poets,' for my raillery upon his work; though I aimed at no more in that examination, but to convince him, and all men of genius, of the folly of laying themselves out on such plans as are below their characters. I hope too it was done without ill breeding, and nothing spoken below what a civilian (as it is allowed I am,) may utter to a physician.* After this preface, all the world may be safe from my writings; for, if I can find nothing to commend, I am silent, and will forbear the subject: for, though I am a reformer, I scorn to be an inquisitor.

It would become all men, as well as me, to lay before them the noble character of Verus the magistrate,† who always sat in triumph over, and contempt of, vice: he never searched after it, or spared it when it came before him: at the same time he could see through the hypocrisy and disguise of those, who have no pretence to virtue themselves, but by their severity to the vicious. This same Verus was, in times past, chief justice (as we call it amongst us,) in Felicia.‡ He was a man of profound knowledge of the laws of his country, and as just an observer of them in his own person. He considered justice as a cardinal virtue, not as a trade for maintenance. Wherever he was judge, he never forgot that he was also counsel. The criminal before him was always sure he stood before his country, and, in a sort, a parent of it. The prisoner knew, that though his spirit was broken with

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

† Sir John Holt, lord chief justice in the reign of king William III. and for some years after that king's death.

‡ Britain.

Digitized by Google

guilt, and incapable of language to defend itself, all would be gathered from him which could conduce to his safety; and that his judge would wrest no law to destroy him, nor conceal any that could save him. In this time there was a nest of pretenders to justice, who happened to be employed to put things in a method for being examined before him at his usual sessions: these animals were to Verus, as monkeys are to men, so like, that you can hardly disown them; but so base, that you are ashamed of their fraternity. It grew a phrase, 'Who would do justice on the justices?' That certainly would Verus. I have seen an old trial where he sat judge on two of them; one was called Trick-track, the other Tear-shift: one was a learned judge of sharpers; the other the quickest of all men at finding out a wench. Trick-track never spared a pick-pocket, but was a companion to cheats: Tear-shift would make compliments to wenches of quality, but certainly commit poor ones. If a poor rogue wanted a lodging, Trick-track sent him to gaol for a thief: if a poor whore went only with one thin petticoat, Tear-shift would imprison her for being loose in her dress. These patriots infested the days of Verus, while they alternately committed and released each other's prisoners. But Verus regarded them as criminals, and always looked upon men as they stood in the eye of justice, without respecting whether they sat on the bench, or stood at the bar.

*Will's Coffee-house, May* 11.

Yesterday we were entertained with the tragedy of the Earl of Essex;* in which there is not one good line, and yet a play which was never seen without drawing tears from some part of the audience; a remarkable instance that the soul is not to be moved by words, but things; for the incidents in this drama are laid together so happily, that the spectator makes the play for himself, by the force which the circumstance has upon his imagination. Thus, in spite of the most dry discourses, and expressions almost

* By John Banks, 4to. 1685; the prologue and the epilogue by Dryden.

Digitized by Google

ridiculous with respect to propriety, it is imposible for one unprejudiced to see it, untouched with pity. I must confess, this effect is not wrought on such as examine why they are pleased; but it never fails to appear on those who are not too learned in nature, to be moved by her first suggestions. It is certain, the person and behaviour of Mr. Wilks has no small share in conducing to the popularity of the play; and when a handsome fellow is going to a more coarse *exit* than beheading, his shape and countenance make every tender one reprieve him with all her heart, without waiting until she hears his dying words.

This evening, The Alchymist was played.* This comedy is an example of Ben Jonson's extensive genius, and penetration into the passions and follies of mankind. The scene in the fourth act, where all the cheated people oppose the man that would open their eyes, has something in it so inimitably excellent, that it is certainly as great a master-piece as has ever appeared by any hand. The author's great address in showing covetousness, the motive of the actions of the puritan, the epicure, the gamester, and the trader; and that all their endeavours, how differently soever they seem to tend, centre only in that one point of gain, shows he had, to a great perfection, that discernment of spirit which constitutes a genius for comedy.

*White's Chocolate-house, May* 11.

It is not to be imagined, how far the violence of our desires will carry us towards our own deceit in the pursuit of what we wish for. A gentleman here this evening was giving me an account of a dumb fortune-teller,† who outdoes Mr. Partridge, myself, or the Unborn Doctor,‡

* 'The Alchymist' was first acted in 1610, and published in 4to. the same year.

† Duncan Campbell, said to be deaf and dumb, who practised at this time on the credulity of the vulgar, and pretended to predict fortunes by the second sight, &c.

‡ The real name of the quack-doctor and man-midwife, who affected to be distinguished as 'unborn,' was Kirleus.

Digitized by Google

for predictions; all his visitants come to him full of expectations, and pay his own rate for the interpretations they put upon his shrugs and nods. There is a fine rich city-widow stole thither the other day (though it is not six weeks since her husband's departure from her company to rest,) and with her trusty maid demanded of him, whether she should marry again, by holding up two fingers like horns on her forehead. The wizard held up both his hands forked. The relict desired to know, whether he meant, by his holding up both hands, to represent that she had one husband before, and that she should have another? or, that he intimated she should have two more? The cunning man looked a little sour, upon which Betty jogged her mistress, who gave the other guinea; and he made her understand, she should positively have two more; but shaked his head, and hinted that they should not live long with her. The widow sighed, and gave him the other half-guinea. After this prepossession, all that she had next to do was to make sallies to our end of the town, and find out who it is her fate to have. There are two who frequent this place, whom she takes to be men of vogue, and of whom her imagination has given her the choice. They are both the appearances of fine gentlemen, to such as do not know when they see persons of that turn; and, indeed they are industrious enough to come at that character, to deserve the reputation of being such. But this town will not allow us to be the things we seem to aim at, and is too discerning to be fobbed off with pretences. One of these pretty fellows fails by his laborious exactness; the other, by his as much studied negligence. Frank Careless, as soon as his valet has helped on and adjusted his cloaths, goes to his glass, sets his wig awry, tumbles his cravat; and, in short, undresses himself to go into company. Will Nice is so little satisfied with his dress, that all the time he is at a visit, he is still mending it, and is for that reason the more insufferable; for he who studies carelessness has, at least, his work the sooner done of the two. The widow is distracted whom to take for her first man; for Nice is every way so careful, that



Digitized by Google

she fears his length of days; and Frank is so loose, that she has apprehensions for her own health with him. I am puzzled how to give a just idea of them; but, in a word, Careless is a coxcomb, and Nice a fop: both, you will say, very hopeful candidates for a gay young woman just set at liberty. But there is a whisper, her maid will give her to Tom Terror the gamester. This fellow has undone so many women, that he will certainly succeed if he is introduced; for nothing so much prevails with the vain part of that sex, as the glory of deceiving them who have deceived others.

*Desunt multa.*

*St. James's Coffee-house, May* 11.

Letters from Berlin, bearing date May the eleventh, N. S. inform us, that the birth-day of her Prussian majesty has been celebrated there with all possible magnificence; and the king made her, on that occasion, a present of jewels to the value of thirty thousand crowns. The marquis de Quesne, who has distinguished himself by his great zeal for the Protestant interest, was, at the time of the despatch of these letters, at that court, soliciting the king to take care, that an article in behalf of the refugees, admitting their return to France, should be inserted in the treaty of peace. They write from Hanover, of the fourteenth, that his electoral highness had received an express from count Merci, representing how necessary it was to the common cause, that he would please to hasten to the Rhine; for that nothing but his presence could quicken the measures towards bringing the imperial army into the field. There are very many speculations upon the intended interview of the king of Denmark and king Augustus. The latter has made such preparations for the reception of the other, that it is said, his Danish majesty will be entertained in Saxony with much more elegance than he met with in Italy itself.

Letters from the Hague, of the eighteenth instant, N. S. say, that his grace the duke of Marlborough landed the night before at the Brill, after having been kept out at sea, by adverse winds, two days longer than is usual in

Digitized by Google

that passage. His excellency the lord Townshend, her majesty's ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the states-general, was driven into the Veer in Zealand on Thursday last, from whence he came to the Hague within few hours after the arrival of his grace. The duke, soon after his coming to the Hague, had a visit from the pensioner of Holland. All things relative to the peace were in suspense until this interview; nor is it yet known what resolutions will be taken on that subject; for the troops of the allies have fresh orders despatched to them, to move from their respective quarters, and march with all expedition to the frontiers, where the enemy are making their utmost efforts for the defence of their country. These advices further inform us, that the marquis de Torcy had received an answer from the court of France, to his letters which he had sent thither by an express on the Friday before.

'Mr. Bickerstaff has received letters from Mr. Coltstaff, Mr. Whipstaff, and Mrs. Rebecca Wagstaff; all which relate chiefly to their being left out in the genealogy of the family lately published;* but my cousin who writ that draught, being a clerk in the Herald's office, and being at present under the displeasure of the chapter; it is feared, if that matter should be touched upon at this time, the young gentleman would lose his place for treason against the king of arms.

'Castabella's complaint is come to hand.'

---

No. 15.] P *Saturday, May* 14, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat.* i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for it's theme. *P.*

*From my own Apartment, May* 12.

I HAVE taken a resolution hereafter, on any want of intelligence, to carry my familiar abroad with me, who

* See a humourous genealogical account of the Stuffian family, No. 11.

Digitized by Google

nas promised to give me very proper and just notices of persons and things, to make up the history of the passing day. He is wonderfully skilful in the knowledge of men and manners, which has made me more than ordinary curious to know how he came to that perfection, and I communicated to him that doubt. 'Mr. Pacolet,' said I, 'I am mightily surprised to see you so good a judge of our nature and circumstances, since you are a mere spirit, and have no knowledge of the bodily part of us.' He answered, smiling, 'You are mistaken; I have been one of you, and lived a month amongst you, which gives me an exact sense of your condition. You are to know, that all, who enter into human life, have a certain date or *stamen* given to their being, which they only who die of age may be said to have arrived at; but it is ordered sometimes by fate, that such as die infants are, after death, to attend mankind to the end of that *stamen* of being in themselves, which was broke off by sickness or any other disaster. These are proper guardians to men, as being sensible of the infirmity of their state. You are philosopher enough to know, that the difference of men's understandings proceeds only from the various dispositions of their organs; so that he who dies at a month old, is in the next life as knowing, though more innocent, as they who live to fifty; and after death, they have as perfect a memory and judgment of all that passed in their life-time, as I have of all the revolutions in that uneasy turbulent condition of yours; and you would say I had enough of it in a month, were I to tell you all my misfortunes,' 'A life of a month cannot have, one would think, much variety. But pray,' said I, 'let us have your story.'

Then he proceeds in the following manner:

'It was one of the most wealthy familes in Great Britain into which I was born, and it was a very great happiness to me that it so happened, otherwise I had still, in all probability, been living; but I shall recount to you all the occurrences of my short and miserable existence, just as, by examining into the traces made in my brain, they appeared to me at that time. The first thing that ever struck

Digitized by Google

my senses was a noise over my head of one shrieking; after which, methought, I took a full jump, and found myself in the hands of a sorceress, who seemed as if she had been long waking, and employed in some incantation: I was thoroughly frightened, and cried out; but she immediately seemed to go on in some magical operation, and anointed me from head to foot. What they meant, I could not imagine; for there gathered a great crowd about me, crying, 'An heir! an heir!' upon which I grew a little still, and believed this was a ceremony to be used only to great persons, and such as made them, what they called *heirs*. I lay very quiet; but the witch, for no manner of reason or provocation in the world, takes me, and binds my head as hard as possibly she could; then ties up both my legs, and makes me swallow down an horrid mixture. I thought it a harsh entrance into life, to begin with taking physic; but I was forced to it, or else must have taken down a great instrument in which she gave it me. When I was thus dressed, I was carried to a bed side, where a fine young lady (my mother I wot) had like to have hugged me to death. From her, they faced me about, and there was a thing with quite another look from the rest of the company, to whom they talked about my nose. He seemed wonderfully pleased to see me; but I knew since, my nose belonged to another family. That into which I was born is one of the most numerous amongst you; therefore crowds of relations came every day to congratulate my arrival; amongst others, my cousin Betty, the greatest romp in nature: she whisks me such a height over her head, that I cried out for fear of falling. She pinched me, and called me *squealing chit*, and threw me into a girl's arms that was taken in to tend me. The girl was very proud of the womanly employment of a nurse, and took upon her to strip and dress me a-new, because I made a noise, to see what ailed me: she did so, and stuck a pin in every joint about me. I still cried: upon which, she lays me on my face in her lap; and, to quiet me, fell a-nailing in all the pins, by clapping me on the back and screaming a lullaby. But my pain made me exalt my voice

Digitized by Google

above hers, which brought up the nurse, the witch I first saw, and my grandmother. The girl is turned down stairs, and I stripped again, as well to find what ailed me, as to satisfy my granam's further curiosity. This good old woman's visit was the cause of all my troubles. You are to understand, that I was hitherto bred by hand, and any body that stood next gave me pap, if I did but open my lips; insomuch, that I was growing so cunning, as to pretend myself asleep when I was not, to prevent my being crammed. But my grandmother began a loud lecture upon the idleness of the wives of this age, who, for fear of their shapes, forbear suckling their own offspring: and ten nurses were immediately sent for; one was whispered to have a wanton eye, and would soon spoil her milk; another was in a consumption; the third had an ill voice, and would frighten me instead of lulling me to sleep. Such exceptions were made against all but one country milch-wench, to whom I was committed, and put to the breast. This careless jade was eternally romping with the footman, and downright starved me; insomuch that I daily pined away, and should never have been relieved had it not been that, on the thirtieth day of my life, a Fellow of the Royal Society, who had writ upon Cold Baths, came to visit me, and solemnly protested, I was utterly lost for want of that method:* upon which he soused me head and ears into a pail of water, where I had the good fortune to be drowned; and so escaped being lashed into a linguist until sixteen, running after wenches until twenty-five, and being married to an ill-natured wife until sixty: which had certainly been my fate, had not the enchantment between body and soul been broke by this philosopher. Thus, until the age I should have otherwise lived, I am obliged to watch the steps of men; and, if you please, shall accompany you in your present walk, and get you intelligence from the aërial lacquey, who is in waiting, what are the thoughts and purposes of any whom you enquire for.

* The Fellow of the Royal Society here alluded to was probably sir John Floyer, Knight, M. D. who published, 'An Enquiry into the right use and abuses of the hot, cold and temporate Baths in England, &c.'

Digitized by Google

I accepted his kind offer, and immediately took him with me in a hack to White's.

*White's Chocolate-house, May 13.*

We got in hither, and my companion threw a powder round us, that made me as invisible as himself; so that we could see and hear all others, ourselves unseen and unheard.

The first thing we took notice of was a nobleman of a goodly and frank aspect, with his generous birth and temper visible in it, playing at cards with a creature of a black and horrid countenance, wherein were plainly delineated the arts of his mind, cozenage, and falsehood. They were marking their game with counters, on which we could see inscriptions, imperceptible to any but us. My lord had scored with pieces of ivory, on which were writ 'Good Fame, Glory, Riches, Honour, and Posterity.' The spectre over-against him had on his counters the inscriptions of 'Dishonour, Impudence, Poverty, Ignorance, and want of Shame.' 'Bless me!' said I; 'sure my Lord does not see what he plays for?' 'As well as I do,' says Pacolet. 'He despises that fellow he plays with, and scorns himself for making him his companion.' At the very instant he was speaking, I saw the fellow who played with my lord, hide two cards in the roll of his stocking: Pacolet immediately stole them from thence; upon which the nobleman soon after won the game. The little triumph he appeared in, when he got such a trifling stock of ready money, though he had ventured so great sums with indifference, increased my admiration. But Pacolet began to talk to me. Mr. Isaac, this to you looks wonderful, but not at all to us higher beings: that nobleman has as many good qualities as any man of his order, and seems to have no faults but what, as I may say, are excrescences from virtues. He is generous to a prodigality, more affable than is consistent with his quality, and courageous to a rashness. Yet, after all this, the source of his whole conduct is (though he would hate himself if he knew it)

Digitized by Google

mere avarice. The ready cash laid before the gamester's counters makes him venture, as you see, and lay distinction against infamy, abundance against want; in a word, all that is desirable against all that is to be avoided. However, said I, be sure you disappoint the sharpers to night, and steal from them all the cards they hide. Pacolet obeyed me, and my lord went home with their whole bank in his pocket.'

*Will's Coffee-house, May* 13.

To-night was acted a second time a comedy, called The Busy Body: this play is written by a lady.* In old times, we used to sit upon a play here after it was acted; but now the entertainment is turned another way; not but there are considerable men in all ages, who, for some eminent quality or invention, deserve the esteem and thanks of the public. Such a benefactor is a gentleman of this house; who is observed by the surgeons with much envy; and is ranked among, and received by the modern wits, as a great promoter of gallantry and pleasure. But, I fear, pleasure is less understood in this age, which so much pretends to it, than in any since the creation. It was admirably said of him who first took notice, that (*res est severa voluptas*) 'there is a certain severity in pleasure.' Without that, all decency is banished; and if reason is not to be present at our greatest satisfactions, of all the race of creatures, the human is the most miserable. It was not so of old; when Virgil describes a wit, he always means a virtuous man; and all his sentiments of men of genius, are such as show persons distinguished from the common level of mankind; such as placed happiness in the contempt of low fears and mean gratifications: fears which we are subject to with the vulgar; and pleasures which we have in common with beasts. With these illustrious personages, the wisest man was the greatest wit; and none was thought worthy of that character, unless he answered this excellent description of the poet:—

* By Mrs. Susannah Centlivre, 1709, 4to.

Digitized by Google

Qui———metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.
*Virg.** Georg. ii. 490.

Happy the man,———
His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Fearless of fortune, and resign'd to fate. *Dryden.*

*St. James's Coffee-house, May* 13.

We had this morning advice, that some English merchant-ships, convoyed by the Bristol of fifty-four guns, were met with by a part of Monsieur du Gui Trouin's squadron, who engaged the convoy. That ship defended itself until the English merchants got clear of the enemy; but, being disabled, was herself taken. Within few hours after, my lord Dursley† came up with part of his squadron, and, engaging the French, retook the Bristol (which, being very much shattered, sunk;) and took the Glorieux, a ship of forty-four guns, as also a privateer of fourteen. Before this action, his lordship had taken two French merchantmen, and had, at the despatch of these advices, brought the whole safe into Plymouth.

No. 16.] *Tuesday, May* 17, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for it's theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house, May* 15.

Sir Thomas, ‡ of this house, has showed me some letters from the Bath, which give accounts of what passes among the good company of that place; and allowed me to tran-

* Virgil seems to speak here as an Epicurean, and might probably allude to some lines in Lucretius, lib. iii. 37 and 995. It is only by Christianity that men can be trained to that elevation of soul, which the doctrine o Epicurus, &c. aimed at in vain. *French Tatler.*

† James viscount Dursley, who was in consequence raised to the rank of vice admiral of the blue in November 1709; and, in the beginning of October 1710, succeeded his father in the title of earl of Berkeley.

‡ The nick-name of a waiter at White's.



Digitized by Google

scribe one of them, that seems to be writ by some of sir Thomas's particular acquaintance, and is as follows:

'DEAR KNIGHT, May 9, 1709.

I desire, you would give my humble service to all our friends, which I speak of to you (out of method) in the very beginning of my epistle, lest the present disorders, by which this seat of gallantry and pleasure is torn to pieces, should make me forget it. You keep so good company, that you know Bath is stocked with such as come hither to be relieved from luxuriant health, or imaginary sickness; and consequently is always as well stowed with gallants, as invalids, who live together in a very good understanding. But the season is so early, that our fine company is not yet arrived; and the warm bath, which in heathen times was dedicated to Venus, is now used only by such as really want it for health's sake. There are, however, a good many strangers, among whom are two ambitious ladies, who being both in the autumn of their life, take the opportunity of placing themselves at the head of such as we are, before the Chloe's, Clarissa's, and Pastorella's come down. One of these two is excessively in pain, that the ugly being called Time, will make wrinkles in spite of the lead forehead cloth; * and therefore hides with the gayety of her air, the volubility of her tongue, and quickness of her motion, the injuries which it has done her. The other lady is but two years behind her in life, and dreads as much being laid aside as the former; and, consequently has taken the necessary precautions to prevent her reign over us. But she is very discreet, and wonderfully turned for ambition, being never apparently transported either with affection or malice. Thus, while Florimel is talking in public, and spreading her graces in assemblies to gain a popular dominion over our diversions, Prudentia visits very cunningly all the lame, the splenetic, and the superannuated, who have their distinct classes of followers and friends. Among these she has

* To which the black-lead comb and powder of every colour in the rainbow have since been the *succedanea*.

Digitized by Google

found, that somebody has sent down printed certificates of Florimel's age, which she has read and distributed to this unjoyful set of people, who are always enemies to those in possession of the good opinion of the company. This unprovoked injury done by Prudentia, was the first occasion of our fatal divisions here, and a declaration of war between these rivals. Florimel has abundance of wit, which she has lavished in decrying Prudentia, and giving defiance to her little arts. For an instance of her superior power, she bespoke the play of Alexander the Great, to be acted by the company of strollers, and desired us all to be there on Thursday last. When she spoke to me to come, 'As you are,' said she, 'a lover, you will not fail the death of Alexander: the passion of love is wonderfully hit—Statira! O that happy woman—to have a conqueror at her feet!—But you will be sure to be there.' I, and several others, resolved to be of her party. But see the irresistible strength of that unsuspected creature, a 'silent woman.' Prudentia had counterplotted us, and had bespoke on the same evening the puppet-show of 'The creation of the world.'* She had engaged every body to be there; and, to turn our leader into ridicule, had secretly let them know, that the puppet Eve was made the most like Florimel that ever was seen. On Thursday morning the puppet-drummer, Adam and Eve, and several others who lived before the flood, passed through the streets on horseback, to invite us all to the pastime, and the representation of such things as we all knew to be true: and Mr. Mayor was so wise, as to prefer these innocent people the puppets, who, he said, were to represent Christians, before the wicked players, who were to shew Alexander, an heathen philosopher. To be short, this Prudentia had so laid it, that at ten of the clock footmen were sent to take places at the puppet-show, and all we of Florimel's party were to be out of fashion, or desert her. We chose the latter. All the world crowded

* A deformed cripple of the name of Powel was the master of a popular puppet-show at this time, and made Punch utter many things that would not have been endured in any other way of communication.

Digitized by Google

to Prudentia's house, because it was given out nobody could get in. When we came to Noah's flood in the show, Punch and his wife were introduced dancing in the ark. An honest plain friend of Florimel's, but a critic withal, rose up in the midst of the representation, and made many very good exceptions to the drama itself, and told us, that it was against all morality, as well as rules of the stage, that Punch should be in jest in the deluge, or indeed that he should appear at all. This was certainly a just remark, and I thought to second him; but he was hissed by Prudentia's party: upon which, really, Sir Thomas, we, who were his friends, hissed him too. Old Mrs. Petulant desired both her daughters to mind the moral; then whispered Mrs. Mayoress, 'This is very proper for young people to see!' Punch, at the end of the play, made Prudentia a compliment, and was very civil to the whole company, making bows until his buttons touched the ground. All was carried triumphantly against our party. In the mean time, Florimel went to the tragedy, dressed as fine as hands could make her, in hopes to see Prudentia pine away with envy. Instead of that, she sat a full hour alone, and at last was entertained with this whole relation from Statira, who wiped her eyes with her tragical cut handkerchief, and lamented the ignorance of the quality. Florimel was stung with this affront, and the next day bespoke the puppet-show. Prudentia, insolent with power, bespoke Alexander. The whole company came then to Alexander. Madam Petulant desired her daughters to mind the moral, and believe no man's fair words: 'For you will see, children,' said she, 'these soldiers are never to be depended upon; they are sometimes here, sometimes there.—Do not you see, daugher Betty, Colonel Clod, our next neighbour in the country, pull off his hat to you? court'sy, good child, his estate is just by us.' Florimel was now mortified down to Prudentia's humour; and Prudentia exalted into her's. This was observed; Florimel invites us to the play a second time, Prudentia to the show. See the uncertainty of human affairs! the beaux, the wits, the gamesters, the prudes, the coquettes, the valetudinarians

Digitized by Google

and gallants, all now wait upon Florimel. Such is the state of things at this present date; and if there happens any new commotions, you shall have immediate advice from,

'Sir,

'Your affectionate friend and servant.'

*To Castabella.*

'MADAM, May 16, 1709.

'I have the honour of a letter from a friend of yours, relating to an incivility done to you at the opera, by one of your own sex; but I, who was an eye-witness of the accident, can testify to you, that though she pressed before you, she lost her ends in that design; for she was taken notice of for no other reason, but her endeavours to hide a finer woman than herself. But, indeed, I dare not go farther in this matter, than just this bare mention; for though it was taking your place of right, rather than place of precedence, yet it is so tender a point, and on which the very life of female ambition depends, that it is of the last consequence to meddle in it: all my hopes are from your beautiful sex; and those bright eyes, which are the bane of others, are my only sun-shine. My writings are sacred to you; and I hope, I shall always have the good fortune to live under your protection; therefore take this public opportunity to signify to all the world, that I design to forbear any thing that may in the least tend to the diminution of your interest, reputation, or power. You will therefore forgive me, that I strive to conceal every wrong step made by any who have the honour to wear petticoats, and shall at all times do what is in my power to make all mankind as much their slaves as myself. If they would consider things as they ought, there needs not much argument to convince them, that it is their fate to be obedient to you, and that your greatest rebels do only serve with a worse grace. I am, Madam,

'Your most obedient and

'most humble servant,

'ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.'



Digitized by Google

*St. James's Coffee-house, May* 16.

Lettres from the Hague, bearing date the twenty-first instant, N. S. advise, that his grace the duke of Marlborough, immediately after his arrival, sent his secretary to the president and the pensionary, to acquaint them therewith. Soon after, these ministers, visited the duke, and made him compliments in the name of the States-General; after which they entered into a conference with him on the present posture of affairs, and gave his grace assurances of the firm adherence of the States to the alliance: at the same time acquainting him, that all overtures of peace were rejected, until they had an opportunity of acting in concert with their allies on that subject. After this interview, the pensionary and the president returned to the assembly of the States. Monsieur Torcy has had a conference at the pensioner's house with his grace the duke of Marlborough, prince Eugene, and his excellency the lord Townshend. The result of what was debated at that time is kept secret; but there appears an air of satisfaction and good understanding between these ministers. We are apt also to give ourselves very hopeful prospects from monsieur Torcy's being employed in this negotiation, who had been always remarkable for a particular way of thinking in his sense of the greatness of France; which he has always said, 'was to be promoted rather by the arts of peace, than those of war.' His delivering himself freely on this subject has formerly appeared an unsuccessful way to power in that court; but in its present circumstances, those maxims are better received; and it is thought a certain argument of the sincerity of the French king's intentions, that this minister is at present made use of. The marquis is to return to Paris within few days, who has sent a courier thither to give notice of the reasons of his return, that the court may be the sooner able to despatch commissions for a formal treaty.

The expectations of peace are increased by advices from Paris of the twelfth instant, which say, the Dauphin has altered his resolution of commanding in Flanders the en-

Digitized by Google

suing campaign. The Saxon and Prussian reinforcements, together with count Mercy's regiment of imperial horse, are encamped in the neighbourhood of Brussels; and sufficient stores of corn and forage are transported to that place and Ghent, for the service of the confederate army.

They write from Mons, that the elector of Bavaria had advice, that an advanced party of the Portuguese army had been defeated by the Spaniards.

We hear from Languedoc, that their corn, olives, and figs, were wholly destroyed; but that they have a hopeful prospect of a plentiful vintage.

---

No. 17.] *Thursday, May* 19, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
———— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*Will's Coffee-house, May* 18.

THE discourse has happened to turn this evening upon the true panegyric, the perfection of which was asserted to consist in a certain artful way of conveying the applause in an indirect manner. There was a gentleman gave us several instances of it. Among others, he quoted from Sir Francis Bacon, in his 'Advancement of Learning,' a very great compliment made to Tiberius,* as follows: In a full debate upon public affairs in the senate, one of the assembly rose up, and with a very grave air said, he thought it for the honour and dignity of the commonwealth, that Tiberius should be declared a god, and have divine worship paid him. The emperor was surprised at the proposal, and demanded of him to declare, whether he had made any application to incline him to that overture? The senator answered, with a bold and haughty tone, 'Sir, in matters that concern the commonwealth, I will be governed by no man.' Another gentleman mentioned something of the same

* An allusion to an instance of artful flattery practised by Messala Valerius.

Digitized by Google

kind, spoken by the late duke of Buckingham to the late earl of Orrery; 'My lord,' (says the duke, after his libertine way) 'you will certainly be damned.' How, my lord!' says the earl with some warmth. 'Nay,' said the duke, 'there is no help for it, for it is positively said, Cursed is he of whom all men speak well.'* This is taking a man by surprise, and being welcome when you have so surprised him. The person flattered receives you into his closet at once; and the sudden change of his heart, from the expectation of an ill-wisher, to find you his friend, makes you in his full favour in a moment. The spirits that were raised so suddenly against you, are as suddenly for you. There was another instance given of this kind at the table: a gentleman, who had a very great favour done him, and an employment bestowed upon him, without so much as being personally known to his benefactor, waited upon the great man who was so generous, and was beginning to say, he was infinitely obliged.—'Not at all,' says the patron, turning from him to another, 'had I known a more deserving man in England, he should not have had it.'

We should certainly have had more examples had not a gentleman produced a book which he thought an instance of this kind:† it was a phamphlet, called 'The Naked Truth.' The idea any one would have of that work from the title was, that there would be much plain dealing with people in power, and that we should see things in their proper light, stripped of the ornaments which are usually given to the actions of the great: but the skill of this author is such, that he has, under that rugged appearance approved himself the finest gentleman and courtier that ever writ. The language is extremely sublime, and not at all to be understood by the vulgar: the sentiments are such as would make no figure in ordinary words; but such

* Luke vi. 26. His grace did not understand, nor quote fairly, the passage of scripture, to which he thought it so witty, thus impiously to allude.

† It has been said that the phamphlet called 'The Naked Truth' was written by a lawyer of the name of Nelmy; but if William viscount Grimston was not the author of it, he wrote remarks upon this critique on it, in a treatise which he dedicated to the Hon. Edward Howard, as we are informed in Tatler, No 21.

Digitized by Google

is the art of the expression, and the thoughts are elevated to so high a degree, that I question whether the discourse will sell much. There was an ill-natured fellow present, who hates all panegyric mortally; 'P—— take him,' said he, 'what the devil means his Naked Truth, in speaking nothing but to the advantage of all whom he mentions? This is just such a great action as that of the champion's on a coronation-day, who challenges all mankind to dispute with him the right of the sovereign, surrounded with his guards.' The gentleman who produced the treatise desired him to be cautious and said, it was writ by an excellent soldier, which made the company observe it more narrowly; and (as critics are the greatest conjurers at finding out a known truth) one said, he was sure it was writ by the hand of his sword-arm. I could not perceive much wit in that expression; but it raised a laugh, and, I suppose, was meant as a sneer upon valiant men. The same man pretended to see in the style, that it was an horse-officer; but sure that is being too nice; for though you may know officers of the cavalry by the turn of their feet, I cannot imagine how you should discern their hands from those of other men. But it is always thus with pedants; they will ever be carping; if a gentleman or a man of honour puts pen to paper. I do not doubt but this author will find this assertion too true, and that obloquy is not repulsed by the force of arms. I will therefore set this excellent piece in a light too glaring for weak eyes, and, in imitation of the critic Longinus, shall, as well as I can, make my observations in a style like the author's of whom I treat, which perhaps I am as capable of as another, having 'an unbounded force of thinking, as well as a most exquisite address, extensively and wisely indulged to me by the supreme powers.' My author, I will dare to assert, shows the most universal knowledge of any writer who has appeared this century: he is a poet and merchant, which is seen in two master-words, 'credit blossoms,' he is a grammarian and a politician; for he says, 'The uniting of the two kingdoms is the emphasis of the security of the Protestant succession.' Some would be apt to say,

Digitized by Google

he is a conjuror; for he has found, that a republic is not made up of every body of animals, but is composed of men only, and not of horses. 'Liberty and property have chosen their retreat within the emulating circle of an human commonwealth.' He is a physician; for he says, 'I observe a constant equality in its pulse, and a just quickness of its vigorous circulation.' And again, 'I view the strength of our constitution plainly appear in the sanguine and ruddy complexion of a well-contented city.' He is a divine: for he says, 'I cannot but bless myself.' And indeed this excellent treatise has had that good effect upon me, who am far from being superstitious, that I also 'cannot but bless myself.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, May* 18.

This day arrived a mail from Lisbon, with letters of the thirteenth instant, N. S. containing a particular account of the late action in Portugal. On the seventeenth instant, the army of Portugal, under the command of the marquis de Frontera, lay on the side of the Caya, and the army of the duke of Anjou, commanded by the marquis de Bay, on the other. The latter commander having an ambition to ravage the country, in a manner, in sight of the Portugueze, made a motion with the whole body of his horse toward fort Saint Christopher, near the town of Badajos. The generals of the Portugueze, disdaining that such an insult should be offered to their arms, took a resolution to pass the river, and oppose the designs of the enemy. The earl of Galway represented to them, that the present posture of affairs was such on the side of the allies, that there needed no more to be done at present in that country, but to carry on a defensive part. But his argument could not avail in the council of war. Upon which a great detachment of foot and the whole of the horse of the king of Portugal's army passed the river, and with some pieces of cannon did good execution on the enemy. Upon observing this, the marquis de Bay advanced with his horse, and attacked the right wing of the Portugueze cavalry, who faced about, and fled, without standing

Digitized by Google

the first encounter. But their foot repulsed the same body of horse, in three successive charges, with great order and resolution. While this was transacting, the British General commanded the brigade of Pearce, to keep the enemy in diversion by a new attack. This was so well executed, that the Portugueze infantry had time to retire in good order, and repass the river. But that brigade, which rescued them, was itself surrounded by the enemy, and major-general Sarkey, brigadier Pearce, together with both their regiments, and that of the lord Galway, lately raised, were taken prisoners.

During the engagement, the earl of Barrimore, having advanced too far to give some necessary order, was hemmed in by a squadron of the enemy; but found means to gallop up to the brigade of Pearce, with which he remains also a prisoner. My lord Galway had his horse shot under him in this action; and the Conde de Saint Juan, a Portuguese general, was taken prisoner. The same night the army encamped at Aronches, and on the ninth moved to Elvas, where they lay when these despatches came away. Colonel Stanwix's regiment is also taken. The whole of this affair has given the Portuguese a great idea of the capacity and courage of my lord Galway, against whose advice they entered upon this unfortunate affair, and by whose conduct they were rescued from it. The prodigious constancy and resolution of that great man is hardly to be paralleled, who under the oppression of a maimed body, and the reflection of repeated ill fortune, goes on with an unspeakable alacrity in the service of the common cause. He has already put things in a very good posture after this ill accident, and made the necessary dispositions for covering the country from any further attempt of the enemy, who still lie in the camp they were in before the battle.

Letters from Brussels, dated the twenty-fifth instant, advise, that notwithstanding the negotiations of a peace seem so far advanced, that some do confidently report the preliminaries of a treaty to be actually agreed on, yet the allies hasten their preparations for opening the campaign; and the forces of the empire, the Prussians, the Danes,

Digitized by Google

the Wirtembergers, the Palatines, and Saxon auxiliaries, are in motion towards the general rendezvous, they being already arrived in the neighbourhood of Brussels. These advices add, that the deputies of the States of Holland, having made a general review of the troops in Flanders, set out for Antwerp on the 21st instant from that place.

No. 18.] *Saturday, May* 21, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines ———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for it's theme. *P.*

*From my own Apartment, May* 20.

It is observed too often that men of wit do so much employ their thoughts upon fine speculations, that things useful to mankind are wholly neglected; and they are busy in making emendations upon some enclytics in a Greek author, while obvious things, that every man may have use for are wholly overlooked. It would be a happy thing, if such as have real capacities for public service were employed in works of general use; but because a thing is every body's business, it is nobody's business: this is for want of public spirit. As for my part, who am only a student, and a man of no great interest, I can only remark things, and recommend the correction of them to higher powers. There is an offence I have a thousand times lamented, but fear I shall never see remedied; which is, that in a nation where learning is so frequent as in Great Britain, there should be so many gross errors as there are in the very directions of things wherein accuracy is necessary for the conduct of life. This is notoriously observed by all men of letters when they first come to town (at which time they are usually curious that way) in the inscriptions on sign-posts. I have cause to know this matter as well as any body; for I have, when I went to Merchant-Taylors' school, suffered stripes for spelling after the signs I observed in my way; though at the same

Digitized by Google

time, I must confess, staring at those inscriptions first gave me an idea and curiosity for medals, in which I have since arrived at some knowledge. Many a man has lost his way and his dinner by this general want of skill in orthography; for, considering that the painters are usually so very bad, that you cannot know the animal under whose sign you are to live that day, how must the stranger be misled if it be wrong spelled, as well as ill painted? I have a cousin now in town, who has answered under bachelor at Queen's College, whose name is Humphrey Mopstaff (he is a-kin to us by his mother:) this young man, going to see a relation in Barbican, wandered a whole day by the mistake of one letter, for it was written, 'this is the Beer,' instead of 'this is the Bear.' He was set right at last, by inquiring for the house of a fellow who could not read, and knew the place mechanically, only by having been often drunk there. But, in the name of goodness, let us make our learning of use to us, or not. Was not this a shame, that a philosopher should be thus directed by a cobbler? I will be sworn, if it were known how many have suffered in this kind by false spelling since the union, this matter would not long lie thus. What makes these evils the more insupportable is, that they are so easily amended, and nothing done in it. But it is so far from that, that the evil goes on in other arts as well as orthography; places are confounded, as well for want of proper distinctions, as things for want of true characters. Had I not come by the other day very early in the morning,* there might have been mischief done: for a worthy

* Wit has its prerogative, 'and about it, there is not, and there ought not to be here, either dispute or observation.' Truth, nevertheless, claims the privilege to remark, that these two equestrian statues were very unlike. The one was made by the famous La Seur, for King Charles I.; the other was originally intended for John Sobieski, king of Poland, and, *mutatis mutandis*, erected in honour of King Charles II. The Turk underneath the horse was cleverly metamorphosed into Oliver Cromwell; but his *turban* escaped unnoticed, or unaltered, to testify the truth. The one is of brass blackened, the other was of white marble, &c. The statue in Stocks Market, with the conduit and all its ornaments, were all removed to make way for the Mansion-house, the first stone of which was laid by Micajah Perry, Esq. then lord mayor, Oct. 25, 1739. See Spect. No. 462.



Digitized by Google

North Briton was swearing at Stocks Market, that they would not let him in at his lodgings; but I, knowing the gentleman, and observing him look often at the king on horseback, and then double his oaths that he was sure he was right, found he mistook that for Charing Cross, by the erection of the like statue in each place. I grant, private men may distinguish their abodes as they please: as one of my acquaintance, who lives at Marybone,* has put a good sentence of his own invention upon his dwelling-place,† to find out where he lives: he is so near London, that his conceit is this, 'the country in town;' or, 'the town in the country;' for, you know, if they are both in one, they are all one. Besides that, the ambiguity is not of great consequence; if you are safe at the place, it is no matter if you do not distinctly know where the place is. But to return to the orthography of public places; I propose, that every tradesman in the cities of London and Westminster shall give me six-pence a quarter for keeping their signs in repair as to the grammatical part; and I will take into my house a Swiss count‡ of my acquaintance, who can remember all their names without book, for despatch sake, setting up the head of the said foreigner for my sign; the features being strong, and fit for hanging high.

*St. James's Coffee-house, May 20.*

This day a mail arrived from Holland, by which there are advices from Paris, that the kingdom of France is in the utmost misery and distraction. The merchants of Lyons have been at court, to remonstrate their great sufferings by the failure of their public credit; but have received no other satisfaction, than promises of a sudden peace; and that their debts will be made good by funds

* The Duke of Buckingham is humourously said to have lived at Marybone, as he was almost every day on the bowling-green there, and seldom left it until he could see no longer.

† On Buckingham-house, now the Queen's palace, were originally these inscriptions. On the front, 'Sic siti lætantur Lares.' On the back front, 'Rus in urbe.' On the side next the road, 'Spectator fastidiosus sibi maestus.' On the north side, 'Lentè incæpit, citò perfecit.'

‡ Probably John James Heidegger, esq.

Digitized by Google

out of the revenue, which will not answer, but in case of the peace which is promised. In the mean time, the cries of the common people are loud for want of bread, the gentry have lost all spirit and zeal for their country, and the king himself seems to languish under the anxiety of the pressing calamities of the nation, and retires from hearing those grievances which he hath not power to redress. Instead of preparations for war, and the defence of their country, there is nothing to be seen but evident marks of a general despair; processions, fastings, public mournings and humiliations, are become the sole employments of a people, who were lately the most vain and gay of any in the universe.

The pope has written to the French king on the subject of a peace; and his majesty has answered in the lowliest terms, that he entirely submits his affairs to divine providence, and shall soon show the world, that he prefers the tranquillity of his people to the glory of his arms, and extent of his conquests.

Letters from the Hague of the twenty-fourth say, that his excellency the lord Townshend delivered his credentials on that day to the states-general, as plenipotentiary from the queen of Great Britain; as did also count Zinzendorf, who bears the same character from the emperor.

Prince Eugene intended to set out the next day for Brussels, and his grace the duke of Marlborough on the Tuesday following. The marquis de Torey talks daily of going, but still continues there. The army of the allies is to assemble on the seventh of next month at Helchin; though it is generally believed that the preliminaries to a treaty are fully adjusted.

The approach of the peace strikes a panic through our armies, though that of a battle could never do it, and they almost repent of their bravery, that made such haste to humble themselves and the French king. The duke of Marlborough, though otherwise the greatest general of the age, has plainly shewn himself unacquainted with the arts of husbanding a war. He might have grown as old as the duke of Alva, or prince Waldeck in the Low Coun-

Digitized by Google

tries, and yet have got reputation enough every year for any reasonable man: for the command of general in Flanders hath been ever looked upon as a provision for life. For my part, I cannot see how his grace can answer it to the world, for the great eagerness he hath shown to send a hundred thousand of the bravest fellows in Europe a-begging. But the private gentlemen of the infantry will be able to shift for themselves; a brave man can never starve in a country stocked with hen-roosts. 'There is not a yard of linen,' says my honoured progenitor sir John Falstaff, 'in my whole company: but as for that,' says this worthy knight, 'I am in no great pain; we shall find shirts on every hedge.' There is another sort of gentlemen whom I am much more concerned for, and that is the ingenious fraternity of which I have the honour to be an unworthy member; I mean the news-writers of Great-Britain, whether post-men or post-boys,* or by what other name or title soever dignified or distinguished. The case of these gentlemen is, I think, more hard than that of the soldiers, considering that they have taken more towns, and fought more battles. They have been upon parties and skirmishes, when our armies have lain still; and given the general assault to many a place, when the besiegers were quiet in their trenches. They have made us masters of several strong towns many weeks before our generals could do it; and completed victories, when our greatest captains have been glad to come off with a drawn battle. Where prince Eugene has slain his thousands, Boyer† has slain his ten thousands. This gentleman can indeed be never enough commended for his courage and intrepidity during this whole war: he has laid about him with an inexpressible fury; and, like the offended Marius of ancient Rome, made such havoc among his countrymen, as must be the work of two or three ages to repair. It must be confessed, the redoubted Mr. Buckley‡ has

* 'The Post-boy' was a scandalous weekly paper, by Abel Roper; and 'The Flying Post,' by George Ridpath, was just such another.

† Abel Boyer, author of 'The Political State.'

‡ Samuel Buckley, printer of 'The Gazette,' and also of 'The Daily Courant.'

Digitized by Google

shed as much blood as the former; but I cannot forbear saying (and I hope it will not look like envy) that we regard our brother Buckley as a kind of *Drawcansir*, who spares neither friend nor foe; but generally kills as many of his own side as the enemy's. It is impossible for this ingenious sort of men to subsist after a peace: every one remembers the shifts they were driven to in the reign of king Charles the Second, when they could not furnish out a single paper of news without lighting up a comet in Germany, or a fire in Moscow. There scarce appeared a letter without a paragraph on an earthquake. Prodigies were grown so familiar, that they had lost their name, as a great poet of that age has it. I remember Mr. Dyer,* who is justly looked upon by all the fox-hunters in the nation as the greatest statesman our country has produced, was particularly famous for dealing in whales; insomuch, that in five months time (for I had the curiosity to examine his letters on that occasion) he brought three into the mouth of the river Thames, besides two porpoises and a sturgeon. The judicious and wary Mr. Ichabod Dawks† hath all along been the rival of this great writer, and got himself a reputation from plagues and famines; by which, in those days, he destroyed as great multitudes as he has lately done by the sword. In every dearth of news, Grand Cairo was sure to be unpeopled.

It being therefore visible, that our society will be greater sufferers by the peace than the soldiery itself, insomuch that the Daily Courant is in danger of being broken, my friend Dyer of being reformed, and the very best of the whole band of being reduced to half-pay; might I presume to offer any thing in the behalf of my distressed brethren, I would humbly move, that an appendix of proper apartments, furnished with pen, ink, and paper, and other necessaries of life, should be added to the hospital of Chelsea, for the relief of such decayed news-writers as have served their country in the wars; and that, for their exercise,

* 'Dyer's Letter;' a news-paper of that time, which, according to Mr Addison, was entitled to little credit.

† Ichabod Dawks, another poor epistolary historian.



Digitized by Google

they should compile the annals of their brother veterans, who have been engaged in the same service, and are still obliged to do duty after the same manner.

I cannot be thought to speak this out of an eye to any private interest; for, as my chief scenes of action are coffee-houses, play-houses, and my own apartment, I am in no need of camps, fortifications, and fields of battle, to support me; I do not call for heroes and generals to my assistance. Though the officers are broken, and the armies disbanded I shall still be safe, as long as there are men, or women, or politicians, or lovers, or poets, or nymphs, or swains, or cits, or courtiers, in being.

No. 19.] *Tuesday, May 24, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines———
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. 1. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for it's theme. *P.*

*From my own Apartment, May 23.*

THERE is nothing can give a man of any consideration greater pain, than to see order and distinction laid aside amongst men, especially when the rank (of which he himself is member) is intruded upon by such as have no pretence to that honour. The appellation of Esquire is the most notoriously abused in this kind, of any class amongst men; insomuch, that it is become almost the subject of derision: but I will be bold to say, this behaviour towards it proceeds from the ignorance of the people in its true origin. I shall therefore as briefly as possible, do myself and all true Esquires the justice to look into antiquity upon this subject.

In the first ages of the world, before the invention of jointures and settlements, when the noble passion of love had possession of the hearts of men, and the fair sex were not yet cultivated into the merciful disposition which they have showed in latter centuries, it was natural for great and heroic spirits to retire to rivulets, woods, and caves, to lament their destiny, and the cruelty of the fair persons

Digitized by Google

who are deaf to their lamentations. The hero in this distress was generally in armour, and in a readiness to fight any man he met with, especially if distinguished by any extraordinary qualifications: it being the nature of heroic love to hate all merit, lest it should come within the observation of the cruel one by whom its own perfections are neglected. A lover of this kind had always about him a person of a second value, and subordinate to him, who could hear his afflictions, carry an enchantment for his wounds, hold his helmet when he was eating (if ever he did eat,) or in his absence, when he was retired to his apartment in any king's palace, tell the prince himself, or perhaps his daughter, the birth, parentage, and adventures of his valiant master. This trusty companion was styled his Esquire, and was always fit for any offices about him; was as gentle and chaste as a gentleman-usher, quick and active as an equerry, smooth and eloquent as the master of the ceremonies. A man thus qualified was the first, as the ancients affirm, who was called an Esquire; and none without these accomplishments ought to assume our order: but, to the utter disgrace and confusion of the heralds, every pretender is admitted into this fraternity, even persons the most foreign to this courteous institution. I have taken an inventory of all within this city, and looked over every letter in the Post-office, for my better information. There are of the middle Temple, including all in the buttery-books, and in the lists of the house, five thousand.* In the Inner, four thousand.† In the King's-Bench Walks, the whole buildings are inhabited by Esquires only. The adjacent street of Essex, from Morris's Coffee-house,‡ and the turning towards the Grecian, you cannot meet one who is not an Esquire, until you take water. Every house in Norfolk and Arundel streets is also governed by an Esquire, or his Lady: Soho-square, Bloomsbury-square, and all other places where the floors rise above nine feet, are so many universities, where you

* In Original Tatler, four thousand.
† In Original Tatler, five thousand.
‡ Morris's Coffee-house was in the Strand.

Digitized by Google

enter yourselves, and become of our order. However, if this were the worst of the evil, it were to be supported, because they are generally men of some figure and use; though I know no pretence they have to an honour which had its rise from chivalry. But if you travel into the counties of Great Britain, we are still more imposed upon by innovation. We are indeed derived from the field: but shall that give title to all that ride mad after foxes; that halloo when they see a hare, or venture their necks full speed after a hawk, immediately to commence Esquires? No; our order is temperate, cleanly, sober, and chaste; but these rural Esquires commit immodesties upon hay-cocks, wear shirts half a week, and are drunk twice a day. These men are also, to the last degree, excessive in their food: an Esquire of Norfolk eats two pounds of dumplin every meal, as if obliged to it by our order: an Esquire of Hampshire is as ravenous in devouring hogs' flesh: one of Essex has as little mercy on calves. But I must take the liberty to protest against them, and acquaint those persons, that it is not the quantity they eat, but the manner of eating, that shows an Esquire. But, above all, I am most offended at small-quillmen, and transcribing clerks, who are all come into our order, for no reason that I know of, but that they can easily flourish at the end of their name. I will undertake that, if you read the superscriptions to all the offices in the kingdom, you will not find three letters directed to any but Esquires. I have myself a couple of clerks, and the rogues make nothing of leaving messages upon each other's desk: one directs, 'To Gregory Goosequill, Esquire;' to which the other replies by a note, 'To Nehemiah Dashwell, Esquire, with respect;' in a word, it is now *Populus Armigerorum*, a people of Esquires. And I do not know but, by the late act of naturalization, foreigners will assume that title, as part of the immunity of being Englishmen. All these improprieties flow from the negligence of the Heralds office. Those gentlemen in party-coloured habits do not so rightly, as they ought, understand themselves; though they are dressed *cap-a-pee* in hieroglyphics, they are in-

Digitized by Google

wardly but ignorant men. I asked an acquaintance of mine, who is a man of wit, but of no fortune, and is forced to appear as a jack-pudding on the stage to a mountebank: 'Pry'thee, Jack, why is your coat of so many colours?' He replied, 'I act a fool; and this spotted dress is to signify, that every man living has a weak place about him; for I am knight of the shire, and represent you all.' I wish the heralds would know as well as this man does, in his way, that they are to act for us in the case of our arms and appellations: we should not then be jumbled together in so promiscuous and absurd a manner. I design to take this matter into further consideration; and no man shall be received as an Esquire, who cannot bring a certificate, that he has conquered some lady's obdurate heart; that he can lead up a country-dance; or carry a message between her and her lover, with address, secrecy, and diligence. A Squire is properly born for the service of the sex, and his credentials shall be signed by three toasts and one prude, before his title shall be received in my office.

*Will's Coffee-house, May 23.*

On Saturday last was presented the Busy Body, a comedy, written (as I have heretofore remarked) by a woman. The plot and incidents of the play are laid with that subtilty of spirit which is peculiar to females of wit, and is very seldom well performed by those of the other sex, in whom craft in love is an act of invention, and not, as with women, the effect of nature and instinct.

To-morrow will be acted a play, called, The Trip to the Jubilee.* This performance is the greatest instance that we can have of the irresistible force of proper action. The dialogue in itself has something too low to bear a criticism upon it: but Mr. Wilks enters into the part with so much skill, that the gallantry, the youth, and gayety of a young man of a plentiful fortune, are looked upon with as much indulgence on the stage, as in real life, without any of those intermixtures of wit and humour, which usually prepossess us in favour of such characters in other plays.

* By Mr. George Farquhar.

Digitized by Google

*St. James's Coffee-house, May 23.*

Letters from the Hague of the twenty-third instant, N. S. say, that Mr. Walpole (who is since arrived) was going with all expedition to Great Britain, whither they doubted not but he carried with him the preliminaries to a treaty of peace. The French minister, monsieur Torcy, has been observed, in this whole negotiation, to turn his discourse upon the calamities sent down by heaven upon France, and imputed the necessities they were under to the immediate hand of Providence, in inflicting a general scarcity of provision, rather than the superior genius of the generals, or the bravery of the armies against them. It would be impious not to acknowledge the indulgence of heaven to us; but, at the same time, as we are to love our enemies, we are glad to see them mortified enough to mix Christianity with their politics. An authentic letter from madam Maintenon to monsieur Torcy has been stolen by a person about him, who has communicated a copy of it to some of the dependents of a minister of the allies. That epistle is writ in the most pathetic manner imaginable, and in a style which shows her genius, that has so long engrossed the heart of this great monarch.

'SIR,

'I received yours, and am sensible of the address and capacity with which you have hitherto transacted the great affair under your management. You well observe, that our wants here are not to be concealed: and that it is vanity to use artifices with the knowing men with whom you are to deal. Let me beg you, therefore, in this representation of our circumstances, to lay aside art, which ceases to be such when it is seen, and make use of all your skill to gain us what advantages you can from the enemy's jealousy of each other's greatness; which is the place where only you have room for any dexterity. If you have any passion for your unhappy country, or any affection for your distressed master, come home with peace. Oh heaven! do I live to talk of Lewis the Great, as the

Digitized by Google

object of pity? The king shows a great uneasiness to be informed of all that passes: but, at the same time, is fearful of every one who appears in his presence, lest he should bring an account of some new calamity. I know not in what terms to represent my thoughts to you, when I speak of the king, with relation to his bodily health. Figure to yourself that immortal man, who stood in our public places represented with trophies, armour, and terrors, on his pedestal: consider, the invincible, the great, the good, the pious, the mighty, which were the usual epithets we gave him, both in our language and thoughts. I say, consider him whom you knew the greatest and most glorious of monarchs, and now think you see the same man an unhappy lazar, in the lowest circumstances of human nature itself, without regard to the state from whence he is fallen. I write from his bed-side: he is at present in a slumber. I have many, many things to add; but my tears flow too fast, and my sorrow is too big for utterance.

'I am, &c.'

There is such a veneration due from all men to the persons of princes, that it were a sort of dishonesty to represent further the condition which the king is in; but it is certain, that, soon after the receipt of these advices, monsieur Torcy waited upon his grace the duke of Marlborough and the lord Townshend, and in that conference gave up many points, which he had before said were such as he must return to France, before he could answer.

---

No. 20.] *Thursday, May 26, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines——
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85. 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for it's theme. *P.*

***White's Chocolate-house, May 24.***

It is not to be imaigned how far prepossession will run away with people's understandings, in cases wherein they

Digitized by Google

are under present uneasiness. The following narration is a sufficient testimony of the truth of this observation.

I had the honour the other day of a visit from a gentlewoman (a stranger to me) who seemed to be about thirty. Her complexion is brown; but the air of her face has an agreeableness which surpasses the beauties of the fairest women. There appeared in her look and mein a sprightly health; and her eyes had too much vivacity to become the language of complaint, which she began to enter into. She seemed sensible of it; and therefore, with downcast looks, said she, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, you see before you the unhappiest of women; and therefore, as you are esteemed by all the world both a great civilian, as well as an astrologer, I must desire your advice and assistance, in putting me in a method of obtaining a divorce from a marriage, which I know the law will pronounce void.' 'Madam,' said I, 'your grievance is of such a nature, that you must be very ingenious in representing the causes of your complaint, or I cannot give you the satisfaction you desire.' 'Sir,' she answers, 'I believe there would be no need of half your skill in the art of divination, to guess why a woman would part from her husband.' 'It is true,' said I; 'but suspicions, or guesses at what you mean, nay certainty of it, except you plainly speak it, are no foundation for a formal suit.' She clapped her fan before her face; 'My husband,' said she, 'is no more a husband' (here she burst into tears) 'than one of the Italian singers.'

'Madam,' said I, 'the affliction you complain of is to be redressed by law; but, at the same time, consider what mortifications you are to go through, in bringing it into open court: how will you be able to bear the impertinent whispers of the people present at the trial, the licentious reflections of the pleaders, and the interpretations that will in general be put upon your conduct by all the world? "How little (will they say) could that lady command her passions!" Besides, consider, that curbing our desires is the greatest glory we can arrive at in this world, and will be most rewarded in the next.' She answered, like a prudent matron: 'Sir, if you please to re-

Digitized by Google

remember the office of matrimony, the first cause of its institution is that of having posterity. Therefore, as to the curbing desires, I am willing to undergo any abstinence from food as you please to enjoin me; but I cannot, with any quiet of mind, live in the neglect of a necessary duty, and an express commandment, *Increase and multiply.*' Observing she was learned, and knew so well the duties of life, I turned my arguments rather to dehort her from this public procedure by examples than precepts. 'Do but consider, madam, what crowds of beauteous women live in nunneries, secluded for ever from the sight and conversation of men, with all the alacrity of spirit imaginable; they spend their time in heavenly raptures, in constant and frequent devotions, and at proper hours in agreeable conversations.' 'Sir,' said she hastily, 'tell not me of Papists, or any of their idolatries.' 'Well then, madam, consider how many fine ladies live innocently in the eye of the world, and this gay town, in the midst of temptation: there is the witty Mrs. W—— is a virgin of forty-four, Mrs. T——s is thirty-nine, Mrs. L——ce thirty-three; yet you see they laugh, and are gay, at the park, at the playhouse, at balls, and at visits; and so much at ease, that all this seems hardly a self-denial.' 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said she, with some emotion, 'you are an excellent casuist; but the last word destroyed your whole argument; if it is not self-denial, it is no virtue. I presented you with an half-guinea, in hopes not only to have my conscience eased, but my fortune told. Yet'— 'Well madam,' said I, 'pray of what age is your husband?' 'He is,' replied my injured client, 'fifty; and I have been his wife fifteen years.' How happened it you never communicated your distress, in all this time, to your friends and relations?' She answered, 'He has been thus but a fortnight.' I am the most serious man in the world to look at, and yet could not forbear laughing out. 'Why, madam, in case of infirmity which proceeds only from age, the law gives no remedy.' 'Sir,' said she, 'I find you have no more learning than Dr. Case; and I am told of a young man, not five-and-twenty, just come from



Digitized by Google

Oxford, to whom I will communicate this whole matter, and doubt not but he will appear to have seven times more useful and satisfactory knowledge than you and all your boasted family.' Thus I have entirely lost my client: but if this tedious narrative preserves Pastorella from the intended marriage with one twenty years her senior—to save a fine lady, I am contented to have my learning decried, and my predictions bound up with poor Robin's almanacks.*

*Will's Coffee-house, May 25.*

This evening was acted the Recruiting Officer,† in which Mr. Eastcourt's proper sense and observation is what supports the play. There is not, in my humble opinion, the humour hit in Sergeant Kite; but it is admirably supplied by his action. If I have skill to judge, that man is an excellent actor; but the crowd of the audience are fitter for representations at May-fair, than a theatre-royal. Yet that fair is now broke, as well as the theatre is breaking; but it is allowed still to sell animals there. Therefore, if any lady or gentleman have occasion for a tame elephant, let them enquire of Mr. Pinkethman, who has one to dispose of at a reasonable rate. The downfall of May-fair has quite sunk the price of this noble creature, as well as of many other curiosities of nature. A tiger will sell almost as cheap as an ox; and, I am credibly informed, a man may purchase a cat with three legs, for very near the value of one with four. I hear likewise that there is a great desolation among the gentlemen and ladies who were the ornaments of the town, and used to shine in plumes and diadems; the heroes being most of them pressed, and the queens beating hemp. Mrs. Sarabrand, so famous for her ingenious puppet-show, has set up a shop in the Exchange, where she sells her little troop under the term of *jointed babies*. I could not but be solicitous to know of her, how she had disposed of that rake-hell, Punch, whose lewd life and con-

* Poor Robin began to publish his almanack early in the reign of Charles II.

† A comedy by Mr. Farquhar.

Digitized by Google

versation had given so much scandal, and did not a little contribute to the ruin of the fair. She told me with a sigh, 'That, despairing of ever reclaiming him, she would not offer to place him in a civil family, but got him in a post upon a stall in Wapping, where he may be seen from sun-rising to sun-setting, with a glass in one hand, and a pipe in the other, as centry to a brandy-shop.' The great revolutions of this nature bring to my mind the distresses of the unfortunate Camilla,* who has had the ill luck to break before her voice, and to disappear at a time when her beauty was in the height of its bloom. This lady entered so thoroughly into the great characters she acted, that when she had finished her part, she could not think of retrenching her equipage, but would appear in her own lodgings with the same magnificence that she did upon the stage. This greatness of soul had reduced that unhappy princess to an involuntary retirement, where she now passes her time among the woods and forests, thinking on the crowns and sceptres she has lost, and often humming over in her solitude,

I was born of royal race,
Yet must wander in disgrace, &c.

But, for fear of being over-heard, and her quality known, she usually sings it in Italian,

Nacqui al regno, nacqui al trono,
E per sono
I venturata pastorella.

Since I have touched upon this subject, I shall communicate to my reader part of a letter I have received from an ingenious friend at Amsterdam, where there is a very noble theatre; though the manner of furnishing it with actors is something peculiar to that place, and gives us occasion to admire both the politeness and frugality of the people.

'My friends have kept me here a week longer than ordinary, to see one of their plays, which was performed

* Mrs. Tofts, who performed Camilla in the opera of that name, was the daughter of a person in the family of bishop Burnet. She lived at the introduction of the opera into this kingdom, and sang with Nicolini.

Digitized by Google

last night with great applause. The actors are all of them tradesmen; who, after their day's work is over, earn about a guilder a-night by personating kings and generals. The hero of the tragedy I saw was a journeyman tailor, and his first minister of state a coffee-man. The empress made me think of Parthenope in the Rehearsal; for her mother keeps an alehouse in the suburbs of Amsterdam. When the tragedy was over, they entertained us with a short farce, in which the cobbler did his part to a miracle; but, upon enquiry, I found he had really been working at his own trade, and representing on the stage what he acted every day in his shop. The profits of the theatre maintain an hospital; for, as here they do not think the profession of an actor the only trade that a man ought to exercise; so they will not allow any body to grow rich in a profession that, in their opinion, so little conduces to the good of the commonwealth. If I am not mistaken, your playhouses in England have done the same thing; for, unless I am misinformed, the hospital at Dulwich was erected and endowed by Mr. Alleyn,* a player: and it is also said, a famous she-tragedian has settled her estate, after her death, for the maintenance of decayed wits, who are to be taken in as soon as they grow dull, at whatever time of their life that shall happen.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, May 25.*

Letters from the Hague of the thirty-first instant, N. S. say, that the articles preliminary to a general peace were settled, communicated to the states-general, and all the foreign ministers residing there, and transmitted to their respective masters on the twenty-eighth. Monsieur Torcy immediately returned to the court of France, from whence he is expected again on the fourth of the next month with those articles ratified by that court. The Hague is agreed upon for the place of treaty, and the fifteenth of the next month the day on which it is to commence. The terms

* Edward Alleyn, esq. the protodramatist of his time, in 1614, founded, raised, and built an hospital at Dulwich in Surrey, called 'The College of God's Gift,' with a revenue which is reckoned 700l. per annum.

Digitized by Google

whereon this negotiation is founded are not yet delivered by public authority; but, what is most generally received, is as follows:

Her majesty's right and title, and the Protestant succession to these dominions, is forthwith to be acknowledged. King Charles is to be owned the lawful sovereign of Spain. The French king shall not only recall his troops out of that kingdom, and deliver up to the allies the towns of Roses, Fontarabia, and Pampelona; but, in case the duke of Anjou shall not retire out of the Spanish dominions, he shall be obliged to assist the allies to force him from thence. A cessation of arms is agreed upon for two months from the first day of the treaty. The port and fortifications of Dunkirk are to be demolished within four months; but the town itself left in the hands of the French. The pretender is to be obliged to leave France. All Newfoundland is to be restored to the English. As to the other parts of America, the French are to restore whatever they may have taken from the English, as the English in like manner are to give up what they may have taken from the French, before the commencement of the treaty. The trade between Great Britain and France shall be settled upon the same foundation as in the reign of king Charles the Second.

The Dutch are to have for their barriers, Newport, Berg, St. Vinox, Furnes, Ipres, Lisle, Tournay, Douay, Valenciennes, Conde, Maubeuge, Mons, Charleroy, Namur, and Luxemburg; all which places shall be delivered up to the allies before the end of June. The trade between Holland and France shall be on the same foot as in 1664. The cities of Strasburg, Brisac, and Alsatia, shall be restored to the emperor and empire; and the king of France, pursuant to the treaty of Westphalia in 1648, shall only retain the protection of ten imperial cities, *viz.* Colmar, Schlestat, Haguenau, Munster, Turkeim, Keisember, Obrenheim, Rosheim, Weisemberg, and Landau.

Huninguan, Fort-Louis, Fort-Khiel, and New-Brisac shall be demolished, and all the fortifications from Basil to Philipsburg. The king of Prussia shall remain in the



Digitized by Google

peaceable possession of Neufchatel. The affair of Orange, as also the pretensions of his Prussian majesty in the Franche Comté, shall be determined at this general negotiation of peace. The duke of Savoy shall have a restitution made of all that has been taken from him by the French, and remain master of Exilles, Chamont, Fenestrelles, and the valley of Pragelas.*

No. 21.] *Saturday, May 28, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines——
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house, May 26.*

A GENTLEMAN has writ to me out of the country a very civil letter, and said things which I suppress with great violence to my vanity. There are many terms in my narratives which he complains want explaining; and has therefore desired that, for the benefit of my country readers, I would let him know what I mean by a Gentleman, a Pretty Fellow, a Toast, a Coquet, a Critic, a Wit, and all other appellations of those now in the gayer world, who are in possession of these several characters; together with an account of those who unfortunately pretend to them. I shall begin with him we usually call a Gentleman, or man of conversation.

It is generally thought, that warmth of imagination, quick relish of pleasure, and a manner of becoming it, are the most essential qualities for forming this sort of man. But any one that is much in company will observe, that the height of good breeding is shown rather in never giving offence, than in doing obliging things. Thus he that never

* In the first edition of the Tatler, in folio, there is the following addition to this paper: 'It is said that monsieur Torcy, when he signed this instrument, broke into this exclamation,—"Would Colbert have signed such a treaty for France?" on which a minister present was pleased to say, "Colbert himself would have been proud to have saved France in these circumstances on such terms."

Digitized by Google

shocks you, though he is seldom entertaining, is more likely to keep your favour, than he who often entertains, and sometimes displeases you. The most necessary talent therefore in a man of conversation, which is what we ordinarily intend by a fine gentleman, is a good judgment. He that has this in perfection, is master of his companion, without letting him see it; and has the same advantage over men of any other qualifications whatsoever, as one that can see would have over a blind man of ten times his strength.

This is what makes Sophronius the darling of all who converse with him, and the most powerful with his acquaintance of any man in town. By the light of this faculty he acts with great ease and freedom among the men of pleasure, and acquits himself with skill and despatch among the men of business. All which he performs with such success, that, with as much discretion in life as any man ever had, he neither is, nor appears cunning. But as he does a good office, if ever he does it, with readiness and alacrity, so he denies what he does not care to engage in, in a manner that convinces you that you ought not to have asked it. His judgment is so good and unerring, and accompanied with so cheerful a spirit, that his conversation is a continual feast, at which he helps some, and is helped by others, in such a manner, that the equality of society is perfectly kept up, and every man obliges as much as he is obliged: for it is the greatest and justest skill in a man of superior understanding, to know how to be on a level with his companions. This sweet disposition runs through all the actions of Sophronius, and makes his company desired by women, without being envied by men. Sophronius would be as just as he is, if there were no law; and would be as discreet as he is, if there were no such thing as calumny.

In imitation of this agreeable being, is made that animal we call a Pretty Fellow; who, being just able to find out, that what makes Sophronius acceptable is a natural behaviour, in order to the same reputation, makes his own an artificial one. Jack Dimple is his perfect mimic,

Digitized by Google

whereby he is, of course, the most unlike him of all men living. Sophronius just now passed into the inner room directly forward; Jack comes as fast after as he can for the right and left looking-glass, in which he had but just approved himself by a nod at each, and marched on. He will meditate within for half an hour until he thinks he is not careless enough in his air, and come back to the mirror to recollect his forgetfulness.

*Will's Coffee-house, May 27.*

This night was acted the comedy called 'The Fox;'* but I wonder the modern writers do not use their interest in the house to suppress such representations. A man that has been at this will hardly like any other play during the season: therefore I humbly move, that the writings, as well as dresses, of the last age should give way to the present fashion. We are come into a good method enough (if we were not interrupted in our mirth by such an apparition as a play of Jonson's) to be entertained at more ease, both to the spectator and the writer, than in the days of old. It is no difficulty to get hats and swords, and wigs and shoes, and every thing else from the shops in town; and make a man show himself by his habit, without more ado, to be a counsellor, a fop, a courtier, or a citizen, and not be obliged to make those characters talk in different dialects to be distinguished from each other. This is certainly the surest and best way of writing: but such a play as this makes a man for a month after over-run with criticism, and enquire, 'What every man on the stage said? what had such a one to do to meddle with such a thing? how came the other, who was bred after this or that manner, to speak so like a man conversant among a different people?' These questions rob us of all our pleasure; for, at this rate, no sentence in a play should be spoken by any one character which could possibly enter into the head of any other man represented in it; but every sentiment should be peculiar to him only who utters it. Laborious Ben's works will bear this sort

* Ben Jonson's 'Fox,' first printed in 1605.

Digitized by Google

of inquisition; but if the present writers were thus examined, and the offences against this rule cut out, few plays would be long enough for the whole evening's entertainment.

But I do not know how they did in those old times: this same Ben Jonson has made every one's passion in this play be towards money; and yet not one of them expresses that desire, or endeavours to obtain it, any way but what is peculiar to him only: one sacrifices his wife, another his profession, another his posterity, from the same motive; but their characters are kept so skilfully apart, that it seems prodigious their discourses should rise from the invention of the same author.

But the poets are a nest of hornets, and I will drive these thoughts no farther; but must mention some hard treatment I am like to meet with from my brother-writers. I am credibly informed, that the author of a play, called 'Love in a Hollow Tree,'* has made some remarks upon my late discourse on 'The Naked Truth.' I cannot blame a gentleman for writing against any error; it is for the good of the learned world. But I would have the thing fairly left between us two, and not under the protection of patrons. But my intelligence is, that he hath dedicated his treatise to the honorable Mr. Ed——d H——rd.†

*From my own Apartment, May 27.*

*To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.*

'SIR, York, May 16, 1709.

'Being convinced, as the whole world is, how infallible your predictions are, and having the honour to be your near relation of the Staffian family, I was under great concern at one of your predictions relating to yourself, wherein you foretold your own death would happen on the seventeenth instant, unless it were prevented by the as-

* The comedy called, 'Love in a Hollow Tree,' or 'The Lawyer's Fortune,' (see Tatler, No. 17,) was published by William lord viscount Grimston, when he was only thirteen years of age, which is some apology for the many absurdities in it.

† Hon. Edward Howard, author of seven plays, and of an epic poem called 'The British Princess.'

Digitized by Google

sistance of well-disposed people: I have therefore prevailed on my own modesty to send you a piece of news, which may serve instead of Goddard's* drops, to keep you alive for two days, until nature be able to recover itself, or until you meet with some better help from other hands. Therefore, without further ceremony, I will relate a singular adventure just happened in the place where I am writing, wherewith it may be highly useful for the public to be informed.

'Three young ladies of our town were on Saturday last indicted for witchcraft. The witnesses against the first deposed upon oath before justice Bindover, that she kept spirits locked up in vessels, which sometimes appeared in flames of blue fire; that she used magical herbs, with some of which she drew in hundreds of men daily to her, who went out from her presence all inflamed, their mouths parched, and a hot steam issuing from them, attended with a grievous stench: that many of the said men were by the force of that herb metamorphosed into swine, and lay wallowing in the kennels for twenty-four hours, before they could reassume their shapes or their senses.

'It was proved against the second, That she cut off by night the limbs from dead bodies that were hanged, and was seen to dig holes in the ground, to mutter some conjuring words, and bury pieces of the flesh after the usual manner of witches.

'The third was accused for a notorious piece of sorcery, long practised by hags, of moulding up pieces of dough into the shapes of men, women, and children; then heating them at a gentle fire, which had a sympathetic power to torment the bowels of those in the neighbourhood.

'This was the sum of what was objected against the three ladies, who indeed had nothing to say in their own defence but downright deny the facts, which is like to avail very little when they come upon their trials.

* Dr. Jonathan Goddard was the physician and confidant of Cromwell, a member of the Royal Society, and medical professor of Gresham college. He was the first Englishman who made telescopes; and, in the course of his accurate chemical experiments, discovered the famous elixir, called here, his drops.

Digitized by Google

'But the parson of our parish, a strange refractory man, will believe nothing of all this: so that the whole town cries out "Shame! that one of his coat should be such an atheist;" and design to complain of him to the bishop. He goes about very oddly to solve the matter. He supposes, that the first of these ladies keeping a brandy and tobacco shop, the fellows went out smoaking; and got drunk towards evening, and made themselves beasts. He says, the second is a butcher's daughter, and sometimes brings a quarter of mutton from the slaughter-house over-night against a market-day, and once buried a bit of beef in the ground, as a known receipt to cure warts on her hands. The parson affirms, that the third sells gingerbread, which, to please the children, she is forced to stamp with images before it is baked; and if it burns their guts, it is because they eat too much, or do not drink after it.

'These are the answers he gives to solve those wonderful phenomena; upon which I shall not animadvert, but leave it among philosophers: and so, wishing you all success in your undertakings for the amendment of the world, I remain, dear cousin,

'Your most affectionate kinsman
'and humble servant,
'EPHRAIM BEDSTAFF.

'P. S. Those who were condemned to death among the Athenians were obliged to take a dose of poison, which made them die upwards; seizing first upon their feet, making them cold and insensible, and so ascending gradually, until it reached the vital parts. I believe your death, which you foretold would happen on the seventeenth instant, will fall out the same way, and that your distemper hath already seized on you, and makes progress daily. The lower part of you, that is, the advertisements, is dead; and these have risen for these ten days last past, so that they now take up almost a whole paragraph. Pray, sir, do you endeavour to drive this distemper as much as possible to the extreme parts, and keep it there, as wise folks do the gout: for if it once gets into your stomach, it will soon fly up into your head, and you are a dead man.'

Digitized by Google

*St. James's Coffee-house, May 27.*

We hear from Legborn, that sir Edward Whitaker, with five men-of-war, four transports, and two fire-ships, were arrived at that port; and admiral Byng was suddenly expected. Their squadrons being joined, they designed to sail directly for Final, to transport the reinforcements lodged in those parts to Barcelona.

They write from Milan, that count Thaun arrived there on the sixteenth instant, N. S. and proceeded on his journey to Turin on the twenty-first, in order to concert such measures with his royal highness, as shall appear necessary for the operations of the ensuing campaign.

Advices from Dauphiné say, that the troops of the duke of Savoy begin already to appear in those vallies, whereof he made himself master the last year; and that the duke of Berwick applied himself with all imaginable diligence to secure the passes of the mountains, by ordering intrenchments to be made towards Briançon, Tourneau, and the valley of Queiras. That general has also been at Marseilles and Toulon, to hasten the transportation of the corn and provisions designed for his army.

Letters from Vienna bearing date May the twenty-third, N. S. import, that the cardinal of Saxe Zeits and the prince of Lichtenstein were preparing to set out for Presburg, to assist at the diet of the States of Hungary, which is to be assembled at that place on the twenty-fifth of this month. General Heister will shortly appear at the head of his army at Trenchin, which place is appointed for the general rendezvous of the imperial forces in Hungary; from whence he will advance to lay siege to Newhausel. In the mean time reinforcements, with a great train of artillery, are marching the same way. The king of Denmark arrived on the tenth instant at Inspruck, and on the twenty-fifth at Dresden, under a triple discharge of the artillery of that place; but his majesty refused the ceremonies of a public entry.

Our letters from the Upper Rhine say, that the imperial army began to form itself at Etlingen; where the

Digitized by Google

respective deputies of the elector Palatine, the prince o Baden Durlach, the bishoprick of Spires, &c. were assembled, and had taken the necessary measures for the provision of forage, the security of the country against the incursions of the enemy, and laying a bridge over the Rhine. Several vessels laden with corn are daily passing before Frankfort for the Lower Rhine.

Letters from Poland inform us, that a detachment of Muscovite cavalry, under the command of general Instand, had joined the confederate army; and the infantry, commanded by general Goltz, was expected to come up within few days. These succours will amount to twenty thousand men.

Our last advices from the Hague, dated June the fourth, N. S. say, that they expected a courier from the French court, with a ratification of the preliminaries, that night or the day following. His grace the duke of Marlborough will set out for Brussels on Wednesday or Thursday next, if the despatches which are expected from Paris do not alter his resolutions. Letters from Majorca confirm the honourable capitulation of the castle of Alicant, and also the death of the governor, major-general Richards, colonel Sibourg, and major Vignolles, who were all buried in the ruins of that place by the springing of the great mine, which did, it seems, more execution than was reported. Monsieur Torcy passed through Mons in his return, and had there a long conference with the elector of Bavaria; after which, the prince spoke publicly of the treatment he had received from France, with the utmost indignation.

'Any person that shall come publicly abroad in a fantastical habit, contrary to the present mode and fashion, except Don Diego Dismallo,* or any other out of poverty, shall have his name and dress inserted in our next.'

'N. B. Mr. How'd'yecall is desired to leave off those buttons.'

* This is well known to have been a nick-name given, in the rage of party, to a very respectable nobleman, the earl of Nottingham, who is mentioned under that name in the 'History of John Bull,' in the 'Examiner,' and in Swift's works, vol. xix. p. 168. and vol. xx. p. 22. and 'Examiner,' vol. iii. No. 44.



Digitized by Google

No. 22.] *Tuesday, May* 31, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house, May* 28.

I CAME hither this evening to see fashions; and who should I first encounter but my old friend Cynthio (encompassed by a crowd of young fellows) dictating on the passion of love with the gayest air imaginable! 'Well,' says he, 'as to what I know of the matter, there is nothing but ogling with skill carries a woman; but indeed it is not every fool that is capable of this art; you will find twenty can speak eloquently, fifty that can fight manfully, and a thousand that can dress genteelly at a mistress, where there is one that can gaze skilfully. This requires an exquisite judgment, to take the language of her eyes to yours exactly, and not let yours talk too fast for hers; as at a play between the acts, when beau Frisk stands upon a bench full in Lindamira's face, and her dear eyes are searching round to avoid that flaring open fool; she meets the watchful glance of her true lover, and sees his heart attentive on her charms, and waiting for a second twinkle of her eye for its next motion.' Here the good company sneered; but he goes on. 'Nor is this attendance a slavery, when a man meets with encouragement, and her eye comes often in his way: for after an evening so spent, and the repetition of four or five significant looks at him, the happy man goes home to his lodging full of ten thousand pleasing images; his brain is dilated, and gives him all the ideas and prospects which it ever lets into its seat of pleasure. Thus a kind look from Lindamira revives in his imagination all the beauteous lawns, green fields, woods, forests, rivers, and solitudes, which he had ever before seen in picture, description, or real life: and all with this addition, that he now sees them with the eyes of a happy lover, as before only with those of a common man. You

Digitized by Google

laugh, gentlemen, but consider yourselves (ye common people that were never in love) and compare yourselves in good humour with yourselves out of humour, and ye will then acknowledge, that all external objects affect you according to the dispositions ye are in to receive their impressions, and not as those objects are in their own nature. How much more shall all that passes within his view and observation touch with delight a man who is prepossessed with successful love, which is an assemblage of soft affection, gay desires, and hopeful resolutions?'

Poor Cynthio went on at this rate to the crowd about him, without any purpose in his talk, but to vent a heart overflowing with sense of success. I wondered what could exalt him from the distress in which he had long appeared, to so much alacrity: but my familiar has given me the state of his affairs. It seems, then, that lately coming out of the play-house, his mistress, who knows he is in her livery, as the manner of insolent beauties is, is resolved to keep him still so, and gave him so much wages as to complain to him of the crowd she was to pass through. He had his wits and resolution enough about him to take her hand, and say, he would attend her to the coach. All the way thither my good young man stammered at every word, and stumbled at every step. His mistress, wonderfully pleased with her triumph, put to him a thousand questions, to make a man of his natural wit speak with hesitation; and let drop her fan, to see him recover it awkwardly. This is the whole foundation of Cynthio's recovery to the sprightly air he appears with at present.

I grew mighty curious to know something more of that lady's affairs, as being amazed how she could dally with an offer of one of his merit and fortune. I sent Pacolet to her lodgings, who immediately brought me back the following letter to her friend and confidant, Amanda, in the country, wherein she has opened her heart and all its folds.

'DEAR AMANDA,

'The town grows so empty, that you must expect my letter so too, except you will allow me to talk of myself

Digitized by Google

instead of others: you cannot imagine what pain it is, after a whole day spent in public, to want your company, and the ease which friendship allows in being vain to each other, and speaking all our minds. An account of the slaughter which these unhappy eyes have made within ten days last past, would make me appear too great a tyrant to be allowed in a Christian country. I shall therefore confine myself to my principal conquests, which are the hearts of beau Frisk and Jack Freeland, besides Cynthio, who you know, wore my fetters before you went out of town. Shall I tell you my weakness? I begin to love Frisk: it is the best-humoured impertinent thing in the world: he is always too in waiting, and will certainly carry me off one time or other. Freeland's father and mine have been upon treaty without consulting me; and Cynthio has been eternally watching my eyes, without approaching me, my friends, my maid, or any one about me: he hopes to get me, I believe, as they say the rattle-snake does the squirrel, by staring at me until I drop into his mouth. Freeland demands me for a jointure, which he thinks deserves me: Cynthio thinks nothing high enough to be my value: Freeland therefore will take it for no obligation to have me; and Cynthio's idea of me is what will vanish by knowing me better. Familiarity will equally turn the veneration of the one, and the indifference of the other, into contempt. I will stick therefore to my old maxim, to have that sort of man, who can have no greater views than what are in my power to give him possession of. The utmost of my dear Frisk's ambition is, to be thought a man of fashion; and therefore has been so much in mode, as to resolve upon me, because the whole town likes me. Thus I choose rather a man who loves me because others do, than one who approves me on his own judgment. He that judges for himself in love will often change his opinion; but he that follows the sense of others must be constant, as long as a woman can make advances. The visits I make, the entertainments I give, and the addresses I receive, will be all arguments for me with a man of Frisk's second-hand genius; but would be so many bars to my

Digitized by Google

happiness with any other man. However, since Frisk can wait, I shall enjoy a summer or two longer, and remain a single woman, in the sublime pleasure of being followed and admired; which nothing can equal, except that of being beloved by you. I am, &c.'

*Will's Coffee-house, May 30.*

My chief business here this evening was to speak to my friends in behalf of honest Cave Underhill,* who has been a comic for three generations: my father admired him extremely when he was a boy. There is certainly nature excellently represented in his manner of action in which he ever avoided that general fault in players, of doing too much. It must be confessed, he has not the merit of some ingenious persons now on the stage, of adding to his authors; for the actors were so dull in the last age, that many of them have gone out of the world, without having ever spoke one word of their own in the theatre. Poor Cave is so mortified, that he quibbles and tells you, he pretends only to act a part fit for a man who has one foot in the grave, viz. a grave-digger. All admirers of true comedy, it is hoped, will have the gratitude to be present on the last day of his acting, who, if he does not happen to please them, will have it even then to say, that it is his first offence.

But there is a gentleman here, who says he has it from good hands, that there is actually a subscription made by many persons of wit and quality for the encouragement of new comedies. This design will very much contribute to the improvement and diversion of the town: but as

* Colley Cibber says, 'Underhill was a correct and natural comedian; his particular excellence was in characters that may be called still-life, I mean the stiff, the heavy, and the stupid; to these he gave the exactest and most expressive colours, and in some of them looked as if it were not in the power of human passions to alter a feature of him. A countenance of wood could not be more fixed than his, when the blockhead of a character required it: his face was full and long; from his crown to the end of his nose was the shorter half of it, so that the disproportion of his lower features, when soberly composed, threw him into the most lumpish, moping mortal, that ever made beholders merry! not but, at other times, he could be awakened into spirit equally ridiculous.'



Digitized by Google

every man is most concerned for himself, I, who am of a saturnine and melancholy complexion, cannot but murmur, that there is not an equal invitation to write tragedies; having by me, in my book of common places, enough to enable me to finish a very sad one by the fifth of the next month. I have the farewell of a general, with a truncheon in his hand, dying for love, in six lines. I have the principles of a politician (who does all the mischief in the play,) together with his declaration on the vanity of ambition in his last moments expressed in a page and a half. I have all my oaths ready, and my similies want nothing but application. I will not pretend to give you an account of the plot, it being the same design upon which all tragedies have been writ for several years last past; and from the beginning of the first scene, the frequenters of the house may know as well as the author, when the battle is to be fought, the lady to yield, and the hero proceed to his wedding and coronation. Besides these advantages which I have in readiness, I have an eminent tragedian very much my friend, who shall come in and go through the whole five acts, without troubling me for one sentence, whether he is to kill or be killed, love or be loved, win battles or lose them, or whatever other tragical performance I shall please to assign him.

*From my own Apartment, May 30.*

I have this day received a letter, subscribed Fidelia, that gives me an account of an enchantment under which a young lady suffers, and desires my help to exorcise her from the power of the sorcerer. Her lover is a rake of sixty; the lady a virtuous woman of twenty-five: her relations are, to the last degree, afflicted and amazed at this irregular passion: their sorrow I know not how to remove, but can their astonishment; for there is no spirit in woman half so prevalent as that of contradiction, which is the sole cause of her perseverance. Let the whole family go dressed in a body, and call the bride to-morrow morning to her nuptials, and I will undertake the inconstant will forget her lover in the midst of all his aches. But if this expe-

Digitized by Google

dient does not succeed, I must be so just to the young lady's distinguishing sense, as to applaud her choice. A fine young woman, at last, is but what is due from fate to an honest fellow, who has suffered so unmercifully by the sex; and I think we cannot enough celebrate her heroic virtue, who (like the patriot that ended a pestilence by plunging himself into a gulph) gives herself up to gorge that dragon which has devoured so many virgins before her.

A letter directed 'To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Astrologer and Physician in Ordinary to her majesty's subjects of Great-Britain, with respect,' is come to hand.

---

No. 23.] *Thursday, June* 2, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines ——
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house, May* 31.

THE generality of mankind are so very fond of this world, and of staying in it, that a man cannot have eminent skill in any one art, but they will, in spite of his teeth, make him a physician also, that being the science the worldlings have most need of. I pretended, when I first set up, to astrology only; but, I am told, I have deep skill also in medicine. I am applied to now by a gentleman for my advice in behalf of his wife, who, upon the least matrimonial difficulty, is excessively troubled with fits, and can bear no manner of passion without falling into immediate convulsions. I must confess it is a case I have known before, and remember the party was recovered by certain words pronounced in the midst of the fit, by the learned doctor who performed the cure. These ails have usually their beginning from the affections of the mind: therefore you must have patience to let me give you an

Digitized by Google

instance, whereby you may discern the cause of the distemper, and then proceed in the cure as follows:

A fine town-lady was married to a gentleman of ancient descent in one of the counties of Great-Britain, who had good-humour to a weakness, and was that sort of person, of whom it is usually said, he is no man's enemy but his own: one who had too much tenderness of soul to have any authority with his wife; and she too little sense to give him any authority, for that reason. His kind wife observed this temper in him, and made proper use of it. But, knowing it was below a gentlewoman to wrangle, she resolved upon an expedient to save decorum, and wear her dear to her point at the same time. She therefore took upon her to govern him, by falling into fits whenever she was repulsed in a request, or contradicted in a discourse. It was a fish-day, when, in the midst of her husband's good-humour at table, she bethought herself to try her project. She made signs that she had swallowed a bone. The man grew pale as ashes, and ran to her assistance, calling for drink. 'No, my dear,' said she, recovering, 'it is down; do not be frightened.' This accident betrayed his softness enough. The next day she complained, a lady's chariot, whose husband had not half his estate, had a crane-neck, and hung with twice the air that hers did. He answered, 'Madam, you know my income; you know I have lost two coach-horses this spring:——down she fell.——'Hartshorn! Betty, Susan, Alice, throw water in her face.' With much care and pains, she was at last brought to herself, and the vehicle in which she visited was amended in the nicest manner, to prevent relapses; but they frequently happened during that husband's whole life, which he had the good fortune to end in few years after. The disconsolate soon pitched upon a very agreeable successor, whom she very prudently designed to govern by the same method. This man knew her little arts, and resolved to break through all tenderness, and be absolute master as soon as occasion offered. One day it happened, that a discourse arose about furniture: he was very glad of the occasion, and fell into an invective against china, protesting,

Digitized by Google

he would never let five pounds more of his money be laid out that way as long as he breathed.* She immediately fainted.—He starts up as amazed, and calls for help.—The maids run to the closet.—He chafes her face, bends her forward, and beats the palms of her hands: her convulsions increase, and down she tumbles on the floor, where she lies quite dead, in spite of what the whole family, from the nursery to the kitchen, could do for her relief.

While every servant was thus helping or lamenting their mistress, he, fixing his cheek to hers, seemed to be following in a trance of sorrow; but secretly whispers her, 'My dear, this will never do: what is within my power and fortune, you may always command; but none of your artifices: you are quite in other hands than those you passed these pretty passions upon.' This made her almost in the condition she pretended; her convulsions now came thicker, nor was she to be held down. The kind man doubles his care, helps the servants to throw water in her face by full quarts; and when the sinking part of the fit came again, 'Well, my dear,' said he, 'I applaud your action; but I must take my leave of you until you are more sincere with me; farewell for ever: you shall always know where to hear of me, and want for nothing.' With that he ordered the maids to keep plying her with hartshorn, while he went for a physician: he was scarce at the stair-head when she followed, and, pulling him into a closet, thanked him for her cure; which was so absolute, that she gave me this relation herself, to be communicated for the benefit of all the voluntary invalids of her sex.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June* 1.

Advices from Brussels of the sixth instant, N. S. say his highness prince Eugene had received a letter from monsieur Torcy, wherein that minister, after many expressions of great respect, acquaints him, that his master had absolutely refused to sign the preliminaries to the treaty

* About this time a fashion of collecting useless pieces of china began to be very prevalent. It was indulged for some years at great expense, and to astonishing degrees.

Digitized by Google

which he had, in his majesty's behalf, consented to at the Hague. Upon the receipt of this intelligence, the face of things at that place was immediately altered, and the necessary orders were transmitted to the troops (which lay most remote from thence) to move toward the place of rendezvous with all expedition. The enemy seems also to prepare for the field, and have at present drawn together twenty-five thousand men in the plains of Lentz. Marshal Villars is at the head of those troops; and has given the generals under his command all possible assurances, that he will turn the fate of the war to the advantage of his master.

They write from the Hague of the seventh, that monsieur Rouille had received orders from the court of France, to signify to the states-general, and the ministers of the high allies, that the king could not consent to the preliminaries of a treaty of peace, as it was offered to him by monsieur Torcy. The great difficulty is the business of Spain, on which particular, his ministers seemed only to say, during the treaty, that it was not so immediately under their master's direction, as that he could engage for its being relinquished by the duke of Anjou: but now he positively answers, that he cannot comply with what his minister has promised in his behalf, even in such points as are wholly in himself to act in, or not. This has had no other effect than to give the alliance fresh arguments for being diffident of engagements entered into by France. The pensioner made a report of all which this minister had declared to the deputies of the states-general, and all things turn towards a vigorous war. The duke of Marlborough designed to leave the Hague within two days, in order to put himself at the head of the army, which is to assemble on the seventeenth instant between the Scheld and the Lis. A fleet of eighty sail, laden with corn from the Baltic, is arrived in the Texel. The states have sent circular letters to all the provinces, to notify this change of affairs, and animate their subjects to new resolutions in defence of their country.

Digitized by Google

*From my own Apartment, May* 31.

The public is not so little my concern, though I am but a student, as that I should not interest myself in the present great things in agitation. I am still of opinion the French king will sign the preliminaries. With that view, I have sent him, by my familiar, the following epistle, and admonished him, on pain of what I shall say of him to future generations, to act with sincerity on this occasion.

*London, May* 31.

*Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, of Great Britain, to Lewis XIV. of France.*

'The surprising news which arrived this day, of your majesty's having refused to sign the treaty your ministers have in a manner sued for, is what gives ground to this application to your majesty, from one, whose name perhaps, is too obscure to have ever reached your territories; but one, who, with all the European world, is affected with your determinations. Therefore, as it is mine and the common cause of mankind, I presume to expostulate with you on this occasion. It will, I doubt not, appear to the vulgar extravagant, that the actions of a mighty prince should be balanced by the censure of a private man, whose approbation or dislike are equally contemptible in their eyes, when they regard the thrones of sovereigns. But your majesty has shown, through the whole course of your reign, too great a value for liberal arts, to be insensible that true fame lies only in the hands of learned men, by whom it is to be transmitted to futurity, with marks of honour or reproach to the end of time. The date of human life is too short to recompense the cares which attend the most private condition. Therefore it is that our souls are made, as it were, too big for it; and extend themselves in the prospect of a longer existence, in a good fame, and memory of worthy actions, after our decease. The whole race of men have this passion in some degree implanted in their bosoms, which is the strongest and noblest incitation to honest attempts: but the base use of the arts of

Digitized by Google

peace, eloquence, poetry, and all the parts of learning, have been possessed by souls so unworthy of those faculties, that the names and appellations of things have been confounded by the labours and writings of prostituted men, who have stamped a reputation upon such actions as are in themselves the objects of contempt and disgrace. This is that which has misled your majesty in the conduct of your reign, and made that life, which might have been the most imitable, the most to be avoided. To this it is, that the great and excellent qualities, of which your majesty is master, are lost in their application: and your majesty has been carrying on for many years the most cruel tyranny, with all the noble methods which are used to support a just reign. Thus it is, that it avails nothing that you are a bountiful master; that you are so generous as to reward even the unsuccessful with honour and riches; that no laudable action passes unrewarded in your kingdom; that you have searched all nations for obscure merit: in a word, that you are in your private character endowed with every princely quality; when all that is subjected to unjust and ill-taught ambition, which, to the injury of the world, is gilded by those endowments. However, if your majesty will condescend to look into your own soul, and consider all its faculties and weaknesses with impartiality; if you will but be convinced, that life is supported in you by the ordinary methods of food, rest, and sleep; you will think it impossible that you could ever be so much imposed on, as to have been wrought into a belief, that so many thousands of the same make with yourself were formed by Providence for no other end, but, by the hazard of their very being, to extend the conquests and glory of an individual of their own species. A very little reflection will convince your majesty, that such cannot be the intent of the Creator; and, if not, what horror must it give your majesty to think of the vast devastations your ambition has made among your fellow-creatures! While the warmth of youth, the flattery of crowds, and a continual series of success and triumph, indulged your majesty in this illusion of mind, it was less to be wondered at, that you proceeded

Digitized by Google

in this mistaken pursuit of grandeur; but when age, disappointments, public calamities, personal distempers, and the reverse of all that makes men forget their true being, are fallen upon you; heavens! is it possible you can live without remorse? can the wretched man be a tyrant? can grief study torments? can sorrow be cruel?

'Your majesty will observe, I do not bring against you a railing accusation; but, as you are a strict professor of religion, I beseech your majesty to stop the effusion of blood, by receiving the opportunity which presents itself for the preservation of your distressed people. Be no longer so infatuated, as to hope for renown from murder and violence: but consider that the great day will come, in which this world and all its glory shall change in a moment; when nature shall sicken, and the earth and sea give up the bodies committed to them, to appear before the last tribunal. Will it then O king! be an answer for the lives of millions, who have fallen by the sword, 'They perished for my glory?' That day will come on, and one like it is immediately approaching: injured nations advance towards thy habitation: vengeance has begun its march, which is to be diverted only by the penitence of the oppressor. Awake, O monarch, from thy lethargy! disdain the abuses thou hast received: pull down the statue which calls thee immortal: be truly great: tear thy purple, and put on sackcloth. I am,

'Thy generous enemy,
'ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.'

---

No. 24.] *Saturday, June* 4, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for it's theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house, June* 2.

In my paper of the twenty-eighth of the last month, I mentioned several characters which want explanation to



Digitized by Google

the generality of readers: among others I spoke of a Pretty Fellow. I have received a kind admonition in a letter, to take care that I do not omit to show also what is meant by a Very Pretty Fellow, which is to be allowed as a character by itself, and a person exalted above the other by a peculiar sprightliness; as one who, by a distinguishing vigour, outstrips his companions, and has thereby deserved and obtained a particular appellation or nick-name of familiarity. Some have this distinction from the fair-sex, who are so generous as to take into their protection such as are laughed at by the men, and place them for that reason in degrees of favour.

The chief of this sort is colonel Brunett, who is a man of fashion, because he will be so; and practises a very janty way of behaviour, because he is too careless to know when he offends, and too sanguine to be mortified if he did know it. Thus the colonel has met with a town ready to receive him, and cannot possibly see why he should not make use of their favour, and set himself in the first degree of conversation. Therefore he is very successfully loud among the wits, and familiar among the ladies, and dissolute among the rakes. Thus he is admitted in one place because he is so in another; and every man treats Brunett well, not out of his particular esteem for him, but in respect to the opinion of others. It is to me a solid pleasure to see the world thus mistaken on the good-natured side; for it is ten to one but the colonel mounts into a general officer, marries a fine lady, and is master of a good estate, before they come to explain upon him. What gives most delight to me in this observation is, that all this arises from pure nature, and the colonel can account for his success no more than those by whom he succeeds. For these causes and considerations, I pronounce him a true woman's man, and in the first degree 'A very Pretty Fellow.'

The next to a man of this universal genius is one who is peculiarly formed for the service of the ladies, and his merit chiefly is to be of no consequence. I am indeed a little in doubt, whether he ought not rather to be called a very Happy, than a very Pretty Fellow? for he is ad-

Digitized by Google

mitted at all hours: all he says or does, which would offend in another, are passed over in him; and all actions and speeches which please, doubly please if they come from him: no one wonders or takes notice when he is wrong; but all admire him when he is in the right.—By the way, it is fit to remark, that there are people of better sense than these, who endeavour at this character; but they are out of nature; and though, with some industry, they get the characters of fools, they cannot arrive to be very, seldom to be merely 'Pretty Fellows.' But, where nature has formed a person for this station amongst men, he is gifted with a peculiar genius for success, and his very errors and absurdities contribute to it; this felicity attending him to his life's end: for it being in a manner necessary that he should be of no consequence, he is as well in old age as youth; and I know a man, whose son has been some years a 'Pretty Fellow,' who is himself at this hour a very Pretty Fellow.

One must move tenderly in this place, for we are now in the ladies' lodgings, and speaking of such as are supported by their influence and favour; against which there is not, neither ought there to be, any dispute or observation. But when we come into more free air, one may talk a little more at large.

Give me leave then to mention three, whom I do not doubt but we shall see make considerable figures; and these are such as for their Bacchanalian performances must be admitted into this order. They are three brothers lately landed from Holland: as yet, indeed, they have not made their public entry, but lodge and converse at Wapping. They have merited already, on the water-side, particular titles: the first is called Hogshead; the second, Culverin; and the third, Musquet. This fraternity is preparing for our end of the town by their ability in the exercises of Bacchus, and measure their time and merit by liquid weight, and power of drinking. Hogshead is a prettier Fellow than Culverin, by two quarts; and Culverin than Musquet, by a full pint. It is to be feared Hogshead is so often too full, and Culverin overloaded, that Musquet

Digitized by Google

will be the only lasting Very Pretty Fellow of the three.

A third sort of this denomination is such as, by very daring adventures in love, have purchased to themselves renown and new names; as Jo Carry, for his excessive strength and vigour; Tom Drybones, for his generous loss of youth and health; and Cancrum, for his meritorious rottenness.

These great and leading spirits are proposed to all such of our British youth as would arrive at perfection in these different kinds; and if their parts and accomplishments were well imitated, it is not doubted but that our nation would soon excel all others in wit and arts, as they already do in arms.

N. B. The gentleman who stole Betty Pepin* may own it, for he is allowed to be 'A very Pretty Fellow.'

But we must proceed to the explanation of other terms in our writings.

To know what a Toast is in the country gives as much perplexity as she herself does in town: and indeed the learned differ very much upon the original of this word, and the acceptation of it among the moderns. However, it is by all agreed to have a joyous and cheerful import. A toast in a cold morning, beightened by nutmeg, and sweetened with sugar, has for many ages been given to our rural dispensers of justice, before they entered upon causes, and has been of great and politic use to take off the severity of their sentences; but has indeed been remarkable for one ill effect, that it inclines those who use it immoderately to speak Latin, to the admiration rather than information of an audience. This application of a toast makes it very obvious that the word may, without a metaphor, be understood as an apt name for a thing which raises us in the most sovereign degree. But many of the wits of the last age will assert that the word, in its present sense, was known among them in their youth, and had its rise from an accident at the town of Bath, in the reign of king Charles the Second.

* The kept mistress of a knight of the shire near Brentford, who squandered his estate on women, and in contested elections.

Digitized by Google

It happened that, on a public day, a celebrated beauty of those times was in the Cross-Bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow half fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast. He was opposed in his resolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a Toast.

Though this institution had so trivial a beginning, it is now elevated into a formal order; and that happy virgin, who is received and drunk to at their meeting, has no more to do in this life but to judge and accept of the first good offer. The manner of her inauguration is much like that of the choice of a doge in Venice: it is performed by balloting; and when she is so chosen, she reigns indisputably for that ensuing year; but must be elected a-new to prolong her empire a moment beyond it. When she is regularly chosen, her name is written with a diamond on a drinking-glass.* The hieroglyphic of the diamond is to show her, that her value is imaginary; and that of the glass to acquaint her, that her condition is frail, and depends on the hand which holds her. This wise design admonishes her, neither to over-rate or depreciate her charms; as well considering and applying, that it is perfectly according to the humour and taste of the company, whether the toast is eaten, or left as an offal.

The foremost of the whole rank of toasts, and the most indisputed in their present empire, are Mrs. Gatty and Mrs. Frontlet: the first an agreeable, the second an awful beauty. These ladies are perfect friends, out of a knowledge, that their perfections are too different to stand in competition. He that likes Gatty can have no relish for

* It was the fashion of the time, to inscribe verses thus to the reigning beauties. Several of these sprightly productions, 'on the toasting-glasses of the Kit-cat Club,' by the Lords Halifax, Wharton, Lansdowne, and Carbury, by Mr. Maynwaring, and other poetical members of that ingenious society, may be seen in Nichols's 'Select Collection of Miscellany Poems,' vol. v. pp. 168. 178. 276.



Digitized by Google

so solemn a creature as Frontlet; and an admirer of Frontlet will call Gatty a maypole girl. Gatty for ever smiles upon you; and Frontlet disdains to see you smile. Gatty's love is a shining quick flame; Frontlet's, a slow wasting fire. Gatty likes the man that diverts her; Frontlet, him who adores her. Gatty always improves the soil in which she travels; Frontlet lays waste the country. Gatty does not only smile, but laughs at her lover; Frontlet not only looks serious, but frowns at him. All the men of wit (and coxcombs their followers) are professed servants of Gatty: the politicians and pretenders give solemn worship to Frontlet. Their reign will be best judged of by its duration. Frontlet will never be chosen more; and Gatty is a toast for life.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June* 3.

Letters from Hamburgh of the seventh instant, N. S. inform us, that no art or cost is omitted to make the stay of his Danish majesty at Dresden agreeable; but there are various speculations upon the interview between king Augustus and that prince, many putting politic constructions upon his Danish majesty's arrival at a time when his troops are marching out of Hungary, with orders to pass through Saxony, where it is given out, that they are to be recruited. It is said also, that several Polish senators have invited king Augustus to return into Poland. His majesty of Sweden, according to the same advices, has passed the Nieper without any opposition from the Muscovites, and advances with all possible expedition towards Volhinia, where he proposes to join king Stanislaus and general Crassau.

We hear from Bern of the first instant, N. S. that there is not a province in France, from whence the court is not apprehensive of receiving accounts of public emotions, occasioned by the want of corn. The general diet of the thirteen cantons is assembled at Baden, but have not yet entered upon business, so that the affair of Tockenburgh is yet at a stand.

Letters from the Hague, dated the eleventh instant, N. S. advise, that monsieur Rouille having acquainted the

Digitized by Google

ministers of the allies, that his master had refused to ratify the preliminaries of a treaty adjusted with monsieur Torcy, set out for Paris on Sunday morning. The same day the foreign ministers met a committee of the states-general, where monsieur Van Hessen opened the business upon which they were assembled, and in a very warm discourse, laid before them the conduct of France in the late negotiations, representing the abject manner in which she had laid open her own distresses, that reduced her to a compliance with the demands of all the allies, and her meanness in receding from those points to which monsieur Torcy had consented. The respective ministers of each potentate of the alliance severally expressed their resentments of the faithless behaviour of the French, and gave each other mutual assurances of the constancy and resolution of their principals, to proceed with the utmost vigour against the common enemy. His grace the duke of Marlborough set out from the Hague on the ninth of the afternoon, and lay that night at Rotterdam, from whence, at four the next morning, he proceeded towards Antwerp, with a design to reach Ghent the next day. All the troops in the Low Countries are in motion towards the general rendezvous between the Scheld and the Lis; the whole army will be formed on the twelfth instant; and it is said, that on the fourteenth, they will advance towards the enemy's country. In the mean time the marshal de Villars has assembled the French forces between Lens, La Bassee, and Douay.

Yesterday morning sir John Norris, with the squadron under his command, sailed from the Downs for Holland.

*From my own Apartment, June 3.*

I have the honour of the following letter from a gentleman whom I receive into my family, and order the heralds at arms to enroll him accordingly.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'Though you have excluded me the honour of your family, yet I have ventured to correspond with the same great

Digitized by Google

persons as yourself, and have wrote this post to the king of France; though I am in a manner unknown in his country, and have not been seen there these many months:

*To Lewis Le Grand.*

'Though in your country I'm unknown,
Yet, sir, I must advise you:
Of late so poor and mean you're grown,
That all the world despise you.

Here vermin eat your majesty,
There meagre subjects stand unfed:
What surer signs of poverty,
Than many lice and little bread?

Then, sir, the present minute choose,
Our armies are advanced:
Those terms you at the Hague refuse,
At Paris won't be granted.

Consider this, and Dunkirk raze,
And Anna's title own;
Send one pretender out to graze,
And call the other home.

'Your humble servant,
'BREAD THE STAFF OF LIFE.'

No. 25.] *Tuesday, June 7,* 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house, June 6.*

'A letter from a young lady, written in the most passionate terms, wherein she laments the misfortune of a gentleman, her lover, who was lately wounded in a duel, has turned my thoughts to that subject, and inclined me to examine into the causes which precipitate men into so fatal a folly. And as it has been proposed to treat of subjects of gallantry in the article from hence, and no one point in nature is more proper to be considered by the company who frequent this place than that of duels, it is worth our consideration to examine into this chimerical

Digitized by Google

groundless humour, and to lay every other thought aside, until we have stripped it of all its false pretences to credit and reputation amongst men.

But I must confess, when I consider what I am going about, and run over in my imagination all the endless crowd of men of honour who will be offended at such a discourse; I am undertaking, methinks, a work worthy an invulnerable hero in romance, rather than a private gentleman with a single rapier: but as I am pretty well acquainted by great opportunities with the nature of man, and know of a truth that all men fight against their will, the danger vanishes, and resolution rises upon this subject. For this reason, I shall talk very freely on a custom which all men wish exploded, though no man has courage enough to resist it.

But there is one unintelligible word, which I fear will extremely perplex my dissertation, and I confess to you I find very hard to explain, which is the term 'satisfaction.' An honest country gentleman had the misfortune to fall into company with two or three modern men of honour, where he happened to be very ill treated; and one of the company, being conscious of his offence, sends a note to him in the morning, and tells him, he was ready to give him *satisfaction*. 'This is fine doing,' says the plain fellow; 'last night he sent me away cursedly out of humour, and this morning he fancies it would be a *satisfaction* to be run through the body.'

As the matter at present stands, it is not to do handsome actions denominates a man of honour; it is enough if he dares to defend ill ones. Thus you often see a common sharper in competition with a gentleman of the first rank; though all mankind is convinced, that a fighting gamester is only a pick-pocket with the courage of a highwayman. One cannot with any patience reflect on the unaccountable jumble of persons and things in this town and nation, which occasions very frequently, that a brave man falls by a hand below that of a common hangman, and yet his executioner escapes the clutches of the hangman for doing it. I shall therefore hereafter consider, how the bravest

Digitized by Google

men in other ages and nations have behaved themselves upon such incidents as we decide by combat; and show, from their practice, that this resentment neither has its foundation from true reason or solid fame; but is an imposture, made of cowardice, falsehood, and want of understanding. For this work, a good history of quarrels would be very edifying to the public, and I apply myself to the town for particulars and circumstances within their knowledge, which may serve to embellish the dissertation with proper cuts. Most of the quarrels I have ever known, have proceeded from some valiant coxcomb's persisting in the wrong, to defend some prevailing folly, and preserve himself from the ingenuousness of owning a mistake.

By this means it is called 'giving a man satisfaction,' to urge your offence against him with your sword; which puts me in mind of Peter's order to the keeper, in 'The Tale of a Tub: if you neglect to do all this, damn you and your generation for ever: and so we bid you heartily farewell.' If the contradiction in the very terms of one of our challenges were as well explained and turned into downright English, would it not run after this manner?

'SIR,

'Your extraordinary behaviour last night, and the liberty you were pleased to take with me, makes me this morning give you this, to tell you, because you are an ill-bred puppy, I will meet you in Hyde-park an hour hence; and because you want both breeding and humanity, I desire you would come with a pistol in your hand, on horseback, and endeavour to shoot me through the head, to teach you more manners. If you fail of doing me this pleasure, I shall say, you are a rascal, on every post in town: and so, sir, if you will not injure me more, I shall never forgive what you have done already. Pray, sir, do not fail of getting every thing ready; and you will infinitely oblige, sir, your most obedient humble servant, &c.'

*From my own Apartment, June 6.*

Among the many employments I am necessarily put upon by my friends, that of giving advice is the most un-

Digitized by Google

welcome to me; and, indeed I am forced to use a little art in the manner; for some people will ask counsel of you, when they have already acted what they tell you is still under deliberation. I had almost lost a very good friend the other day, who came to know 'how I liked his design to marry such a lady?' I answered, 'By no means;' and I must be positive against it, for very solid reasons, which are not proper to be communicated.' 'Not proper to be communicated!' said he, with a grave air, 'I will know the bottom of this.' I saw him moved, and knew from thence he was already determined; therefore evaded it by saying, 'To tell you the truth, dear Frank, of all women living I would have her myself.' 'Isaac,' said he 'thou art too late, for we have been both one these two months.'

I learned this caution by a gentleman's consulting me formerly about his son. He railed at his *damned* extravagance, and told me, 'in a very little time he would beggar him by the exorbitant bills which came from Oxford every quarter.' 'Make the rogue bite upon the bridle,' said I; 'pay none of his bills, it will but encourage him to further trespasses.' He looked plaguy sour at me. His son soon after sent up a paper of verses, forsooth, in print on the last public occasion; upon which, he is convinced the boy has parts, and a lad of spirit is not to be too much cramped in his maintenance, lest he take ill courses. Neither father nor son can ever since endure the sight of me.

These sort of people ask opinions only out of the fullness of their heart on the subject of their perplexity, and not from a desire of information.

There is nothing so easy as to find out which opinion the man in doubt has a mind to; therefore the sure way is, to tell him that is certainly to be chosen. Then you are to be very clear and positive; leave no handle for scruple. 'Bless me! sir, there is no room for a question!' This rivets you into his heart; for you at once applaud his wisdom, and gratify his inclination. However, I had too much bowels to be insincere to a man who came yes-

Digitized by Google

terday to know of me, with which of two eminent men in the city he should place his son? their names are Paulo and Avaro. This gave me much debate with myself, because not only the fortune of the youth, but his virtue also dependeth upon this choice. The men are equally wealthy; but they differ in the use and application of their riches, which you immediately see upon entering their doors.

The habitation of Paulo has at once the air of a nobleman and a merchant. You see the servants act with affection to their master, and satisfaction in themselves: the master meets you with an open countenance, full of benevolence and integrity: your business is despatched with that confidence and welcome which always accompany honest minds: his table is the image of plenty and generosity, supported by justice and frugality. After we had dined here, our affair was to visit Avaro: out comes an awkward fellow, with a careful countenance; 'Sir, would you speak with my master? may I crave your name?' After the first preamble, he leads us into a noble solitude, a great house that seemed uninhabited; but from the end of the spacious hall moves towards us Avaro, with a suspicious aspect, as if he had believed us thieves; and, as for my part, I approached him as if I knew him a cutpurse. We fell into discourse of his noble dwelling, and the great estate all the world knew he had to enjoy in it: and I, to plague him, began to commend Paulo's way of living. 'Paulo,' answered Avaro, 'is a very good man; but we, who have smaller estates, must cut our coat according to our cloth.' 'Nay,' says I, 'every man knows his own circumstances best; you are in the right, if you have not wherewithal.' He looked very sour; for it is, you must know, the utmost vanity of a mean-spirited rich man to be contradicted when he calls himself poor. But I resolved to vex him, by consenting to all he said; the main design of which was, that he would have us find out, he was one of the wealthiest men in London, and lived like a beggar. We left him, and took a turn on the Exchange. My friend was ravished with Avaro: 'this,' said he, 'is certainly a sure man.' I contradicted him with

Digitized by Google

much warmth, and summed up their different characters as well as I could. 'This Paulo,' said I, 'grows wealthy by being a common good; Avaro, by being a general evil: Paulo has the art, Avaro the craft of trade. When Paulo gains, all men he deals with are the better: whenever Avaro profits, another certainly loses. In a word, Paulo is a citizen, and Avaro a cit.' I convinced my friend, and carried the young gentleman the next day to Paulo, where he will learn the way both to gain and enjoy a good fortune. And though I cannot say I have, by keeping him from Avaro, saved him from the gallows, I have prevented his deserving it every day he lives: for with Paulo he will be an honest man, without being so for fear of the law; as with Avaro he would have been a villain within the protection of it.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 6.*

We hear from Vienna of the first instant, that baron Imhoff, who attended her Catholic majesty with the character of envoy from the duke of Wolfembuttel, was returned thither. That minister brought an account, that major-general Stanhope, with the troops which embarked at Naples, was returned to Barcelona. We hear from Berlin, by advices of the eighth instant, that his Prussian majesty had received an account from his minister at Dresden, that the king of Denmark desired to meet his majesty at Magdeburg. The king of Prussia has sent for answer, that his present indisposition will not admit of so great a journey; but has sent the king a very pressing invitation to come to Berlin or Potsdam. These advices say, that the minister of the king of Sweden has produced a letter from his master to the king of Poland, dated from Botizau, the thirtieth of March, O.S. wherein he acquaints him, that he has been successful against the Muscovites in all the actions which have happened since his march into their country. Great numbers have revolted to the Swedes since general Mazeppa went over to that side; and as many as have done so have taken solemn oaths to adhere to the interests of his Swedish majesty.



Digitized by Google

Advices from the Hague of the fourteenth instant, N. S. say, that all things tended to a vigorous and active campaign; the allies having strong resentments against the late behaviour of the court of France; and the French using all possible endeavours to animate their men to defend their country against a victorious and exasperated enemy. Monsieur Rouille had passed through Brussels without visiting either the duke of Marlborough or prince Eugene, who were both there at that time. The States have met, and publicly declared their satisfaction in the conduct of their deputies during the whole treaty. Letters from France say, that the court is resolved to put all to the issue of the ensuing campaign. In the mean time, they have ordered the preliminary treaty to be published, with observations upon each article, in order to quiet the minds of the people, and persuade them that it has not been in the power of the king to procure a peace, but to the diminution of his majesty's glory, and the hazard of his dominions. His grace the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene arrived at Ghent on Wednesday last, where, at an assembly of all the general officers, it was thought proper, by reason of the great rains which have lately fallen, to defer forming a camp, or bringing the troops together; but, as soon as the weather would permit, to march upon the enemy with all expedition.

No. 26.] *Thursday, June* 9, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*From my own Apartment, June* 8.

I HAVE read the following letter with delight and approbation; and I hereby order Mr. Kidney at St. James's, and sir Thomas at White's, (who are my clerks for enrolling all men in their different classes, before they presume to drink tea or chocolate in those places,) to take care that

Digitized by Google

the persons within the descriptions in the letter be admitted and excluded, according to my friend's remonstrance.

'SIR, June 6, 1709.

'Your paper of Saturday has raised up in me a noble emulation to be recorded in the foremost rank of worthies therein mentioned; if any regard be had to merit or industry, I may hope to succeed in the promotion, for I have omitted no toil or expense to be a proficient; and if my friends do not flatter, they assure me, I have not lost my time since I came to town. To enumerate but a few particulars; there is hardly a coachman I meet with, but desires to be excused taking me, because he has had me before. I have compounded two or three rapes; and let out to hire as many bastards to beggars. I never saw above the first act of a play:* and as to my courage, it is well known I have more than once had sufficient witnesses of my drawing my sword both in tavern and playhouse. Dr. Wall† is my particular friend; and if it were any service to the public to compose the difference between Martin† and Sintilaer† the pearl-driller,‡ I do not know a judge of more experience than myself: for in that I may say with the poet:

'Quæ regio in vella nostri non plena laboris.
What street resounds not with my great exploits?

'I omit other less particulars, the necessary consequence of greater actions. But my reason for troubling you at this present is, to put a stop, if it may be, to an insinuating increasing set of people, who, sticking to the letter of your treatise, and not to the spirit of it, do assume the name of 'Pretty Fellows;' nay and even get new names, as you very well hint. Some of them I have heard calling to one another as I have sat at White's and Saint James's, by the names of Betty, Nelly, and so forth. You see them accost each other with effeminate airs: they

* At that time, it seems as if the money was returned to such as withdrew at the end of the first act.

† Three practitioners in physic or surgery of some note at that time for curing diseases contracted by debauchery.

‡ A term now become unintelligible.

Digitized by Google

have their signs and tokens like free-masons: they rail at woman-kind; receive visits on their beds in gowns, and do a thousand other unintelligible prettinesses that I cannot tell what to make of. I therefore heartily desire you would exclude all this sort of animals.

'There is another matter I foresee an ill consequence from, that may be timely prevented by prudence; which is, that for the last fortnight, prodigious shoals of volunteers have gone over to bully the French, upon hearing the peace was just signing; and this is so true, that I can assure you, all ingrossing work about the Temple is risen above three shillings in the pound for want of hands. Now as it is possible some little alteration of affairs may have broken their measures, and that they will post back again, I am under the last apprehension, that these will, at their return, all set up for 'Pretty Fellows,' and thereby confound all merit and service, and impose on us some new alteration in our night-cap wigs and pockets, unless you can provide a particular class for them. I cannot apply myself better than to you, and I am sure I speak the mind of a very great number, as deserving as myself.'

The pretensions of this correspondent are worthy a particular distinction; he cannot indeed be admitted as 'Pretty,' but is what we more justly call a 'Smart Fellow.' Never to pay at the play-house is an act of frugality that lets you into his character; and his expedient in sending his children begging before they can go, are characteristical instances that he belongs to this class. I never saw the gentleman; but I know by his letter, he hangs his cane to his button; and by some lines of it he should wear red-heeled shoes; which are essential parts of the habit belonging to the order of 'Smart Fellows.'

My familiar is returned with the following letter from the French king.

'Versailles, June 13, 1709.

'*Lewis XIV. to Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.*

'SIR,

'I have your epistle, and must take the liberty to say, that there has been a time, when there were generous

Digitized by Google

spirits in Great Britain, who would not have suffered my name to be treated with the familiarity you think fit to use. I thought liberal men would not be such time-servers, as to fall upon a man because his friends are not in power. But, having some concern for what you may transmit to posterity concerning me, I am willing to keep terms with you, and make a request to you, which is, that you would give my service to the nineteenth century (if ever you or yours reach them,) and tell them, that I have settled all matters between them and me by mousieur Bolieau. I should be glad to see you here.'

It is very odd, this prince should offer to invite me into his dominions, or believe I should accept the invitation. No, no, I remember too well how he served an ingenious gentleman, a friend of mine, whom he locked up in the Bastile for no reason in the world, but because he was a wit, and feared he might mention him with justice in some of his writings. His way is, that all men of sense are preferred, banished, or imprisoned. He has indeed a sort of justice in him, like that of the gamesters; for if a stander-by sees one at play cheat, he has a right to come in for shares, as knowing the mysteries of the game.*

This is a very wise and just maxim; and if I have not left at Mr. Morphew's, directed to me, bank bills for two hundred pounds, on or before this day seven-night, I shall tell how Tom Cash got his estate. I expect three hundred pounds of Mr. Soilett, for concealing all the money he has lent to himself, and his landed friend bound with him at thirty per cent. at his scrivener's. Absolute princes make people pay what they please in deference to their power: I do not know why I should not do the same, out of fear or respect to my knowledge. I always preserve decorums and civilities to the fair sex: therefore, if a certain lady, who left her coach at the New-exchange door in the Strand, and whipt down Durham-yard into a boat with a young gentleman for Vauxhall;† I say, if she will

* Sir John Vanbrugh, who was once confined in the Bastile, is probably the person here alluded to. His being called 'a Wit,' seems to countenance the idea.

† This, in the original edition, is Foxhall.



Digitized by Google

send me word, that I may give the fan which she dropped, and I found, to my sister Jenny, there shall be no more said of it. I expect hush-money to be regularly sent for every folly or vice any one commits in this whole town; and hope, I may pretend to deserve it better than a chamber-maid or a valet de chambre; they only whisper it to the little set of their companions; but I can tell it to all men living, or who are to live. Therefore I desire all my readers to pay their fines, or mend their lives.

*White's Coffee-house, May 27.*

My familiar being come from France, with an answer to my letter to Lewis of that kingdom, instead of going on in a discourse of what he had seen in that court, he put on the immediate concern of a guardian, and fell to enquiring into my thoughts and adventures since his journey. As short as his stay had been, I confessed I had had many occasions for his assistance in my conduct; but communicated to him my thoughts of putting all my force against the horrid and senseless custom of duels. 'If it were possible,' said he, 'to laugh at things in themselves so deeply tragical as the impertinent profusion of human life, I think I could divert you with a figure I saw just after my death, when the philosopher threw me, as I told you some days ago, into the pail of water.

'You are to know that, when men leave the body, there are receptacles for them as soon as they depart, according to the manner in which they lived and died. At the very instant I was killed, there came away with me a spirit which had lost its body in a duel. We were both examined. Me the whole assembly looked at with kindness and pity, but, at the same time, with an air of welcome and consolation: they pronounced me very happy, who had died in innocence; and told me, "a quite different place was allotted for my companion; there being a great distance from the mansions of fools and innocents: though, at the same time, said one of the ghosts, there is a great affinity between an idiot who has been so for a long life, and a child who departs before maturity. But this gentle-

Digitized by Google

man who has arrived with you is a fool of his own making, is ignorant out of choice, and will fare accordingly." The assembly began to flock about him, and one said to him, "Sir, I observed you came in through the gate of persons murdered, and I desire to know what brought you to your untimely end?" He said, "he had been *a second*." Socrates (who may be said to have been murdered by the commonwealth of Athens) stood by and began to draw near him, in order, after his manner, to lead him into a sense of his error by concessions in his own discourse. "Sir," said that divine and amicable spirit, what was the quarrel?" He answered, "We shall know very suddenly when the principal in the business comes, for he was desperately wounded before I fell." "Sir," said the sage, "had you an estate?" "Yes, sir," the new guest answered, "I have left it in a very good condition, and made my will the night before this occasion." "Did you read it before you signed it?" "Yes, sure, sir," said the new comer. Socrates replies, "Could a man, that would not give his estate without reading the instrument, dispose of his life without asking a question?" That illustrious shade turned from him, and a crowd of impertinent goblins, who had been drolls and parasites in their life-time, and were knocked on the head for their sauciness, came about my fellow-traveller, and made themselves very merry with questions about the words *Carte* and *Tierce*, and other terms of fencers. But his thoughts began to settle into reflection upon the adventure which had robbed him of his late being; and, with a wretched sigh, said he, "How terrible are conviction and guilt, when they come too late for penitence!"

Pacolet was going on in his strain, but he recovered from it, and told me, 'It was too soon to give my discourse on this subject so serious a turn; you have chiefly to do with that part of mankind which must be led into reflection by degrees, and you must treat this custom with humour and raillery to get an audience, before you come to pronounce sentence upon it. There is foundation enough for raising such entertainments, from the practice on this

Digitized by Google

occasion. Do not you know that often a man is called out of bed to follow implicitly a coxcomb (with whom he would not keep company on any other occasion) to ruin and death?—Then a good list of such as are qualified by the laws of these uncourteous men of chivalry to enter into combat (who are often persons of honour without common honesty;) these, I say, ranged and drawn up in their proper order, would give an aversion to doing any thing in common with such as men laugh at and contemn. But to go through this work, you must not let your thoughts vary, or make excursions from your theme: consider, at the same time, that the matter has been often treated by the ablest and greatest writers; yet that must not discourage you: for the properest person to handle it, is one who has roved into mixed conversations, and must have opportunities (which I shall give you) of seeing these sort of men in their pleasures and gratifications, among which they pretend to reckon fighting. It was pleasantly enough said of a bully in France, when duels first began to be punished: The king has taken away gaming and stage-playing, and now fighting too; how does he expect gentlemen shall divert themselves?'

No. 27.] *Saturday, June* 11, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house, June* 9.

PACOLET being gone a-strolling among the men of the sword, in order to find out the secret causes of the frequent disputes we meet with, and furnish me with materials for my treatise on duelling: I have room left to go on in my information to my country readers, whereby they may understand the bright people whose memoirs I have taken upon me to write. But in my discourse of the

Digitized by Google

twenty-eighth of the last month, I omitted to mention the most agreeable of all bad characters, and that is, a Rake.

A Rake is a man always to be pitied; and if he lives, is one day certainly reclaimed; for his faults proceed not from choice or inclination, but from strong passions and appetites, which are in youth too violent for the curb of reason, good sense, good manners, and good-nature: all which he must have by nature and education, before he can be allowed to be, or to have been of this order. He is a poor unwieldy wretch that commits faults out of the redundance of his good qualities. His pity and compassion make him sometimes a bubble to all his fellows, let them be never so much below him in understanding. His desires run away with him through the strength and force of a lively imagination, which hurries him on to unlawful pleasures, before reason has power to come in to his rescue. Thus, with all the good intentions in the world to amendment, this creature sins on against heaven, himself, his friends, and his country, who all call for a better use of his talents. There is not a being under the sun so miserable as this: he goes on in a pursuit he himself disapproves, and has no enjoyment but what is followed by remorse; no relief from remorse, but the repetition of his crime. It is possible I may talk of this person with too much indulgence; but I must repeat it, that I think this a character which is the most the object of pity of any in the world. The man in the pangs of the stone, gout, or any acute distemper, is not in so deplorable a condition, in the eye of right sense, as he that errs and repents, and repents and errs on. The fellow with broken limbs justly deserves your alms for his impotent condition; but he that cannot use his own reason is in a much worse state; for you see him in miserable circumstances, with his remedy at the same time in his own possession, if he would, or could use it. This is the cause that, of all ill characters, the Rake has the best quarter in the world; for when he is himself, and unruffled with intemperance, you see his natural faculties exert themselves, and attract an eye of favour towards his infirmities.

Digitized by Google

But if we look round us here, how many dull rogues are there, that would fain be what this poor man hates himself for? All the noise towards six in the evening is caused by his mimics and imitators. How ought men of sense to be careful of their actions, if it were merely from the indignation of seeing themselves ill-drawn by such little pretenders! Not to say, he that leads is guilty of all the actions of his followers; and a Rake has imitators whom you would never expect should prove so. Second-hand vice, sure, of all, is the most nauseous. There is hardly a folly more absurd, or which seems less to be accounted for (though it is what we see every day,) than that grave and honest natures give into this way, and at the same time have good sense, if they thought fit to use it; but the fatality (under which most men labour) of desiring to be what they are not, makes them go out of a method in which they might be received with applause, and would certainly excel, into one, wherein they will all their lives have the air of strangers to what they aim at.

For this reason, I have not lamented the metamorphosis of any one I know so much as of Nobilis, who was born with sweetness of temper, just apprehension, and every thing else that might make him a man fit for his order. But instead of the pursuit of sober studies and applications, in which he would certainly be capable of making a considerable figure in the noblest assembly of men in the world; I say, in spite of that good nature, which is his proper bent, he will say ill-natured things aloud, put such as he was, and still should be, out of countenance, and drown all the natural good in him, to receive an artificial ill character, in which he will never succeed; for Nobilis is no Rake. He may guzzle as much wine as he pleases, talk bawdy if he thinks fit; but he may as well drink water-gruel, and go twice a-day to church, for it will never do. I pronounce it again, Nobilis is no Rake. To be of that order, he must be vicious against his will, and not so by study or application. All 'Pretty Fellows' are also excluded to a man, as well as all inamoratoes, or persons of the epicene gender, who gaze at one

Digitized by Google

another in the presence of ladies. This class, of which I am giving you an account, is pretended to also by men of strong abilities in drinking; though they are such whom the liquor, not the conversation, keeps together. But blockheads may roar, fight, and stab, and be never the nearer; their labour is also lost; they want sense: they are no Rakes.

As a Rake among men is the man who lives in the constant abuse of his reason, so a Coquette among women is one who lives in continual misapplication of her beauty. The chief of all whom I have the honour to be acquainted with, is pretty Mrs. Toss: she is ever in practice of something which disfigures her, and takes from her charms, though all she does tends to a contrary effect. She has naturally a very agreeable voice and utterance, which she has changed for the prettiest lisp imaginable. She sees what she has a mind to see at half a mile distance; but poring with her eyes half shut at every one she passes by, she believes much more becoming. The Cupid on her fan and she have their eyes full on each other, all the time in which they are not both in motion. Whenever her eye is turned from that dear object, you may have a glance, and your bow, if she is in humour, returned as civilly as you make it; but that must not be in the presence of a man of greater quality: for Mrs. Toss is so thoroughly well-bred, that the chief person present has all her regards. And she who giggles at divine service, and laughs at her very mother, can compose herself at the approach of a man of a good estate.

*Will's Coffee-house, June 9.*

A fine lady showed a gentleman of this company, for an eternal answer to all his addresses, a paper of verses, with which she is so captivated, that she professed the author should be the happy man in spite of all other pretenders. It is ordinary for love to make men poetical, and it had that effect on this enamoured man: but he was resolved to try his vein upon some of her confidants or retinue, before he ventured upon so high a theme as herself. To

Digitized by Google

do otherwise than so, would be like making an heroic poem a man's first attempt. Among the favourites to the fair one, he found her parrot not to be in the last degree: he saw Poll had her ear, when his sighs were neglected. To write against him had been a fruitless labour; therefore he resolved to flatter him into his interest in the following manner:

*To a Lady, on her Parrot.*

When nymphs were coy, and love could not prevail,
The gods disguis'd were seldom known to fail;
Leda was chaste, but yet a feather'd Jove
Surpris'd the fair, and taught her how to love.
There's no celestial but his heaven would quit,
For any form which might to thee admit.
See how the wanton bird at every glance,
Swells his glad plumes, and feels an amorous trance:
The queen of beauty has forsook the dove:
Henceforth the parrot be the bird of love.

It is indeed a very just proposition to give that honour rather to the parrot than the other volatile. The parrot represents us in the state of making love: the dove, in the possession of the object beloved. But, instead of turning the dove off, I fancy it would be better if the chaise of Venus had hereafter a parrot added (as we see sometimes a third horse to a coach,) which might intimate, that to be a parrot, is the only way to succeed; and to be a dove, to preserve your conquests. If the swain would go on successfully, he must imitate the bird he writes upon; for he who would be loved by women, must never be silent before the favour, or open his lips after it.

*From my own Apartment, June* 10.

I have so many messages from young gentlemen who expect preferment and distinction, that I am wholly at a loss in what manner to acquit myself. The writer of the following letter tells me in a postscript, he cannot go out of town until I have taken some notice of him, and is very urgent to be somebody in it, before he returns to his commons at the university. But take it from himself:—

Digitized by Google

*To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. Monitor-General of Great Britain.*

'SIR, Sheer-Lane, June 8.

'I have been above six months from the university, of age these three months, and so long in town. I was recommended to one Charles Bubbleboy * near the Temple, who has supplied me with all the furniture he says a gentleman ought to have. I desired a certificate thereof from him, which he said would require some time to consider of; and when I went yesterday morning for it, he tells me, upon due consideration, I still want some few odd things more, to the value of threescore or fourscore pounds, to make me complete. I have bespoke them; and the favour I beg of you is, to know, when I am equipped, in what part or class of men in this town you will place me. Pray send me word what I am, and you shall find me,

'Sir, your most humble servant,

'JEFFRY NICKNACK.'

I am very willing to encourage young beginners, but am extremely in the dark how to dispose of this gentleman. I cannot see either his person or habit in this letter; but I will call at Charles's,* and know the shape of his snuff-box, by which I can settle his character. Though indeed, to know his full capacity, I ought to be informed whether he takes Spanish or Musty.†

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 10.*

Letters from the Low Countries of the seventeenth instant say, that the duke of Marlborough and the prince of Savoy intended to leave Ghent on that day, and join the army which lies between Pont d'Espiere and Courtray, their head-quarters being at Helchin. The same day the Palatine foot were expected at Brussels. Lieutenant-general Dompre, with a body of eight thousand men, is posted

* Charles Mather, at that time an eminent toyman in Fleet-street.

† A great quantity of musty snuff was captured in the Spanish fleet, which was taken or burnt at Vigo in 1703; it soon became fashionable to use no snuff but what had this musty flavour. Time, and the tricks of the tobacconists and perfumers, put an end at last to this absurd custom.



Digitized by Google

at Alost, in order to cover Ghent and Brussels. The marshal de Villars was still on the plain of Lenz; and it is said the duke of Vendosme is appointed to command in conjunction with that general. Advices from Paris say, monsieur Voisin is made secretary of state, upon monsieur Chamillard's resignation of that employment. The want of money in that kingdom is so great, that the court has thought fit to command all the plate of private families to be brought into the mint. They write from the Hague of the eighteenth, that the states of Holland continue their session; and that they have approved the resolution of the states-general, to publish a second edict to prohibit the sale of corn to the enemy. Many eminent persons in that assembly have declared that they are of opinion, that all commerce whatsoever with France should be wholly forbidden: which point is under present deliberation; but it is feared it will meet with powerful opposition.

No. 28.] *Tuesday, June* 14, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines ———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house, June* 13.

I HAD suspended the business of duelling to a distant time, but that I am called upon to declare myself on a point proposed in the following letter.

'SIR, June 9, at night.

'I desire the favour of you to decide this question, whether calling a gentleman a Smart Fellow is an affront or not? A youth entering a certain coffee-house, with his cane tied to his button, wearing red-heeled shoes, I thought of your description, and could not forbear telling a friend of mine next to me, "There enters a Smart Fellow." The gentleman hearing it, had immediately a mind to pick a quarrel with me, and desired satisfaction; at which I was

Digitized by Google

more puzzled than at the other, remembering what mention your familiar makes of those that had lost their lives on such occasions. The thing is referred to your judgment; and I expect you to be my second, since you have been the cause of our quarrel. I am, Sir, your friend and humble servant.'

I absolutely pronounce, that there is no occasion of offence given in this expression; for a 'Smart Fellow' is always an appellation of praise, and is a man of double capacity. The true cast or mould in which you may be sure to know him is, when his livelihood or education is in the civil list, and you see him express a vivacity or mettle above the way he is in, by a little jerk in his motion, short trip in his steps, well-fancied lining of his coat, or any other indications which may be given in a vigorous dress. Now, what possible insinuation can there be, that it is a cause of quarrel for a man to say, he allows a gentleman really to be, what his tailor, his hosier, and his milliner, have conspired to make him? I confess, if this person who appeals to me had said, he was 'not a Smart Fellow,' there had been cause for resentment; but if he stands to it that he is one, he leaves no manner of ground for misunderstanding. Indeed it is a most lamentable thing, that there should be a dispute raised upon a man's saying another is what he plainly takes pains to be thought.

But this point cannot be so well adjusted, as by enquiring what are the sentiments of wise nations and communities, of the use of the sword, and from thence conclude whether it is honourable to draw it so frequently or not? An illustrious commonwealth of Italy * has preserved itself for many ages, without letting one of their subjects handle this destructive instrument; always leaving that work to such of mankind as understand the use of a whole skin so little, as to make a profession of exposing it to cuts and scars.

But what need we run to such foreign instances? Our

* Venice, which declined engaging in the war of the Grand Alliance in 1702.

Digitized by Google

own ancient and well governed cities are conspicuous examples to all mankind in their regulation of military achievements. The chief citizens, like the noble Italians, hire mercenaries to carry arms in their stead; and you shall have a fellow of a desperate fortune, for the gain of one half-crown, go through all the dangers of Tothill-Fields, or the Artillery-Ground, clap his right jaw within two inches of the touch-hole of a musquet, fire it off, and huzza, with as little concern as he tears a pullet.* Thus you see, to what scorn of danger these mercenaries arrive, out of a mere love of sordid gain: but methinks it should take off the strong prepossession men have in favour of bold actions, when they see upon what low motives men aspire to them. Do but observe the common practice in the government of those heroic bodies, our militia and lieutenancies, the most ancient corps of soldiers, perhaps, in the universe; I question, whether there is one instance of an animosity between any two of these illustrious sons of Mars since their institution, which was decided by combat? I remember indeed to have read the chronicle of an accident which had like to have occasioned bloodshed in the very field before all the general officers, though most of them were justices of the peace. Captain Crabtree of Birching-lane, haberdasher, had drawn a bill upon major-general Maggot, cheesemonger in Thames-street. Crabtree draws this upon Mr. William Maggot and company. A country lad received this bill, and not understanding the word *company*, used in drawing bills on men in partnership, carried it to Mr. Jeffrey Stitch of Crooked-lane (lieutenant of the major-general's company,) whom he had the day before seen march by the door in all the pomp of his commission. The lieutenant accepts it, for the honour of the company, since it had come to him. But repayment being asked from the major-general, he absolutely refuses. Upon this, the lieutenant thinks of nothing less than to

* The state and discipline of the city train-bands at this time was very justly a standing subject of ridicule to the wits. See a poem on this subject, ascribed to Swift, in the Harleian. Misc. vol. 1. p. 206.

Digitized by Google

bring this to a rupture, and takes for his second Tobias Armstrong of the Counter,* and sends him with a challenge in a scrip of parchment, wherein was written Stitch contra Maggot, and all the fury vanished in a moment. The major-general gives satisfaction to the second, and all was well.

Hence it is, that the bold spirits of our city are kept in such subjection to the civil power. Otherwise, where would our liberties soon be, if wealth and valour were suffered to exert themselves with their utmost force? If such officers as are employed in the terrible bands abovementioned, were to draw bills as well as swords, these dangerous captains, who could victual an army as well as lead it, would be too powerful for the state. But the point of honour justly gives way to that of gain; and, by long and wise regulation, the richest is the bravest man. I have known a captain rise to a colonel in two days by the fall of stocks; and a major, my good friend near the Monument, ascended to that honour by the fall of the price of spirits, and the rising of right Nantz. By this true sense of honour, that body of warriors are ever in good order and discipline, with their colours and coats all whole: as in other battalions (where their principles of action are less solid) you see the men of service look like spectres with long sides and lank cheeks. In this army you may measure a man's service by his waist, and the most prominent belly is certainly the man who has been most upon action. Besides all this, there is another excellent remark to be made in the discipline of these troops. It being of absolute necessity, that the people of England should see what they have for their money, and be eye-witnesses of the advantages they gain by it, all battles which are fought abroad are represented here. But, since one side must be beaten, and the other conquer, which might create disputes, the eldest company is always to make the other run, and the younger retreats, according to the last news and best intelligence. I have myself seen prince Eugene make Catinat fly from the backside of

* A bum-bailiff.



Digitized by Google

Grays-Inn-lane to Hockley in the Hole, and not give over the pursuit, until obliged to leave the Bear-garden on the right, to avoid being borne down by fencers, wild bulls, and monsters, too terrible for the encounter of any heroes, but such whose lives are their livelihood.

We have here seen, that wise nations do not admit of fighting, even in the defence of their country, as a laudable action; and they live within the walls of our own city in great honour and reputation without it. It would be very necessary to understand, by what force of the climate, food, education, or employment, one man's sense is brought to differ so essentially from that of another; that one is ridiculous and contemptible for forbearing a thing which makes for his safety; and another applauded for consulting his ruin and destruction.

It will therfore be necessary for us (to show our travelling) to examine this subject fully, and tell you how it comes to pass, that a man of honour in Spain, though you offend him never so gallantly, stabs you basely; in England, though you offend him never so basely, challenges fairly; the former kills you out of revenge, the latter out of good-breeding. But to probe the heart of man in this particular to its utmost thoughts and recesses, I must wait for the return of Pacolet, who is now attending a gentleman lately in a duel, and sometimes visits the person by whose hands he received his wounds.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June* 13.

Letters from Vienna of the eighth instant say, there has been a journal of the marches and actions of the king of Sweden, from the beginning of January to the eleventh of April, N. S. communicated by the Swedish ministers to that court. These advices inform, that his Swedish majesty entered the territories of Muscovy in February last, with the main body of his army, in order to oblige the enemy to a general engagement; but that the Muscovites declining a battle, and a universal thaw having rendered the rivers unpassable, the king returned into Ukrania. There are mentioned several rencounters between considerable

Digitized by Google

detachments of the Swedish and Russian armies. Marshal Heister intended to take his leave of the court on the day after the date of these letters, and put himself at the head of the army in Hungary. The male-contents had attempted to send in a supply of provision into Newhausel; but their design was disappointed by the Germans.

Advices from Berlin of the fifteenth instant, N. S. say, that his Danish majesty having received an invitation from the king of Prussia to an interview, designed to come to Potsdam within a few days, and that king Augustus resolved to accompany him thither. To avoid all difficulties in ceremony, the three kings, and all the company who shall have the honour to sit with them at table, are to draw lots, and take precedence accordingly.

They write from Hamburgh of the eighteenth instant, N. S. that some particular letters from Dantzic speak of a late action between the Swedes and Muscovites near Jerislaw; but that engagement being mentioned from no other place, there is not much credit given to this intelligence.

We hear from Brussels, by letters dated the twentieth, that on the fourteenth, in the evening, the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene arrived at Courtray, with a design to proceed the day following to Lisle, in the neighbourhood of which city, the confederate army was to rendezvous the same day. Advices from Paris inform us, that the marshal de Bezons is appointed to command in Dauphine, and that the duke of Berwick is set out for Spain, with a design to follow the fortunes of the duke of Anjou, in case the French king should comply with the late demands of the allies.

The court of France has sent a circular letter to all the governors of the provinces, to recommend to their consideration his majesty's late conduct in the affair of peace. It is thought fit, in that epistle, to condescend to a certain appeal to the people, whether it is consistent with the dignity of the crown, or the French name, to submit to the preliminaries demanded by the confederates? That letter dwells upon the unreasonableness of the allies, in requiring

Digitized by Google

his majesty's assistance in dethroning his grandson; and treats this particular in language more suitable to it, as it is a topic of oratory, than a real circumstance on which the interests of nations, and reasons of state, which affect all Europe, are concerned.

The close of this memorial seems to prepare the people to expect all events, attributing the confidence of the enemy to the goodness of their troops; but acknowledging, that his sole dependence is upon the intervention of providence.

No. 29.] *Thursday, June* 14, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house, June* 14.

HAVING a very solid respect for human nature, however it is distorted from its natural make, by affectation, humour, custom, misfortune, or vice, I do apply myself to my friends to help me in raising arguments for preserving it in all its individuals, as long as it is permitted. To one of my letters on this subject, I have received the following answer:

'SIR,

'In answer to your question, why men of sense, virtue, and experience, are seen still to comply with that ridiculous custom of duelling? I must desire you to reflect, that custom has dished up in ruffs the wisest heads of our ancestors, and put the best of the present age into huge falbala periwigs.* Men of sense would not impose such encumbrances on themselves, but be glad they might show their faces decently in public upon easier terms. If then such men appear reasonably slaves to the fashion, in what regards the figure of their persons, we ought not to wonder, that they are at least so in what seems to touch their re-

* Tatler, No. 26.

Digitized by Google

putations. Besides, you cannot be ignorant, that dress and chivalry have been always encouraged by the ladies, as the two principal branches of gallantry. It is to avoid being sneered at for his singularity, and from a desire to appear more agreeable to his mistress, that a wise, experienced, and polite man, complies with the dress commonly received; and is prevailed upon to violate his reason and principles, in hazarding his life and estate by a tilt, as well as suffering his pleasures to be constrained and soured by the constant apprehension of a quarrel. This is the more surprising, because men of the most delicate sense and principles have naturally in other cases a particular repugnance in accommodating themselves to the maxims of the world: but one may easily distinguish the man that is affected with beauty, and the reputation of a tilt, from him who complies with both, merely as they are imposed upon him by custom; for, in the former, you will remark an air of vanity and triumph; whereas, when the latter appears in a long *duvillier** full of powder, or has decided a quarrel by the sword, you may perceive in his face, that he appeals to custom for an excuse. I think it may not be improper to enquire into the genealogy of this chimerical monster called a Duel, which I take to be an illegitimate species of the ancient knight-errantry. By the laws of this whim, the heroic person, or man of gallantry, was indispensably obliged to starve in armour a certain number of years in the chace of monsters, encounter them at the peril of his life, and suffer great hardships, in order to gain the affection of the fair lady, and qualify himself for assuming the *belle air*; that is, of a Pretty Fellow, or man of honour, according to the fashion: but, since the publishing of Don Quixote, and extinction of the race of dragons, which Suetonius says happened in that of Wantley,† the gallant and heroic spirits of these latter times have been under the necessity of creating new chimerical monsters to entertain themselves with, by way of single

* A kind of wig so called.

† In humorous writings, one may be led to search for quotations no where to be found in the authors referred to, as appears from this passage.

Digitized by Google

combat, as the only proofs they are able to give their own sex, and the ladies, that they are in all points men of nice honour. But, to do justice to the ancient and real monsters, I must observe, that they never molested those who were not of a humour to hunt for them in woods and deserts; whereas, on the contrary, our modern monsters are so familiarly admitted and entertained in all the courts and cities of Europe (except France,) that one can scarce be in the most humanized society without risking one's life; the people of the best sort, and the fine gentlemen of the age, being so fond of them, that they seldom appear in any public place without one. I have some further considerations upon this subject, which, as you encourage me, shall be communicated to you by, sir, a cousin but one remove from the best family of the Staffs, namely, sir, your humble servant, kinsman, and friend,

'TIM SWITCH.'

It is certain that Mr. Switch has hit upon the true source of this evil; and that it proceeds only from the force of custom, that we contradict ourselves in half the particulars and occurrences of life. But such a tyranny in love, which the fair impose upon us, is a little too severe; that we must demonstrate our affection for them by no certain proof but hatred to one another, or come at them (only as one does at an estate) by survivorship. This way of application to gain a lady's heart is taking her as we do towns and castles, by distressing the place, and letting none come near them without our pass. Were such a lover once to write the truth of his heart, and let her know his whole thoughts, he would appear indeed to have a passion for her; but it would hardly be called love. The billet-doux would run to this purpose:

'MADAM,

'I have so tender a regard for you, and your interests, that I will knock any man on the head whom I observe to be of my mind, and like you. Mr. Truman, the other day, looked at you in so languishing a manner, that I am resolved to run him through to-morrow morning. This,

Digitized by Google

I think, he deserves for his guilt in admiring you: than which I cannot have a greater reason for murdering him, except it be that you also approve him. Whoever says he dies for you, I will make his words good, for I will kill him. I am, madam, your most obedient humble servant.'

*From my own Apartment, June* 14.

I am just come hither at ten at night, and have ever since six, been in the most celebrated, though most nauseous company in town: the two leaders of the society were a Critic and a Wit. These two gentlemen are great opponents on all occasions, not discerning that they are the nearest each other, in temper and talents, of any two classes of men in the world; for to profess judgment, and to profess wit, both arise from the same failure, which is want of judgment. The poverty of the Critic this way proceeds from the abuse of this faculty; that of the Wit, from the neglect of it. It is a particular observation I have always made, that of all mortals a Critic is the silliest; for, by enuring himself to examine all things, whether they are of consequence or not, he never looks upon any thing but with a design of passing sentence upon it; by which means he is never a companion, but always a censor. This makes him earnest upon trifles, and dispute on the most indifferent occasions with vehemence. If he offers to speak or write, that talent, which should approve the work of the other faculties, prevents their operation. He comes upon action in armour, but without weapons; he stands in safety, but can gain no glory. The Wit, on the other hand, has been hurried so long away by imagination only, that judgment seems not to have ever been one of his natural faculties. This gentleman takes himself to be as much obliged to be merry, as the other to be grave. A thorough Critic is a sort of Puritan in the polite world. As an enthusiast in religion stumbles at the ordinary occurrences of life, if he cannot quote scripture examples on the occasion; so the Critic is never safe in his speech or writing, without he has, among the celebrated writers, an authority for the truth of his sentence. You will believe we had a very good

Digitized by Google

time with these brethren, who were so far out of the dress of their native country, and so lost in its dialect, that they were as much strangers to themselves, as to their relation to each other. They took up the whole discourse; sometimes the Critic grew passionate, and when reprimanded by the Wit for any trip or hesitation in his voice, he would answer, 'Mr. Dryden makes such a character, on such an occasion, break off in the same manner; so that the stop was according to nature, and as a man in a passion should do.' The Wit who is as far gone in letters as himself, seems to be at a loss to answer such an apology; and concludes only, that though his anger is justly vented, it wants fire in the utterance. If wit is to be measured by the circumstances of time and place, there is no man has generally so little of that talent as he who is a Wit by profession. What he says, instead of arising from the occasion, has an occasion invented to bring it in. Thus, he is new for no other reason, but that he talks like nobody else; but has taken up a method of his own, without commerce of dialogue with other people. The lively Jasper Dactyle * is one of this character. He seems to have made a vow to be witty to his life's end. When you meet him, 'What do you think,' says he, 'I have been entertaining myself with?' Then out comes a premeditated turn; to which it is to no purpose to answer, for he goes on in the same strain of thought he designed without your speaking. Therefore I have a general answer to all he can say; as, 'Sure there never was any creature had so much fire!' Spondee, who is a Critic, is seldom out of this fine man's company. They have no manner of affection for each other, but keep together, like Novel and Oldfox in the Plain Dealer, because they show each other. I know several men of sense who can be diverted with this couple; but I see no curiosity in the thing, except it be, that Spondee is dull, and seems dull; but Dactyle is heavy with a brisk face. It must be owned also, that Dactyle has almost vigour enough to be a coxcomb; but Spondee, by the lowness of his constitution, is only a blockhead.

* See Tatler, Nos. 3, and 63.

Digitized by Google

*St. James's Coffee-house, June* 15.

We have no particulars of moment since our last, except it be, that the copy of the following original letter came by the way of Ostend. It is said to have been found in the closet of monsieur Chamillard, the late secretary of state of France, since his disgrace. It was signed by two brothers of the famous Cavallier,* who led the *Cevennois*, and had a personal interview with the king, as well as a capitulation to lay down his arms, and leave the dominions of France. There are many other names to it; among whom is the chief of the family of the marquis Guiscard. It is not yet known whether monsieur Chamillard had any real design to favour the Protestant interest, or only thought to place himself at the head of that people, to make himself considerable enough to oppose his enemies at court, and reinstate himself in power there.

'SIR,

'We have read your majesty's letter to the governors of your provinces, with instructions what sentiments to insinuate into the minds of your people; but as you have always acted upon the maxim, that we were made for you, and not you for us; we must take leave to assure your majesty, that we are exactly of the contrary opinion; and must desire you to send for your grandson home, and acquaint him, that you now know, by experience, absolute power is only a vertigo in the brain of princes, which for a time may quicken their motion, and double, in their diseased sight, the instances of power above them; but must end at last in their fall and destruction. Your memorial speaks you a good father of your family, but a very ill one

* James Cavallier was the celebrated leader of the French Protestants in the *Cevennes*, when these warlike, but enthusiastic mountaineers opposed the tyranny of Louis XIV. and made a vigorous stand against the whole power of France, which for a long time laboured in vain to subdue them. It was in the heat of this gallant struggle to preserve themselves from religious slavery, that the first seeds of that wild fanaticism were sown, which afterwards grew up to such an amazing extravagance, and distinguished them, by the name of 'French Prophets,' among the most extraordinary enthusiasts that are to be found in the history of human folly.



Digitized by Google

of your people. Your majesty is reduced to hear truth, when you are obliged to speak it. There is no governing any but savages by other methods than their own consent, which you seem to acknowledge in appealing to us for our opinion of your conduct in treating of peace. Had your people been always of your council, the king of France had never been reduced so low as to acknowledge his arms were fallen into contempt. But since it is thus, we must ask, how is any man of France, but they of the house of Bourbon, the better, that Philip is king of Spain? We have outgrown that folly of placing our happiness in your majesty's being called, The Great. Therefore you and we are all alike bankrupts,* and undone, let us not deceive ourselves; but compound with our adversaries, and not talk like their equals. Your majesty must forgive us, that we cannot wish you success, or lend you help; for, if you lose one battle more, we may have a hand in the peace you make; and doubt not but your majesty's faith in treaties will require the ratification of the states of your kingdom. So we bid you heartily farewell, until we have the honour to meet you assembled in parliament. This happy expectation makes us willing to wait the event of another campaign, from whence we hope to be raised from the misery of slaves to the privileges of subjects. We are your majesty's truly faithful and loyal subjects, &c.'

No. 30.] *Saturday, June* 18, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

### *From my own Apartment, June* 16.

THE vigilance, the anxiety, the tenderness, which I have for the good people of England, I am persuaded, will in

* Monsieur Bernard and the chief bankers of France became bankrupts about this time.

Digitized by Google

time be much commended; but I doubt whether they will be ever rewarded. However, I must go on cheerfully in my work of reformation: that being my great design, I am studious to prevent my labour's increasing upon me; therefore am particularly observant of the temper and inclinations of childhood and youth, that we may not give vice and folly supplies from the growing generation. It is hardly to be imagined how useful this study is, and what great evils or benefits arise from putting us in our tender years to what we are fit or unfit: therefore, on Tuesday last (with a design to sound their inclinations) I took three lads, who are under my guardianship, a-rambling in a hackney-coach, to show them the town; as the lions, the tombs, Bedlam, and the other places which are entertainments to raw minds, because they strike forcibly on the fancy. The boys are brothers, one of sixteen, the other of fourteen, the other of twelve. The first was his father's darling, the second his mother's, and the third mine, who am their uncle. Mr. William is a lad of true genius; but, being at the upper end of a great school, and having all the boys below him, his arrogance is insupportable. If I begin to show a little of my Latin, he immediately interrupts: 'Uncle, under favour, that which you say, is not understood in that manner.' 'Brother,' says my boy Jack, 'you do not show your manners much in contradicting my uncle Isaac!' 'You queer cur,' says Mr. William, 'do you think my uncle takes any notice of such a dull rogue as you are?' Mr. William goes on, 'He is the most stupid of all my mother's children: he knows nothing of his book: when he should mind that, he is hiding or hoarding his taws and marbles, or laying up farthings. His way of thinking is, four-and-twenty farthings make sixpence, and two sixpences a shilling; two shillings and sixpence half-a-crown, and two half-crowns five shillings. So within these two months the close hunks has scraped up twenty shillings, and we will make him spend it all before he comes home.' Jack immediately claps his hands into both pockets, and turns as pale as ashes. There is nothing touches a parent (and such I am

Digitized by Google

to Jack) so nearly as a provident conduct. This lad has in him the true temper for a good husband, a kind father, and an honest executor. All the great people you see make considerable figures on the exchange, in court, and sometimes in senates, are such as in reality have no greater faculty than what may be called human instinct, which is a natural tendency to their own preservation, and that of their friends, without being capable of striking out of the road for adventurers. There is sir William Scrip was of this sort of capacity from his childhood; he has bought the country round him, and makes a bargain better than sir Harry Wildfire, with all his wit and humour. Sir Harry never wants money but he comes to Scrip, laughs at him half an hour, and then gives bond for the other thousand. The close men are incapable of placing merit any where but in their pence, and therefore gain it; while others, who have larger capacities, are diverted from the pursuit by enjoyments which can be supported only by that cash which they despise; and, therefore, are in the end slaves to their inferiors both in fortune and understanding. I once heard a man of excellent sense observe, that more affairs in the world failed by being in the hands of men of too large capacities for their business, than by being in the conduct of such as wanted abilities to execute them. Jack, therefore, being of a plodding make, shall be a citizen: and I design him to be the refuge of the family in their distress, as well as their jest in prosperity. His brother Will shall go to Oxford with all speed, where, if he does not arrive at being a man of sense, he will soon be informed wherein he is a coxcomb. There is in that place such a true spirit of raillery and humour, that if they cannot make you a wise man, they will certainly let you know you are a fool; which is all my cousin wants, to cease to be so. Thus, having taken these two out of the way, I have leisure to look at my third lad. I observe in the young rogue a natural subtilty of mind, which discovers itself rather in forbearing to declare his thoughts on any occasion, than in any visible way of exerting himself in discourse. For which reason I will place him, where,

Digitized by Google

if he commits no faults, he may go farther than those in other stations, though they excel in virtues. The boy is well-fashioned, and will easily fall into a graceful manner; wherefore, I have a design to make him a page to a great lady of my acquaintance; by which means he will be well skilled in the common modes of life, and make a greater progress in the world by that knowledge, than with the greatest qualities without it. A good mein in a court, will carry a man greater lengths than a good understanding in any other place. We see a world of pains taken, and the best years of life spent in collecting a set of thoughts in a college for the conduct of life, and, after all, the man so qualified shall hesitate in his speech to a good suit of cloaths, and want common sense before an agreeable woman. Hence it is, that wisdom, valour, justice, and learning, cannot keep a man in countenance that is possessed with these excellencies, if he wants that inferior art of life and behaviour, called good-breeding. A man endowed with great perfections, without this, is like one who has this pockets full of gold, but always wants change for his ordinary occasions.

Will Courtly is a living instance of this truth, and has had the same education which I am giving my nephew. He never spoke a thing but what was said before, and yet can converse with the wittiest men without being ridiculous. Among the learned, he does not appear ignorant; nor with the wise, indiscreet. Living in conversation from his infancy, makes him no where at a loss; and a long familiarity with the persons of men, is, in a manner, of the same service to him, as if he knew their arts. As ceremony is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance, so good-breeding is an expedient to make fools and wise men equals.

*Will's Coffee-house, June* 17.

The suspension of the play-house has made me have nothing to send you from hence; but calling here this evening, I found the party I usually sit with, upon the business of writing, and examining what was the handsomest style



Digitized by Google

in which to address women, and write letters of gallantry. Many were the opinions which were immediately declared on this subject. Some were for a certain softness; some for I know not what delicacy; others for something inexpressibly tender. When it came to me, I said there was no rule in the world to be made for writing letters, but that of being as near what you speak face to face as you can; which is so great a truth, that I am of opinion, writing has lost more mistresses than any one mistake in the whole legend of love; for, when you write to a lady for whom you have a solid and honourable passion, the great idea you have of her, joined to a quick sense of her absence, fills your mind with a sort of tenderness, that gives your language too much the air of complaint, which is seldom successful. For a man may flatter himself as he pleases; but he will find that the women have more understanding in their own affairs than we have, and women of spirit are not to be won by mourners. He that can keep handsomely within rules, and support the carriage of a companion to his mistress, is much more likely to prevail, than he who lets her see the whole relish of his life depends upon her. If possible, therefore, divert your mistress rather than sigh for her. The pleasant man she will desire for her own sake, but the languishing lover has nothing to hope from, but her pity. To show the difference, I produced two letters a lady gave me, which had been writ by two gentlemen who pretended to her, but were both killed the next day after the date, at the battle of Almanza. One of them was a mercurial gay-humoured man; the other a man of a serious, but a great and gallant spirit. Poor Jack Careless! this is his letter: you see how it is folded: the air of it is so negligent, one might have read half of it by peeping into it, without breaking it open. He had no exactness.

'MADAM,

'It is a very pleasant circumstance I am in, that while I should be thinking of the good company we are to meet within a day or two, where we shall go to loggerheads, my

Digitized by Google

thoughts are running upon a fair enemy in England. I was in hopes I had left you there; but you follow the camp, though I have endeavoured to make some of our *leaguer ladies** drive you out of the field. All my comfort is, you are more troublesome to my colonel than myself: I permit you to visit me only now and then; but he downright keeps you. I laugh at his honour, as far as his gravity will allow me; but I know him to be a man of too much merit to succeed with a woman. Therefore defend your heart as well as you can: I shall come home this winter irresistibly dressed, and with quite a new foreign air. And so I had like to say, I rest, but, alas! I remain, madam, your most obedient, most humble servant,

'JOHN CARELESS.'

Now for colonel Constant's epistle; you see it is folded and directed with the utmost care.

'MADAM,

'I do myself the honour to write to you this evening, because I believe to-morrow will be the day of battle; and something forebodes in my breast that I shall fall in it. If it proves so, I hope you will hear I have done nothing below a man who had the love of his country, quickened by a passion for a woman of honour. If there be any thing noble in going to a certain death; if there be any merit, that I meet it with pleasure, by promising myself a place in your esteem; if your applause, when I am no more, is preferable to the most glorious life without you: I say, madam, if any of these considerations can have weight with you, you will give me a kind place in your memory, which I prefer to the glory of Cæsar. I hope this will be read, as it is writ, with tears.'

The beloved lady is a woman of a sensible mind; but she has confessed to me, that after all her true and solid value for Constant, she had much more concern for the loss of Careless. Those noble and serious spirits have

* Women who accompany the army.

Digitized by Google

something equal to the adversities they meet with, and consequently lessen the objects of pity. Great accidents seem not cut out so much for men of familiar characters, which makes them more easily pitied, and soon after beloved. Add to this, that the sort of love which generally succeeds, is a stranger to awe and distance. I asked Romana, whether of the two she should have chosen, had they survived? She said, she knew she ought to have taken Constant: but believed she should have chosen Careless.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 17.*

Letters from Lisbon of the ninth instant, N. S. say, that the enemy's army, having blocked up Olivenza, was posted on the Guadiana. The Portuguese are very apprehensive that the garrison of that place, though it consists of five of the best regiments of their army, will be obliged to surrender, if not timely relieved, they not being supplied with provisions for more than six weeks. Hereupon their general held a council of war on the fourth instant, wherein it was concluded to advance towards Badajos. With this design the army decamped on the fifth from Jerumena, and marched to Caneaon. It is hoped, that if the enemy follow their motions, they may have opportunity to put a sufficient quantity of provision and ammunition into Olivenza.

*** Mr. Bickerstaff gives notice to all persons that dress themselves as they please, without regard to decorum (as with blue and red stockings in mourning, tucked cravats, and night-cap wigs, before people of the first quality,) that he has yet received no fine for indulging them in that liberty, and that he expects their compliance with this demand, or that they go home immediately and shift themselves. This is further to acquaint the town, that the report of the hosiers, toymen, and milliners, having compounded with Mr. Bickerstaff for tolerating such enormities, is utterly false and scandalous.

Digitized by Google

No. 31.] *Tuesday, June 21, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seises for its theme. *P.*

*Grecian Coffee-house, June* 18.

In my dissertation against the custom of single combat, it has been objected, that there is not learning, or much reading, shown therein, which is the very life and soul of all treatises; for which reason, being always easy to receive admonitions and reform my errors, I thought fit to consult this learned board on the subject. Upon proposing some doubts, and desiring their assistance, a very hopeful young gentleman, my relation, who is to be called to the bar within a year and a half at farthest, told me, that he had, ever since I first mentioned duelling, turned his head that way; and that he was principally moved thereto, because he designed to follow the circuits in the north of England and south of Scotland, and to reside mostly at his own estate at Landbadernawz* in Cardiganshire. The northern Britons and the southern Scots are a warm people, and the Welsh 'a nation of gentlemen;' so that it beloved him to understand well the science of quarreling. The young gentleman proceeded admirably well, and gave the board an account that he had read 'Fitzherbert's† Grand Abridgment,' and had found that duelling is a very ancient part of the law; for when a man is sued, be it for his life or his land, the person that joins the issue, whether plaintiff or defendant, may put the trial upon the duel. Further, he argued, under favour of the court, that when the issue is joined by the duel, in treason or other capital crimes, the parties accused and accuser must fight in their own proper persons: but if the dispute be for lands, you

* There is no such place. It is probable Llanbadern Vawr in Cardiganshire is intended.

† A book published under this title in 1516 by Anthony Fitzherbert, one of the judges in the reign of Henry VIII. This author died in 1583.

Digitized by Google

may hire a champion at Hockley in the Hole, or any where else. This part of the law we had from the Saxons; and they had it, as also the trial by ordeal, from the Laplanders. It is indeed agreed, said he, the southern and eastern nations never knew any thing of it; for though the ancient Romans would scold and call names filthily, yet there is not an example of a challenge that ever passed among them.

His quoting the eastern nations put another gentleman in mind of an account he had from a boatswain of an East-Indiaman; which was, that a Chinese had tricked and ubbled him, and that when he came to demand satisfac-n the next morning, and like a true tar of honour called him a son of a whore, liar, dog, and other rough appellatives used by persons conversant with winds and waves; the Chinese, with great tranquillity, desired him 'not to come abroad fasting, nor put himself into a heat, for it would prejudice his health.' Thus the east knows nothing of this gallantry.

There sat at the left of the table a person of a venerable aspect, who asserted, that 'half the impositions which are put upon these ages have been transmitted by writers who have given too great pomp and magnificence to the exploits of the ancient bear-garden, and made their gladiators, by fabulous tradition, greater than Gormon* and others of Great Britain.' He informed the company, that 'he had searched authorities for what he said, and that a learned antiquary, Humphrey Scarecrow, esquire, of Hockley in the Hole, recorder to the Bear-garden, was then writing a discourse on the subject. It appears by the best accounts,' says this gentleman, 'that the high names which are used among us with so great veneration, were no other than stage-fighters, and worthies of the ancient bear-garden. The renowned Hercules always carried a quarterstaff, and was from thence called Claviger.† A learned chronologist is about proving what wood this staff was made of

* Gormon is mentioned in the epilogue to Lan[illegible]owne's Jew of Venice, and is there explained to have been a prize-fighter.

† Club-bearer.

Digitized by Google

whether oak, ash, or crab-tree. The first trial of skill he ever performed was with one Cacus, a deer-stealer, the next was with Typhonus, a giant of forty feet four inches. Indeed it was unhappily recorded that meeting at last with a sailor's wife, she made his staff of prowess serve her own use, and dwindle away to a distaff: she clapped him on an old tar jacket of her husband; so that this great hero drooped like a scabbed sheep. Him his contemporary Theseus succeeded in the bear-garden, which honour he held for many years. This grand duellist went to hell, and was the only one of that sort that ever came back again. As for Achilles and Hector (as the ballads of those times mention,) they were pretty smart fellows; they fought at sword and buckler; but the former had much the better of it; his mother, who was an oyster-woman, having got a blacksmith of Lemnos to make her son's weapons. There is a pair of trusty Trojans in a song of Virgil that were famous for handling their gauntlets, Dares and Entellus; and indeed it does appear, they fought no sham prize.'

The Roman bear-garden was abundantly more magnificent than any thing Greece could boast of: it flourished most under those delights of mankind, Nero and Domitian. At one time it is recorded, four hundred senators entered the list, and thought it an honour to be cudgelled and quarterstaffed. I observe the Lanistæ were the people chiefly employed, which makes me imagine our bear-garden copied much after this, the butchers being the greatest men in it.

Thus far the glory and honour of the bear-garden stood secure, until fate, that irresistible ruler of sublunary things, in that universal ruin of arts, and politer learning, by those savage people the Goths and Vandals, destroyed and levelled it to the ground. Then fell the grandeur and bravery of the Roman state, until at last the warlike genius (but accompanied with more courtesy (revived in the Christian world under those puissant champions, Saint George, Saint Dennis, and other dignified heroes: one killed his dragon, another his lion, and were all after

Digitized by Google

wards canonized for it, having red letters* before them to illustrate their martial temper. The Spanish nation, it must be owned, were devoted to gallantry and chivalry above the rest of the world. What a great figure does that great name, Don Quixote, make in history! How shines this glorious star in the western world! O renowned hero! O mirror of knighthood!

> Thy brandish'd whingard all the world defies,
> And kills as sure as del Tobosa's eyes.

I am forced to break off abruptly, being sent for in haste with my rule, to measure the degree of an affront, before the two gentlemen (who are now in their breeches and pumps ready to engage behind Montague-house) have made a pass.

*From my own Apartment, June 18.*

It is an unreasonable objection, I find, against my labours, that my stock is not all my own, and, therefore, the kind reception I have met with, is not so deserved as it ought to be. But I hope, though it be never so true that I am obliged to my friends for laying their cash in my hands, since I give it them again when they please, and leave them at their liberty to call it home, it will not hurt me with my gentle readers. Ask all the merchants who act upon consignments, where is the necessity (if they answer readily what their correspondents draw) of their being wealthy themselves? Ask the greatest bankers, if all the men they deal with were to draw at once, what would be the consequence? But indeed a country friend has writ me a letter which gives me great mortification; wherein I find I am so far from expecting a supply from thence, that some have not heard of me, and the rest do not understand me: his epistle is as follows.

'DEAR COUSIN,

'I thought, when I left the town, to have raised your fame here, and helped you to support it by intelligence

* An allusion to the rubricks in the Roman missals.

Digitized by Google

from hence; but, alas! they had never heard of the Tatler until I brought down a set. I lent them from house to house, but they asked me what they meant. I began to enlighten them, by telling who and who were supposed to be intended by the characters drawn, I said, for instance, Chloe and Clarissa are two eminent toasts. A gentleman, who keeps his greyhound and gun, and one would think might know better, told me, he supposed they were *Papishes*, for their names were not English. 'Then,' said he, 'why do you call live people toasts?' I answered, 'That was a new name found out by the wits, to make a lady have the same effect as burridge in the glass when a man is drinking. But says I, sir, I perceive this is to you all bamboozling; why, you look as if you were Don Diego'd to the tune of a thousand pounds. All this good language was lost upon him: he only stared, though he is as good a scholar as any layman in the town, except the barber. Thus, cousin, you must be content with London for the centre of your wealth and fame; we have no relish for you. Wit must describe its proper circumference, and not go beyond it, lest, like little boys when they straggle out of their own parish, it may wander to places where it is not known, and be lost. Since it is so, you must excuse me, that I am forced at a visit to sit silent, and only lay up what excellent things pass at such conversations.

This evening I was with a couple of young ladies; one of them has the character of the prettiest company, yet really I thought her but silly; the other, who talked a great deal less, I observed to have understanding. The lady, who is reckoned such a companion among her acquaintance, has only, with a very brisk air, a knack of saying the commonest things: the other with a sly serious one, says home things enough. The first, mistress Giddy, is very quick; but the second, mistress Slim, fell into Giddy's own style, and was as good company as she. Giddy happens to drop her glove; Slim reaches it to her. 'Madam,' says Giddy, 'I hope you will have a better office.' Upon which Slim immediately repartees, and sits in her lap, and cries, 'Are you not sorry for my heaviness?' The



Digitized by Google

sly wench pleased me, to see how she hit her height of understanding so well. We sat down to dinner. Says Giddy, mighty prettily, 'Two hands in a dish, and one in a purse.' Says Slim, 'Ay, madam, the more the merrier; but the fewer the better cheer.' I quickly took the hint, and was as witty and talkative as they. Says I,

> He that will not when he may,
> When he will, he shall have nay.

and so helped myself. Giddy turns about; 'What, have you found your tongue?' 'Yes,' says I, 'it is manners to speak when I am spoken to; but your greatest talkers are the least doers, and the still sow eats up all the brot.' 'Ha! ha!' says Giddy, 'one would think he had nothing in him, and do you hear how he talks, when he pleases!' I grew immediately roguish and pleasant to a degree, in the same strain. Slim, who knew how good company we had been, cries, 'You will certainly print this bright conversation.'

It is so; and hereby you may see how small an appearance the prettiest things said in company make, when in print.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 20.*

A mail from Lisbon has brought advices, of June the twelfth, from the king of Portugal's army encamped at Torre Allegada, which informs us, that the general of the army called a court-martial on the fourth at the camp of Jerumena, where it was resolved to march with a design to attempt the succour of Olivenza. Accordingly the army moved on the fifth, and marched towards Badajos. Upon their approach, the marquis de Bay detached so great a party from the blockade of Olivenza, that the marquis das Minas, at the head of a large detachment, covered a great convoy of provisions towards Olivenza, which threw in their stores, and marched back to their army, without molestation from the Spaniards. They add, that each army must necessarily march into quarters within twenty days.

Digitized by Google

*** Whosoever can discover a surgeon's apprentice who fell upon Mr. Bickerstaff's messenger or (as the printers call him) Devil, going to the press, and tore out of his hand part of his essay against duels, in the fragments of which were the words 'you lie,' and 'man of honour,' taken up at the Temple-gate, and the words, 'perhaps,'—'may be not,'—'by your leave, sir,'—and other terms of provocation, taken up at the door of Young man's Coffee-house, shall receive satisfaction from Mr. Morphew, beside a set of arguments to be spoken to any man in a passion which, if the said enraged man listens to, will prevent quarrelling.

☞ Mr. Bickerstaff does hereby give notice that he has taken the two famous Universities of this land under his immediate care, and does hereby promise all tutors and pupils, that he will hear what can be said of each side between them, and to correct them impartially, by placing them in orders and classes in the learned world, according to their merit.

Mr. Bickerstaff has received the advices from Clay-hill, which, with all intelligence from honest Mr. Sturdy and others, shall have their place in our future story.

---

No. 32.] *Thursday June* 23, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house, June* 22.

An answer to the following letter being absolutely necessary to be despatched with all expedition, I must trespass upon all that come with horary questions into my antichamber, to give the gentleman my opinion.

*To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.*

'SIR, June 18, 1709.

'I know not whether you ought to pity or laugh at me; for I am fallen desperately in love with a professed

Digitized by Google

Platonne, the most unaccountable creature of her sex. To hear her talk seraphies, and run over Norris and More, and Milton, and the whole set of intellectual triflers, torments me heartily; for, to a lover who understands metaphors, all this pretty prattle of ideas gives very fine views of pleasure, which only the dear declaimer prevents, by understanding them literally: why should she wish to be a cherubim, when it is flesh and blood that makes her adorable? If I speak to her, that is a high breach of the idea of intuition. If I offer at her hand or lip, she shrinks from the touch like a sensitive plant, and would contract herself into mere spirit. She calls her chariot, vehicle; her furbelowed scarf, pinions; her blue mantua and petticoat is her azure dress; and her foutman goes by the name of Oberon. It is my misfortune to be six feet and a half high, two full spans between the shoulders, thirteen inches diameter in the calves; and, before I was in love, I had a noble stomach, and usually went to bed sober with two bottles. I am not quite six-and-twenty, and my nose is marked truly aquiline. For these reasons, I am in a very particular manner her aversion. What shall I do? Impudence itself cannot reclaim her. If I write miserably, she reckons me among the children of perdition, and discards me her region: if I assume the gross and substantial, she plays the real ghost with me, and vanishes in a moment. I had hopes in the hypocrisy of her sex; but perseverance makes it as bad as fixed aversion. I desire your opinion, whether I may not lawfully play the inquisition upon her, make use of a little force, and put her to the rack and the torture, only to convince her, she has really fine limbs, without spoiling or distorting them. I expect your directions, before I proceed to dwindle and fall away with despair; which at present I do not think adviseable, because, if she should recant, she may then hate me perhaps, in the other extreme, for my tenuity. I am (with impatience) your most humble servant,

'CHARLES STURDY.'

My patient has put his case with very much warmth,

Digitized by Google

and represented it in so lively a manner, that I see both his torment and tormentor with great perspicuity. This order of Platonic ladies are to be dealt with in a manner peculiar from all the rest of the sex. Flattery is the general way, and the way in this case; but it is not to be done grossly. Every man that has wit, and humour, and raillery, can make a good flatterer for women in general: but a Platonne is not to be touched with panegyric: she will tell you, it is a sensuality in the soul to be delighted that way. You are not therefore to commend, but silently consent to all she does and says. You are to consider, in her the scorn of you is not humour, but opinion.

There were, some years since, a set of these ladies who were of quality, and gave out, that virginity was to be their state of life during this mortal condition, and therefore resolved to join their fortunes, and erect a nunnery. The place of residence was pitched upon; and a pretty situation, full of natural falls and risings of waters, with shady coverts, and flowery arbours, was approved by seven of the founders. There were as many of our sex who took the liberty to visit their mansions of intended severity; among others,* a famous rake of that time, who had the grave way to an excellence. He came in first; but, upon seeing a servant coming towards him, with a design to tell him this was no place for him or his companions, up goes my grave impudence to the maid; 'Young woman,' said he, 'if any of the ladies are in the way on this side of the house, pray carry us on the other side towards the gardens: we are, you must know, gentlemen that are travelling England; after which we shall go into foreign parts, where some of us have already been.' Here he bows in the most humble manner, and kissed the girl, who knew not how to behave to such a sort of carriage. He goes on: 'Now, you must know, we have an ambition to have it to say, that we have a protestant nunnery in England: but pray Mrs. Betty'—'Sir,' she replied, 'my name is Susan, at

* It is said, that Mr. Repington, a Warwickshire wag, was the famous rake here alluded to.



Digitized by Google

your service.' Then I heartily beg your pardon'—'No offence in the least,' said she, 'for I have a cousin-german, whose name is Betty.' 'Indeed,' said he 'I protest to you, that was more than I knew; I spoke at random: but since it happens that I was near in the right, give me leave to present this gentleman to the favour of a civil salute.' His friend advances, and so on, until they had all saluted her. By this means the poor girl was in the middle of the crowd of these fellows, at a loss what to do, without courage to pass through them; and the Platonics, at several peep-holes, pale, trembling, and fretting. Rake perceived they were observed, and therefore took care to keep Sukey in chat with questions concerning their way of life; when appeared at last Madonella,* a lady who had writ a fine book concerning the recluse life, and was the projectrix of the foundation. She approaches into the hall; and Rake, knowing the dignity of his own mien and aspect, goes deputy from his company. She begins, 'Sir, I am obliged to follow the servant, who was sent out to know what affair could make strangers press upon a solitude which we, who are to inhabit this place, have devoted to heaven and our own thoughts?' 'Madam,' replies Rake, with an air of great distance, mixed with a certain indifference, by which he could dissemble dissimulation, your great intention has made more noise in the world than you design it should; and we travellers, who have seen many foreign institutions of this kind, have a curiosity to see, in its first rudiments, the seat of primitive piety; for such it must be called by future ages, to the eternal honour of the founders: I have read Madonella's excellent and seraphic discourse on this subject.' The lady immediately answered, 'If what I have said could have contributed to raise any thoughts in you that may

* The person here represented, or rather grossly misrepresented, under the name of Madonella, a dimutive from Madona, which signifies the Virgin Mary, was Mrs. Mary Astell, a lady of superior understanding, of considerable learning, and singular piety. She was the daughter of a merchant in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where she was born about 1668, and lived about twenty years. The remainder of her inoffensive, irreproachable, and exemplary life she spent at London and Chelsea, where she died in 1731.

Digitized by Google

make for the advancement of intellectual and divine conversation, I should think myself extremely happy.' He immediately fell back with the profoundest veneration; then advancing, 'Are you then that admired lady? If I may approach lips which have uttered things so sacred'—He salutes her. His friends followed his example. The devoted within stood in amazement where this would end, to see Madonella receive their address and their company. But Rake goes on—'We would not transgress rules; but if we may take the liberty to see the place you have thought fit to choose for ever, we would go into such parts of the gardens, as is consistent with the severities you have imposed on yourselves.'

To be short, Madonella permitted Rake to lead her into the assembly of nuns, followed by his friends, and each took his fair-one by the hand, after due explanation, to walk round the gardens. The conversation turned upon the lilies, the flowers, the arbours, and the growing vegetables; and Rake had the solemn impudence, when the whole company stood round him, to say,* that 'he sincerely wished men might rise out of the earth like plants; and that our minds were not of necessity to be sullied with carnivorous appetites for the generation, as well as support, of our species.' This was spoken with so easy and fixed an assurance, that Madonella answered, 'Sir, under the notion of a pious thought, you deceive yourself in wishing an institution foreign to that of Providence. These desires were implanted in us for reverend purposes, in preserving the race of men, and giving opportunities for making our chastity more heroic.' The conference was continued in this celestial strain, and carried on so well by the managers on both sides, that it created a second and a third interview; and, without entering into further particulars, there was hardly one of them but was a mother or father that day twelvemonth.†

* An allusion to, or rather a quotation from, sir T. Brown's 'Religio Medici.'

† This is mere fiction, and unpardonable, as it seems to imply an oblique censure on Mrs. Astell, of a nature totally repugnant to her eminently virtuous and respectable character.

Digitized by Google

Any unnatural part is long taking up and as long laying aside; therefore Mr. Sturdy may assure himself, Platonica will fly for ever from a forward behaviour; but if he approaches her according to this model, she will fall in with the necessities of mortal life, and condescend to look with pity upon an unhappy man, imprisoned in so much body, and urged by such violent desires.

*From my own Apartment, June 22.*

The evils of this town increase upon me to so great a degree, that I am half afraid I shall not leave the world much better than I found it. Several worthy gentlemen and critics have applied to me, to give my censure of an enormity which has been revived, after being long suppressed, and is called punning. I have several arguments ready to prove, that he cannot be a man of honour, who is guilty of this abuse of human society. But the way to expose it is, like the expedient of curing drunkenness, showing a man in that condition; therefore I must give my reader warning, to expect a collection of these offences; without which preparation, I thought it too adventurous to introduce the very mention of it in good company; and I hope, I shall be understood to do it, as a divine mentions oaths and curses, only for their condemnation. I shall dedicate this discourse to a gentleman, my very good friend, who is the Janus* of our times, and whom, by his years and wit, you would take to be of the last age; but by his dress and morals, of this.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 22.*

Last night arrived two mails from Holland, which bring letters from the Hague of the twenty-eighth instant, N. S. with advice, that the enemy lay encamped behind a strong retrenchment, with the marsh of Romiers on their right and left, extending itself as far as Bethune: La Basse is in their front, Lens in their rear, and their camp is

* Under the fanciful name of Janus, Steele clearly alludes to Swift, the real author of the preceding part of this paper, and pays him some compliments in return for his communication.

Digitized by Google

strengthened by another line from Lens to Douay. The duke of Marlborough caused an exact observation to be made of their ground, and the works by which they were covered, which appeared so strong, that it was not thought proper to attack them in their present posture. However the duke thought fit to make a feint as if he designed it: his grace accordingly marched from the abbey at Looze, as did prince Eugene from Lampret, and advanced with all possible diligence towards the enemy. To favour the appearance of an intended assault, the ways were made, and orders distributed in such manner, that none in either camp could have thoughts of any thing but charging the enemy by break of day next morning; but soon after the fall of the night of the twenty-sixth, the whole army faced towards Tournay, which place they invested early in the morning of the twenty-seventh. The marshal Villars was so confident that we designed to attack him, that he had drawn great part of the garrison of the place, which is now invested, into the field; for which reason, it is presumed, it must submit within a small time, which the enemy cannot prevent, but by coming out of their present camp, and hazarding a general engagement. These advices add, that the garrison of Mons had marched out under the command of marshal d'Aco; which, with the Bavarians, Walloons, and the troops of Cologn, have joined the grand army of the enemy.

---

No. 33.] *Saturday, June* 25, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

*From my own Apartment, June* 23.

My brother has made an excursion into the country, and the work against Saturday lies upon me. I am very

Digitized by Google

glad I have got pen and ink in my hand; for I have for some time longed for his absence, to give a right idea of things, which I thought he put in a very odd light, and some of them to the disadvantage of my own sex. It is much to be lamented, that it is necessary to make discourses, and publish treatises, to keep the horrid creatures, the men, within the rules of common decency.

I gladly embrace this opportunity to express myself with the resentment I ought, on people who take liberties of speech before that sex, of whom the honoured names of Mother, Daughter, and Sister are a part: I had like to have named Wife in the number; but the senseless world are so mistaken in their sentiments of pleasure, that the most amiable term in human life is become the derision of fools and scorners. My brother and I have at least fifty times quarrelled upon this topic. I ever argue, that the frailties of women are to be imputed to the false ornaments which men of wit put upon our folly and coquetry. He lays all the vices of men upon women's secret approbation of libertine characters in them. I did not care to give up a point; but, now he is out of the way, I cannot but own I believe there is very much in what he asserted: but if you will believe your eyes, and own, that the wickedest and wittiest of them all marry one day or other, it is impossible to believe, that if a man thought he should be for ever incapable of being received by a woman of merit and honour, he would persist in an abandoned way; and deny himself the possibility of enjoying the happiness of well-governed desires, orderly satisfactions, and honourable methods of life. If our sex were wise, a lover should have a certificate from the last women he served, how he was turned away, before he was received into the service of another: but at present any vagabond is welcome, provided he promises to enter into our livery. It is wonderful, that we will not take a footman without credentials from his last master; and in the greatest concern of life, we make no scruple of falling into a treaty with the most notorious offender in this behaviour against others. But this breach of commerce between the sexes proceeds from

Digitized by Google

an unaccountable prevalence of custom, by which a woman is to the last degree reproachable for being deceived, and a man suffers no loss of credit for being a deceiver.

Since this tyrant humour has gained place, why are we represented in the writings of men in ill figures for artifice in our carriage, when we have to do with a professed impostor? When oaths, imprecations, vows, and adorations are made use of as words of course, what arts are not necessary to defend us from such as glory in the breach of them? As for my part, I am resolved to hear all, and believe none of them; and therefore solemnly declare no vow shall deceive me, but that of marriage: for I am turned of twenty, and being of a small fortune, some wit, and (if I can believe my lovers and my glass) handsome, I have heard all that can be said towards my undoing; and shall therefore, for warning-sake, give an account of the offers that have been made me, my manner of rejecting them, and my assistances to keep my resolution.

In the sixteenth year of my life, I fell into the acquaintance of a lady extremely well known in this town for the quick advancement of her husband, and the honours and distinctions which her industry has procured him and all who belong to her. This excellent body sat next to me for some months at church, and 'took the liberty, which,' she said, 'her years and the zeal she had for my welfare gave her claim to, to assure me, that she observed some parts of my behaviour which would lead me into errors, and give encouragement to some to entertain hopes I did not think of. What made you,' said she, 'look through your fan at that lord, when your eyes should have been turned upwards, or closed in attention upon better objects?' I blushed, and pretended fifty odd excuses;—but confounded myself the more. She wanted nothing but to see that confusion, and goes on; 'Nay, child, do not be troubled that I take notice of it; my value for you made me speak it; for though he is my kinsman, I have a nearer regard to virtue than any other consideration.' She had hardly done speaking, when this noble lord came up to us and led her to her coach.

Digitized by Google

My head ran all that day and night on the exemplary carriage of this woman, who could be so virtuously impertinent, as to admonish one she was hardly acquainted with. However, it struck upon the vanity of a girl, that it may possibly be, his thoughts might have been as favourable of me, as mine were amorous of him; and as unlikely things as that have happened, if he should make me his wife. She never mentioned this more to me; but I still in all public places stole looks at this man, who easily observed my passion for him. It is so hard a thing to check the return of agreeable thoughts, that he became my dream, my vision, my food, my wish, my torment.

That ministress of darkness, the lady Sempronia, perceived too well the temper I was in, and would one day after evening service, needs take me to the park. When we were there, my lord passes by; I flushed into a flame. 'Mrs. Distaff,' says she, 'you may very well remember the concern I was in upon the first notice I took of your regard to that lord; and forgive me, who had a tender friendship for your mother (now in her grave) that I am vigilant of your conduct.' She went on with much severity, and after great solicitation, prevailed on me to go with her into the country, and there spend the ensuing summer out of the way of a man she saw I loved, and one whom she perceived meditated my ruin; by frequently desiring her to introduce him to me: which she absolutely refused, except he would give his honour that he had no other design but to marry me. To her country-house, a week or two after, we went: there was at the further end of her garden, a kind of wilderness, in the middle of which ran a soft rivulet by an arbour of jessamine. In this place I usually passed my retired hours, and read some romantic or poetical tale until the close of evening. It was near that time in the heat of summer, when gentle winds, soft murmurs of water, and notes of nightingales, had given my mind an indolence, which added to that repose of soul twilight and the end of a warm day naturally throws upon the spirits. It was at such an hour, and in such a state of tranquillity I sat, when, to my inexpressible

Digitized by Google

amusement, I saw my lord walking towards me, whom I knew not until that moment to have been in the country. I could observe in his approach the perplexity which attends a man big with design; and I had, while he was coming forward, time to reflect that I was betrayed; the sense of which gave me a resentment suitable to such a baseness; but, when he entered into the bower where I was, my heart flew towards him, and, I confess, a certain joy came into my mind, with a hope that he might then make a declaration of honour and passion. This threw my eye upon him with such tenderness as gave him power, with a broken accent, to begin. 'Madam—you will wonder—for it is certain, you must have observed—though I fear you will misinterpret the motives—but by heaven, and all that is sacred! if you could'—Here he made a full stand, and I recovered power to say, 'The consternation I am in, you will not, I hope, believe—a helpless innocent maid—besides that, the place'—He saw me in as great confusion as himself; which attributing to the same causes, he had the audaciousness to throw himself at my feet, talk of the stillness of the evening, and then ran into deifications of my person, pure flames, constant love, eternal raptures, and a thousand other phrases drawn from the images we have of heaven, which ill men use for the service of hell, when run over with uncommon vehemence. After which, he seized me in his arms: his design was too evident. In my utmost distress, I fell upon my knees—'My lord, pity me, on my knees—on my knees in the cause of virtue, as you were lately in that of wickedness. Can you think of destroying the labour of a whole life, the purpose of a long education, for the base service of a sudden appetite; to throw one that loves you, that doats on you, out of the company and the road of all that is virtuous and praiseworthy? Have I taken in all the instructions of piety, religion, and reason, for no other end, but to be the sacrifice of lust, and abandoned to scorn? Assume yourself, my lord; and do not attempt to vitiate a temple sacred to innocence, honour, and religion. If I have injured you, stab this bosom, and let me die, but not be ruined by the



Digitized by Google

hand I love.' The ardency of my passion made me incapable of uttering more; and I saw my lover astonished, and reformed by my behaviour: when rushed in Sempronia. 'Ha! faithless base man, could you then steal out of town, and lurk like a robber about my house for such brutish purposes?'

My lord was by this time recovered, and fell into a violent laughter at the turn which Sempronia designed to give her villany. He bowed to me with the utmost respect: 'Mrs. Distaff,' said he, 'be careful hereafter of your company;' and so retired. The fiend Sempronia congratulated my deliverance with a flood of tears.

This nobleman has since very frequently made his addresses to me with honour; but I have as often refused them; as well knowing that familiarity and marriage will make him, on some ill-natured occasion, call all I said in the arbour a theatrical action. Besides that, I glory in contemning a man, who had thoughts to my dishonour. If this method were the imitation of the whole sex, innocence would be the only dress of beauty; and all affectation by any other arts to please the eyes of men, would be banished to the stews for ever. The conquest of passion gives ten times more happiness than we can reap from the gratification of it; and she that has got over such a one as mine, will stand among Beaux and Pretty Fellows, with as much safety as in a summer's day among grass-hoppers and butterflies.

P. S. I have ten millions of things more against men, if I ever get the pen again.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 24.*

Our last advices from the Hague dated the twenty-eighth instant, N. S. say, that on the twenty-fifth, a squadron of Dutch men-of-war sailed out of the Texel to join admiral Baker at Spithead. The twenty-sixth was observed as a day of fasting and humiliation, to implore a blessing on the arms of the allies this ensuing campaign. Letters from Dresden are very particular in the account of the gallantry and magnificence, in which that court has ap-

Digitized by Google

peared since the arrival of the king of Denmark. No day has passed in which public shows have not been exhibited for his entertainment and diversion; the last of that kind which is mentioned is a carousal, wherein many of the youth of the first quality dressed in the most splendid manner, ran for the prize. His Danish majesty condescended to the same; but having observed that there was a design laid to throw it in his way, passed by without attempting to gain it. The court of Dresden was preparing to accompany his Danish majesty to Potsdam, where the expectation of an interview of three kings, had drawn together such multitudes of people, that many persons of distinction will be obliged to lie in tents, as long as those courts continue in that place.

No. 34.] *Tuesday, June* 28, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

*White's Chocolate-house, June* 25.

HAVING taken upon me to cure all the distempers which proceed from affections of the mind, I have laboured, since I first kept this public stage, to do all the good I could, and have perfected many cures at my own lodgings; carefully avoiding the common method of mountebanks, to do their most eminent operations in sight of the people; but must be so just to my patients as to declare, they have testified under their hands, their sense of my poor abilities, and the good I have done them, which I publish for the benefit of the world, and not out of any thoughts of private advantage.

I have cured fine Mrs. Spy of a great imperfection in her eyes, which made her eternally rolling them from one coxcomb to another in public places, in so languishing a manner, that it at once lessened her own power, and her

Digitized by Google

beholders' vanity. Twenty drops of my ink, placed in certain letters on which she attentively looked for half an hour, have restored her to the true use of her sight; which is, to guide and not mislead us. Ever since she took the liquor, which I call Bickerstaff's *circumspection-water*, she looks right forward, and can bear being looked at for half a day without returning one glance. This water has a peculiar virtue in it, which makes it the only true cosmetic or beauty-wash in the world: the nature of it is such, that if you go to a glass with a design to admire your face, it immediately changes it into downright deformity. If you consult it only to look with a better countenance upon your friends, it immediately gives an alacrity to the visage, and new grace to the whole person. There is, indeed, a great deal owing to the constitution of the person to whom it is applied: it is in vain to give it when the patient is in the rage of the distemper; a bride in her first month, a lady soon after her husband's being knighted, or any person of either sex, who has lately obtained any new good fortune or preferment, must be prepared some time before they use it. It has an effect upon others, as well as the patient, when it is taken in due form. Lady Petulant has by the use of it cured her husband of jealousy, and lady Gad her whole neighbourhood of detraction.

The fame of these things, added to my being an old fellow, makes me extremely acceptable to the fair sex. You would hardly believe me, when I tell you there is not a man in town so much their delight as myself. They make no more of visiting me, than going to madam Depingle's; there were two of them, namely, Damia and Clidamira, (I assure you women of distinction) who came to see me this morning in their way to prayers; and being in a very diverting humour (as innocence always makes people cheerful,) they would needs have me, according to the distinction of Pretty and Very Pretty Fellows, inform them if I thought either of them had a title to the Very Pretty among those of their own sex; and if I did, which was the more deserving of the two?

To put them to the trial, 'Look ye,' said I, 'I must not

Digitized by Google

rashly give my judgment in matters of this importance; pray let me see you dance, I play upon the kit.' They immediately fell back to the lower end of the room (you may be sure they courtesied low enough to me) and began. Never were two in the world so equally matched, and both scholars to my name sake Isaac.* Never was man in so dangerous a condition as myself, when they began to expand their charms. 'Oh! ladies, ladies,' cried I, 'not half that air, you will fire the house.' Both smiled; for, by the bye, there is no carrying a metaphor too far, when a lady's charms are spoken of. Somebody, I think, has called a fine woman dancing, 'a brandished torch of beauty.' These rivals moved with such an agreeable freedom, that you would believe their gesture was the necessary effect of the music, and not the product of skill and practice. Now Clidamira came on with a crowd of graces, and demanded my judgment with so sweet an air —and she had no sooner carried it, but Damia made her utterly forgot, by a gentle sinking, and a rigadoon step. The contest held a full half-hour; and, I protest, I saw no manner of difference in their perfections, until they came up together, and expected sentence. 'Look ye, ladies, said I, 'I see no difference in the least in your performance; but you, Clidamira, seem to be so well satisfied that I shall determine for you, that I must give it to Damia, who stands with so much diffidence and fear, after showing an equal merit to what she pretends to. Therefore, Clidamira, you are a Pretty; but, Damia, you are a Very Pretty lady: for,' said I, 'beauty loses its force, if not accompanied with modesty. She that has an humble opinion of herself, will have every body's applause, because she does not expect it; while the vain creature loses approbation through too great a sense of deserving it.'

*From my own Apartment, June 27.*

Being of a very spare and hective constitution, I am forced to make frequent journeys of a mile or two for

* Mr. Isaac, a famous dancing-master at that time, was a Frenchman, and a Roman Catholic.



Digitized by Google

fresh air; and indeed by this last, which was no farther than the village of Chelsea, I am farther convinced of the necessity of travelling to know the world; for, as it is usual with young voyagers, as soon as they land upon a shore, to begin their accounts of the nature of the people, their soil, their government, their inclinations, and their passions; so really I fancied I could give you an immediate description of this village, from the five fields where the robbers lie in wait, to the coffee-house where the Literati sit in council. A great ancestor of our's by the mother's side, Mr. Justice Overdo* (whose history is written by Ben Jonson,) met with more enormities by walking incognito than he was capable of correcting; and found great mortifications in observing also persons of eminence, whom he before knew nothing of. Thus it fared with me, even in a place so near the town as this. When I came into the coffee-house, I had not time to salute the company, before my eye was diverted by ten thousand gimcracks round the room, and on the cieling. When my first astonishment was over, comes to me a sage of a thin and meagre countenance; which aspect made me doubt, whether reading or fretting had made it so philosophic: but I very soon perceived him to be of that sect which the ancients call Gingivistæ; in our language, tooth-drawers. I immediately had a respect for the man; for these practical philosophers go upon a very rational hypothesis, not to cure, but take away the part affected. My love of mankind made me very benevolent to Mr. Salter;† for such is the name of this eminent barber and antiquary. Men are usually, but unjustly distinguished rather by their fortunes than their talents, otherwise this personage would make a great figure in that class of men which I distinguish under the title of Odd Fellows. But it is the misfortune of persons of great genius to have their faculties dissipated by attention to too many things at once. Mr. Salter is an instance of this:

* Adam Overdo, a name given to a justice of peace whose character is drawn in 'Bartholomew Fair,' a comedy so called, by Ben Jonson.

† Mr. Salter was a noted barber, who began to make a collection of natural curiosities. He kept a coffee-house at Chelsea, which still bears his name. His curiosities were sold a few years ago by auction.

Digitized by Google

if he would wholly give himself up to the string,* instead of playing twenty beginnings to tunes, he might, before he dies, play Roger de Caubly quite out. I heard him go through his whole round, and indeed I think he does play the 'Merry Christ Church bells'† pretty justly; but he confessed to me, he did that rather to show he was orthodox, than that he valued himself upon the music itself. Or, if he did proceed in his anatomy, why might he not hope in time to cut off legs, as well as draw teeth? The particularity of this man put me into a deep thought, whence it should proceed, that of all the lower order, barbers should go further in hitting the ridiculous than any other set of men. Watermen brawl, cobblers sing: but why must a barber be for ever a politician, a musician, an anatomist, a poet, and a physician? The learned Vossius says, his barber used to comb his head in Iambics. And indeed, in all ages, one of this useful profession, this order of cosmetic philosophers, has been celebrated by the most eminent hands. You see the barber in Don Quixote is one of the principal characters in the history; which gave me satisfaction in the doubt, why Don Saltero writ his name with a Spanish termination: for he is descended in a right line, not from John Tradescant,‡ as he himself asserts, but from that memorable companion of the knight of Mancha. And I hereby certify all the worthy citizens who travel to see his rarities, that his double-barrelled pistols, targets, coats of mail, his Sclopeta and sword of Toledo, were left to his ancestor by the said Don Quixote, and by the said ancestor to all his progeny down to Don Saltero. Though I go thus far in favour of Don Saltero's great merit, I cannot allow a liberty he takes of imposing several names (without my licence) on the collections he

* There was no passing his house, if he was at home, without having one's ears grated with the sound of his fiddle, on which he scraped most execrably.

† A well known and still celebrated catch, composed by Dr. Henry Aldrich, dean of Christ Church.

‡ Tradescant was the person who collected the curiosities which Elias Ashmole left to the University of Oxford.

Digitized by Google

has made,* to the abuse of the good people of England; one of which is particularly calculated to deceive religious persons, to the great scandal of the well-disposed, and may introduce heterodox opinions. He shows you a straw-hat, which I know to be made by Madge Peskad, within three miles of Bedford; and tells you, 'It is Pontius Pilate's wife's chambermaid's sister's hat.' To my knowledge of this very hat it may be added, that the covering of straw was never used among the Jews, since it was demanded of them to make bricks without it. Therefore this is really nothing but, under the specious pretence of learning and antiquities, to impose upon the world. There are other things which I cannot tolerate among his rarities: as, the china figure of a lady in the glass-case; the Italian engine for the imprisonment of those who go abroad with it: both which I hereby order to be taken down, or else he may expect to have his letters-patent for making punch superseded, be debarred wearing his muff next winter, or ever coming to London without his wife. It may perhaps be thought, I have dwelt too long upon the affairs of this operator; but I desire the reader to remember, that it is my way to consider men as they stand in merit, and not according to their fortune or figure; and if he is in a coffee-house at the reading hereof, let him look round, and he will find, there may be more characters drawn in this account than that of Don Saltero; for half the politicians about him, he may observe, are by their place in nature, of the class of tooth-drawers.

* Vice admiral Munden, and some other sea officers, who had been much upon the coasts of Spain, and in the Mediterranean, frequented this house, and gave this Spanish termination to the name of the landlord, which soon came into general use. They likewise gave him the most of his curiosities, among which was the relics of a Spanish saint, that had some how or other fallen into their hands, who was said to have wrought miracles.

Digitized by Google

No. 35.] *Thursday, June 30, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines——
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.*

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

*Grecian Coffee-house, June 28.*

THERE is a habit or custom which I have put my patience to the utmost stretch to have suffered so long, because several of my intimate friends are in the guilt; and that is, the humour of taking snuff, and looking dirty about the mouth by way of ornament.

My method is, to dive to the bottom of a sore before I pretend to apply a remedy. For this reason, I sat by an eminent story-teller and politician, who takes half an ounce in five seconds, and has mortgaged a pretty tenement near the town, merely to improve and dung his brains with this prolific powder. I observed this gentleman, the other day, in the midst of a story, diverted from it by looking at something at a distance, and I softly hid his box. But he returns to his tale, and, looking for his box, he cries, 'And so, sir—' Then, when he should have taken a pinch, 'As I was saying—' says he, 'has nobody seen my box?' His friend beseeches him to finish his narration: then he proceeds; 'And so, sir—where can my box be?' Then turning to me, 'Pray, sir, did you see my box?' 'Yes, sir,' said I 'I took it to see how long you could live without it.' He resumes his tale, and I took notice that his dulness was much more regular and fluent than before. A pinch supplied the place of 'As I was saying,' and 'So, sir;' and he went on currently enough in that style which the learned call the insipid. This observation easily led me into a philosophic reason for taking snuff, which is done only to supply with sensations the want of reflection. This I take to be an σύρηκα, a nostrum; upon which I hope to receive the thanks of this board: for as it is natural to lift a man's hand to a sore, when you fear any thing coming at you; so when a person feels his thoughts are

Digitized by Google

run out, and he has no more to say, it is as natural to supply his weak brain with powder at the nearest place of access, viz. the nostrils. This is so evident, that nature suggests the use according to the indigence of the persons who take this medicine, without being prepossessed with the force of fashion or custom. For example; the native Hibernians, who are reckoned not much unlike the ancient Bœotians, take this specific for emptiness in the head, in greater abundance than any other nation under the sun. The learned Sotus, as sparing as he is in his words, would be still more silent if it were not for this powder.

However low and poor the taking of snuff argues a man to be in his own stock of thoughts, or means to employ his brains and his fingers; yet there is a poorer creature in the world than he, and this is a borrower of snuff; a fellow that keeps no box of his own, but is always asking others for a pinch. Such poor rogues put me always in mind of a common phrase among school-boys when they are composing their exercise, who run to an upper scholar, and cry, 'Pray give me a little sense.' But of all things commend me to the ladies who are got into this pretty help to discourse. I have been these three years persuading Sagissa* to leave it off; but she talks so much, and is so learned, that she is above contradiction. However, an accident the other day brought that about, which my eloquence could never accomplish. She had a Very Pretty Fellow in her closet, who ran thither to avoid some company that came to visit her: she made an excuse to go in to him for some implement they were talking of. Her eager gallant snatched a kiss; but, being unused to snuff, some grains from off her upper lip made him sneeze aloud, which alarmed the visitants, and has made a discovery, that profound reading, very much intelligence, and a general knowledge of who and who are together, cannot fill her

* The ingenious lady here alluded to, under the name of Sagissa, a diminutive from the word Sage, was probably Mrs. De la Riviere Manley, who provoked Steele by the liberties she had taken with his character in her 'Secret Memoirs from the New Atlantis,' &c. She indiscreetly renewed similar provocations in her after writings, and in return was treated most unmercifully.

Digitized by Google

vacant hours so much, but she is sometimes obliged to decend to entertainments less intellectual.

*White's Chocolate-house, June 29.*

I know no manner of news from this place, but that Cynthio, having been long in despair for the inexorable Clarissa, lately resolved to fall in love with the good old way of bargain and sale, and has pitched upon a very agreeable young woman. He will undoubtedly succeed; for he accosts her in a strain of familiarity, without breaking through the deference that is due to a woman whom a man would choose for his life.* I have hardly ever heard rough truth spoken with a better grace than in this his letter.

'MADAM,

'I writ to you on Saturday by Mrs. Lucy, and give you this trouble to urge the same request I made then, which was, that I may be permitted to wait upon you. I should be very far from desiring this, if it was a transgression of the most severe rules to allow it: I know you are very much above the little arts which are frequent in your sex, of giving unnecessary torments to their admirers; therefore hope you will do so much justice to the generous passion I have for you, as to let me have an opportunity of acquainting you upon what motives I pretend to your good opinion. I shall not trouble you with my sentiments, until I know how they will be received; and as I know no reason why difference of sex should make our language to each other differ from the ordinary rules of right reason, I shall affect plainness and sincerity in my discourse to you, as much as other lovers do perplexity and rapture. Instead of saying, I shall die for you, I profess, I should be glad to lead my life with you: you are as beautiful, as witty, as prudent, and as good-humoured, as any woman breathing; but, I must confess to you, I regard all these excellences as you will please to direct them

* Lord Hinchinbroke married lady Elizabeth Popham only daughter of Alexander Popham, Esq. of Littlecote in Wiltshire.

Digitized by Google

for my happiness or misery. With me, madam, the only lasting motive to love is the hope of its becoming mutual. I beg of you to let Mrs. Lucy send me word when I may attend you. I promise you I will talk of nothing but indifferent things; though, at the same time, I know not how I shall approach you in the tender moment of first seeing you, after this declaration of, madam, your most obedient, and most faithful humble servant, &c.

*Will's Coffee-house, June 29.*

Having taken a resolution, when plays are acted next winter by an entire good company, to publish observations from time to time on the performance of the actors, I think it but just to give an abstract of the laws of action, for the help of the less learned part of the audience, that they may rationally enjoy so refined and instructive a pleasure as a just representation of human life. The great errors in playing are admirably well exposed in Hamlet's directions to the actors who are to play in his supposed tragedy; by which we shall form our future judgments on their behaviour, and for that reason you have the discourse as follows.

'Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for, in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise; I would have such a fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod, pray you avoid it. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is

Digitized by Google

from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this, over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which, one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably. This should be reformed altogether. And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.'

*From my own Apartment, June* 29.

It would be a very great obligation, and an assistance to my treatise upon punning, if any one would please to inform me in what class among the learned, who play with words, to place the author of the following letter.

'SIR,

'Not long since you were pleased to give us a chimerical account of the famous family of the Staffs, from whence I suppose you would insinuate, that it is the most ancient and numerous house in all Europe. But I positively deny that it is either, and wonder much at your audacious proceedings in this manner, since it is well known, that our most illustrious, most renowned, and most celebrated Roman family of Ix has enjoyed the precedency to all others, from the reign of good old Saturn. I could say



Digitized by Google

much to the defamation and disgrace of your family; as, that your relations Distaff and Broomstaff were both inconsiderable mean persons, one spinning, the other sweeping the streets, for their daily bread. But I forbear to vent my spleen on objects so much beneath my indignation. I shall only give the world a catalogue of my ancestors, and leave them to determine which hath hitherto had, and which for the future ought to have, the preference.

First then comes the most famous and popular lady Meretrix, parent of the fertile family of Bellatrix, Famulatrix, Nutrix, Obstetrix, Lotrix, Netrix, Coctrix, Ornatrix, Sarcinatrix, Fextrix, Balneatrix, Portatrix, Saltatrix, Divinatrix, Conjectrix, Comtrix, Debitrix, Creditrix, Donatrix, Ambulatrix, Mercatrix, Adsectrix, Assectatrix, Palpatrix, Præceptrix, Pistrix.

'I am yours,

'ELIZ. POTATRIX.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, June* 17.

Letters from Brussels of the second of July, N. S. say, that the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene, having received advice that the marshal Villars had drawn a considerable body out of the garrison of Tournay, to reinforce his army, marched towards that place, and came before it early in the morning of the twenty-seventh. As soon as they came into that ground, the prince of Nassau was sent with a strong detachment to take post at Saint Amand; and, at the same time, my lord Orkney received orders to possess himself of Mortagne; both which were successfully executed; whereby we were masters of the Scheld and Scarp. Eight men were drawn out of each troop of dragoons and company of foot in the garrison of Tournay, to make up the reinforcement which was ordered to join marshal Villars. On advice, that the allies were marching towards Tournay, they endeavoured to return into the town, but were intercepted by the earl of Orkney, by whom the whole body was killed or taken. These letters add, that twelve hundred dragoons (each horseman carrying a foot-soldier behind him) were detached from Mons

Digitized by Google

to throw themselves into Tournay, but, upon appearance of a great body of horse of the allies, retired towards Conde. We hear that the garrison does not consist of more than three thousand five hundred men. Of the sixty battalions designed to be employed in this siege, seven are English, viz. two of guards, and the regiments of Argyle, Temple, Evans, and Meredith.

No. 36.] *Saturday, July* 2, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

*From my own Apartment, June* 30.

MANY affairs calling my brother into the country, the care of our intelligence with the town is left to me for some time; therefore you must expect the advices you meet with in this paper, to be such as more immediately and naturally fall under the consideration of our sex. History, therefore, written by a woman, you will easily imagine to consist of love in all its forms, both in the abuse of, and obedience to that passion. As to the faculty of writing itself, it will not, it is hoped, be demanded that style and ornament shall be so much consulted, as truth and simplicity; which latter qualities we may more justly pretend to beyond the other sex. While, therefore, the administration of our affairs is in my hands, you shall from time to time have an exact account of all false lovers, and their shallow pretences for breaking off; of all termagant wives who make wedlock a yoke; of men who affect the entertainments and manners suitable only to our sex, and women who pretend to the conduct of such affairs as are only within the province of men. It is necessary further to advertise the reader, that the usual

Digitized by Google

places of resort being utterly out of my province or observation, I shall be obliged frequently to change the dates of places, as occurrences come into my way. The following letter I lately received from Epsom.*

'*Epsom, June* 28.

'It is now almost three weeks since what you writ about happened in this place: The quarrel between my friends did not run so high as I find your accounts have made it. The truth of the fact you shall have very faithfully. You are to understand, that the persons concerned in this scene were lady Autumn and lady Springly: Autumn is a person of good breeding, formality, and a singular way practised in the last age; and lady Springly a modern impertinent of our sex, who affects as improper a familiarity, as the other does distance. Lady Autumn knows to a hair's breadth where her place is in all assemblies and conversations; but Springly neither gives nor takes place of any body, but understands the place to signify no more, than to have room enough to be at ease wherever she comes. Thus, while Autumn takes the whole of this life to consist in understanding punctilio and decorum, Springly takes every thing to be becoming, which contributes to her ease and satisfaction. These heroines have married two brothers, both knights. Springly is the spouse of the elder, who is a baronet; and Autumn, being a rich widow, has taken the younger, and her purse endowed him with an equal fortune, and knighthood of the same order. This jumble of titles, you need not doubt, has been an aching torment to Autumn, who took place of the other on no pretence, but her carelessness and disregard of distinction. The secret occasion of envy broiled long in the breast of Autumn; but no opportunity of contention on that subject happening, kept all things quiet until the accident of which you demand an account.

'It was given out among all the gay people of this place,

* About this time Epsom was a place pretty much resorted to in the summer season; but the company there generally consisted more of people in health, than of persons who had any real want of its mineral waters.

Digitized by Google

that on the ninth instant several damsels, swift of foot, were to run for a suit of head-cloaths at the Old Wells. Lady Autumn on this occasion invited Springly to go with her in her coach to see the race. When they came to the place, where the governor of Epsom and all his court of citizens were assembled, as well as a crowd of people of all orders, a brisk young fellow addresses himself to the younger of the ladies, viz. Springly, and offers her his service to conduct her into the music-room. Springly accepts the compliment, and is led triumphantly through a bowing crowd, while Autumn is left among the rabble, and has much ado to get back into her coach; but she did it at last: and as it is usual to see by the horses my lady's present disposition, she orders John to whip furiously home to her husband; where, when she enters, down she sits, began to unpin her hood, and lament her foolish fond heart, to marry into a family where she was so little regarded; she that might ——. Here she stops; then rises up, and stamps and sits down again. Her gentle knight made his approach with a supple beseeching gesture. "My dear!" said he——"Tell me no dears!" replied Autumn, in the presence of the governor and all the merchants——"What will the world say of a woman that has thrown herself away at this rate?" Sir Thomas withdrew, and knew it would not be long a secret to him; as well as that experience told him, he that marries a fortune is of course guilty of all faults against his wife, let them be committed by whom they will. But Springly, an hour or two after, returns from the Wells, and finds the whole company together. Down she sat, and a profound silence ensued. You know a premeditated quarrel usually begins, and works up with the words *some people*. The silence was broken by lady Autumn, who began to say, "There are some people who fancy, that if some people"—Springly immediately takes her up, "There are some people who fancy, if other people"—Autumn repartees, "People may give themselves airs; but other people, perhaps, who make less ado, may be, perhaps, as agreeable as people who set themselves out more." All

Digitized by Google

the other people at the table sat mute, while these two people, who were quarrelling, went on with the use of the word *people*, instancing the very accidents between them, as if they kept only in distant hints. Therefore, says Autumn, reddening, "There are some people will go abroad in other people's coaches, and leave those with whom they went to shift for themselves: and if, perhaps, those people have married the younger brother; yet, perhaps, he may be beholden to those people for what he is. Springly smartly answers, "People may bring so much ill-humour into a family, as people may repent their receiving their money;" and goes on—— "Every body is not considerable enough to give her uneasiness." Upon this Autumn comes up to her, and desired her to kiss her, and never to see her again; which her sister refusing, my lady gave her a box on the ear.——Springly returns; "Ay, ay," said she, "I knew well enough you meant me by your some people;" and gives her another on the other side. To it they went with most masculine fury; each husband ran in. The wives immediately fell upon their husbands, and tore perriwigs and cravats, the company interposed; when (according to the slip-knot of matrimony, which makes them return to one another when any put in between) the ladies and their husbands fell upon all the rest of the company; and, having beat all their friends and relations out of the house, came to themselves time enough to know, there was no bearing the jest of the place after these adventures, and therefore marched off the next day. It is said, the governor has sent several joints of mutton, and has proposed divers dishes very exquisitely dressed, to bring them down again. From his address and knowledge in roast and boiled, all our hopes of the return of this good company depend. I am, dear Jenny,

'Your ready friend and servant.

'MARTHA TATLER.'

*White's Chocolate-house, June* 30.

This day appeared here a figure of a person, whose services to the fair sex have reduced him to a kind of existence

Digitized by Google

for which there is no name. If there be a condition between life and death, without being absolutely dead or living, his state is that. His aspect and complexion, in his robust days, gave him the illustrious title of Africanus: but it is not only from the warm climates in which he has served, nor from the disasters which he has suffered, that he deserves the same appellation with that renowned Roman; but the magnanimity with which he appears in his last moments, is what gives him the undoubted character of hero. Cato stabbed himself, and Hannibal drank poison; but our Africanus lives in the continual puncture of aching bones and poisoned juices. The old heroes fled from torments, by death; and this modern lives in death and torments, with a heart wholly bent upon a supply for remaining in them. An ordinary spirit would sink under his oppressions, but he makes an advantage of his very sorrow, and raises an income from his diseases. Long has this worthy been conversant in bartering, and knows that when stocks are lowest it is the time to buy. Therefore, with much prudence and tranquillity, he thinks, that now, he has not a bone sound, but a thousand nodous parts for which the anatomists have not words, and more diseases than the college ever heard of, it is the only time to purchase an annuity for life. Sir Thomas told me, it was an entertainment more surprising and pleasant than can be imagined, to see an inhabitant of neither world, without hand to lift, or leg to move, scarce tongue to utter his meaning, so keen upon biting the whole world, and making bubbles at his exit. Sir Thomas added, that he would have bought twelve shillings a-year of him, but that he feared there was some trick in it, and believed him already dead. 'What,' says the knight, 'is Mr. Partridge whom I met just now going on both his legs firmer than I can, allowed to be quite dead; and shall Africanus, without one limb that can do its office, be pronounced alive?'

What heightened the tragi-comedy of this market for annuities was, that the observation of it provoked Monoculus (who is the most eloquent of all men) to many excel-

Digitized by Google

lent reflections, which he spoke with the vehemence and language both of a gamester and an orator. 'When I cast,' said that delightful speaker, 'my eye upon thee, thou unaccountable Africanus, I cannot but call myself as unaccountable as thou art; for certainly we were born to show what contradictions nature is pleased to form in the same species. Here am I, able to eat, to drink, to sleep, and to do all acts of nature, except begetting my like; and yet, by an unintelligible force of spleen and fancy, I every moment imagine I am dying. It is utter madness in thee to provide for supper; for I will bet you ten to one, you do not live until half an hour after four; and yet I am so distracted as to be in fear every moment, though I will lay ten to three, I drink three pints of burnt claret at your funeral three nights hence. After all, I envy thee; thou who, dying, hast no sense of death, art happier than one in health, who always fears it.' The knight had gone on, but that a third man ended the scene, by applauding the knight's eloquence and philosophy, in a laughter too violent for his own constitution, as much as he mocked that of Africanus and Monoculus.

*St. James's Coffee-house, July* 1.

This day arrived here three mails from Holland, with advices relating to the affairs of the Low-Countries, which say, that the confederate army extends from Louchin, on the causeway between Tournay and Lisle, to Epain, near Mortagne on the Scheld. The marshal Villars remains in his camp at Lens; but it is said, he detached ten thousand men under the command of the chevalier de Luxemburg, with orders to form a camp at Crepin on the Haine, between Conde and St. Guillain, where he is to be joined by the elector of Bavaria with a body of troops, and after their conjunction, to attempt to march into Brabant. But they write from Brussels, that the duke of Marlborough having it equally in his power to make detachments to the same parts, they are under no apprehensions from these reports for the safety of their country. They further add from Brussels, that they have good authority for be-

Digitized by Google

lieving that the French troops under the conduct of the marshal de Bezons are retiring out of Spain.

No. 37.] *Tuesday, July 5,* 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

*White's Chocolate-house, July 2.*

It may be thought very unaccountable, that I, who can never be supposed to go to White's, should pretend to talk to you of matters proper for, or in the style of that place. But though I never visit these public haunts, I converse with those who do; and for all they pretend so much to the contrary, they are as talkative as our sex, and as much at a loss to entertain the present company, without sacrificing the last as we ourselves. This reflection has led me into the consideration of the use of speech; and made me look over in my memory, all my acquaintance of both sexes, to know to which I may more justly impute the sin of superfluous discourse in regard to conversation, without entering into it, as it repects religion.

I foresee my acquaintance will immediately, upon starting this subject, ask me how I shall celebrate Mrs. Alse Copswood, the Yorkshire huntress, who is come to town lately, and moves as if she were on her nag, and going to take a five-bar gate; and is as loud as if she were following her dogs? I can easily answer that; for she is as soft as Damon, in comparison of her brother-in-law, Tom Bellfrey, who is the most accomplished man in this kingdom for all gentleman-like activities and accomplishments. It is allowed, that he is a professed enemy to the Italian performers in music. But then for our own native manner, according to the customs and known usages of our island, he is to be preferred, for the generality of the pleasure he

Digitized by Google

bestows, much before those fellows, though they sing to full theatres. For what is a theatrical voice to that of a fox-hunter? I have been at a musical entertainment in an open field, where it amazed me to hear to what pitches the chief masters would reach. There was a meeting near our seat in Staffordshire, and the most eminent of all the counties of England were at it. How wonderful was the harmony between men and dogs! Robin Cartail of Bucks was to answer to Jowler; Mr. Tinbreast of Cornwall was appointed to open with Sweetlips, and beau Slimber, a Londoner, undertook to keep up with Trips, a whelp just set in: Tom Bellfrey and Ringwood were coupled together, to fill the cry on all occasions, and be in at the death of the fox, hare, or stag; for which, both the dog and the man were excellently suited, and loved one another, and were as much together as Banister and King. When Jowler first alarmed the field, Cartail repeated every note; Sweetlips's treble succeeded, and shook the wood; Tinbreast echoed a quarter of a mile beyond it. We were soon, after all, at a loss, until we rode up and found Trips and Slimber at a default in half notes: but the day and the tune was recovered by Tom Bellfrey and Ringwood, to the great joy of us all, though they drowned every other voice: for Bellfrey carries a note four furlongs, three rods, and six paces, farther than any other in England.

I fear the mention of this will be thought a digression from my purpose about speech: but I answer, no. Since this is used where speech rather should be employed, it may come into consideration in the same chapter: for Mr. Bellfrey being at a visit where I was, viz. at his cousin's (Lady Dainty's) in Soho-square, was asked, what entertainments they had in the country? Now, Bellfrey is very ignorant, and much a clown; but confident withal. In a word, he struck up a fox-chase; lady Dainty's dog, Mr. Sippet, as she calls him, started, jumped out of his lady's lap, and fell a-barking. Bellfrey went on, and called all the neighbouring parishes into the square. Never was woman in such confusion as that delicate lady. But there was no stopping her kinsman. A room full of ladies fell

Digitized by Google

into the most violent laughter: My lady looked as if she was shrieking: Mr. Sippet in the middle of the room, breaking his heart with barking, but all of us unheard. As soon as Bellfrey became silent, up gets my lady, and takes him by the arm, to lead him off; Bellfrey was in his boots. As she was hurrying him away, his spurs take hold of her petticoat; his whip throws down a cabinet of china: he cries, 'What! are your crocks rotten? are your petticoats ragged? a man cannot walk in your house for trincums.'

Every county of Great Britain has one hundred or more of this sort of fellows, who roar instead of speaking. Therefore, if it be true, that we women are also given to a greater fluency of words than is necessary, sure, she that disturbs but a room or a family, is more to be tolerated, than one who draws together whole parishes and counties, and sometimes (with an estate that might make him the blessing and ornament of the world around him) has no other view and ambition, but to be an animal above dogs and horses, without the relish of any one enjoyment which is peculiar to the faculties of human nature. I know it will here be said, that talking of mere country squires at this rate, is, as it were, to write against Valentine and Orson. To prove any thing against the race of men, you must take them as they are adorned with education; as they live in courts, or have received instructions in colleges.

But I am so full of my late entertainment by Mr. Bellfrey, that I must defer pursuing this subject to another day; and wave the proper observations upon the different offenders in this kind, some by profound eloquence on small occasions, others by degrading speech upon great circumstances. Expect, therefore, to hear of the whisperer without business, the laugher without wit, the complainer without receiving injuries, and a very large crowd, which I shall not forestall, who are common (though not commonly observed) impertinents, whose tongues are too voluble for their brains, and are the general despisers of us women, though we have their superiors, men of sense, for our servants.

Digitized by Google

*Will's Coffee-house, July* 3.

A very ingenious gentleman was complaining this evening, that the players are grown so severe critics, that they would not take in his play, though it has as many fine things in it as any play that has been writ since the days of Dryden. He began his discourse about his play with a preface.

'There is,' said he, 'somewhat (however we palliate it) in the very frame and make of us, that subjects our minds to chagrin and irresolution on any emergency of time or place. The difficulty grows on our sickened imagination, under all the killing circumstances of danger and disappointment. This we see, not only in the men of retirement and fancy, but in the characters of the men of action; with this only difference, the coward sees the danger, and sickens under it; the hero, warmed by the difficulty, dilates, and rises in proportion to that, and in some sort makes use of his very fears to disarm it. A remarkable instance of this we have in the great Cæsar, when he came to the Rubicon, and was entering upon a part, perhaps the most hazardous he ever bore (certainly the most ungrateful) a war with his countrymen. When his mind brooded o'er personal affronts, perhaps his anger burned with a desire of revenge. But when more serious reflections laid before him the hazard of the enterprize, with the dismal consequences which were likely to attend it, aggravated by a special circumstance, "What figure it would bear in the world, or how be excused to posterity! What shall he do?"——His honour, which was his religion, bids him arm; and he sounds the inclinations of his party, by this set speech:

*Cæsar to his Party at the Rubicon.*

'Great Jove, attend, and thou my native soil,
Safe in my triumphs, glutted in my spoil;
Witness with what reluctance I oppose
My arms to thine, secure of other foes.
What passive breast can bear disgrace like mine?
*Traitor!*—For this I conquer'd on the Rhine,

Digitized by Google

Endur'd their ten years drudgery in Gaul,
Adjourn'd their fate and sav'd the Capitol.
I grew by every guilty triumph less;
The crowd, when drunk with joy, their souls express,
Impatient of the war, yet fear success.
Brave actions dazzle with too bright a ray,
Like birds obscene, they chatter at the day;
Giddy with rule, and valiant in debate,
They throw the die of war, to save the state.
And Gods! to gild ingratitude with fame,
Assume the patriot's, we the rebel's name.
Farewell, my friends, your general forlorn,
To your bare pity, and the public scorn,
Must lay that honour and his laurel down,
To serve the vain caprices of the gown;
Expos'd to all indignities, the brave
Deserve of those they gloried but to save,
To rods and axes!—No, the slaves can't dare
Play with my grief, and tempt my last despair.
This, shall the honours which it won, maintain,
Or do me justice, ere I hug my chain.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, July 4.*

There has arrived no mail since our last; so that we have no manner of foreign news, except we were to give you for such, the many speculations which are on foot concerning what was imported by the last advices. There are, it seems, sixty battalions and seventeen squadrons appointed to serve in the siege of Tournay; the garrison of which place consists of but eleven battalions and four squadrons. Letters of the twenty-ninth of the last month from Berlin, have brought advice, that the kings of Denmark and Prussia, and his majesty Augustus, were, within few days, to come to an interview at Potsdam. These letters mention, that two Polish princes, of the family of Sapieha and Lubermirsky, lately arrived from Paris, confirm the reports of the misery in France for want of provisions, and give a particular instance of it; which is, that on the day monsieur Rouille returned to court, the common people gathered in crowds about the dauphin's coach, crying, 'Peace and bread, bread and peace.'

Mrs. Distaff has taken upon her, while she writes this paper, to turn her thoughts wholly to the service of her own sex, and to propose remedies against the greatest



Digitized by Google

vexations attending female life. She has for this end written a small treatise concerning the Second Word, with an appendix on the use of a Reply, very proper for all such as are married to persons either ill-bred, or ill-natured. There is in this tract a digression for the use of virgins, concerning the words, I Will.

A gentlewoman who has a very delicate ear, wants a maid who can whisper, and help her in the government of her family. If the said servant can clear-starch, lisp, and tread softly, she shall have suitable encouragement in her wages.

---

No. 38.] *Thursday, July 7, 1709.*

* Quicquid agunt homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

*From my own Apartment, July 6.*

I FIND among my brother's papers the following letter verbatim, which I wonder how he could suppress so long as he has, since it was sent him for no other end, but to show the good effect his writings have already had upon the ill customs of the age.

'SIR, London, June 23.

'The end of all public papers ought to be the benefit and instruction, as well as the diversion of the readers: to which I see none so truly conducive as your late performances; especially those tending to the rooting out from among us, that unchristian-like and bloody custom of duelling; which, that you have already in some measure performed, will appear to the public in the following no less true than heroic story.

'A noble gentleman of this city, who has the honour of serving his country as major of the trainbands, being at

Digitized by Google

the general mart of stockjobbers, called Jonathan's, endeavouring to raise himself (as all men of honour ought) to the degree of colonel at least; it happened that he bought the *bear* of another officer, who, though not commissioned in the army, yet no less eminently serves the public than the other, in raising the credit of the kingdom, by raising that of the stocks. However, having sold the *bear*, and words arising about the delivery, the most noble major, no less scorning to be outwitted in the coffee-house, than to run into the field, according to method, abused the other with the titles of rogue, villain, bear-skin-man, and the like. Whereupon satisfaction was demanded, and accepted; so, forth the major marched, commanding his adversary to follow. To a most spacious room in the sheriff's house, near the place of quarrel, they come; where, having due regard to what you have lately published, they resolved not to shed one another's blood in that barbarous manner you prohibited; yet, not willing to put up affronts without satisfaction, they stripped, and, in decent manner, fought full fairly with their wrathful hands. The combat lasted a quarter of an hour; in which time victory was often doubtful, and many a dry blow was strenuously laid on by each side, until the major, finding his adversary obstinate, unwilling to give him further chastisement, with most shrill voice cried out, "I am satisfied, enough!" Whereupon the combat ceased, and both were friends immediately.

'Thus the world may see, how necessary it is to encourage those men, who make it their business to instruct the people in every thing necessary for their preservation. I am informed, a body of worthy citizens have agreed on an address of thanks to you, for what you have writ on the foregoing subject, whereby they acknowledge one of their highly esteemed officers preserved from death.

'Your humble servant,

'A. B.'

I fear the word *bear* is hardly to be understood among the polite people; but I take the meaning to be, that one

Digitized by Google

who insures a real value upon an imaginary thing, is said to sell a *bear*, and is the same thing as a promise among courtiers, or a vow between lovers. I have writ to my brother to hasten to town; and hope that printing the letters directed to him, which I know not how to answer, will bring him speedily; and, therefore, I add also the following:

'MR. BICKERSTAFF, July 5, 1709.

'You have hinted a generous intention of taking under your consideration the whisperers without business, and laughers without occasion; as you tender the welfare of your country, I entreat you not to forget or delay so public-spirited a work. Now or never is the time. Many other calamities may cease with the war; but I dismally dread the multiplication of these mortals under the ease and luxuriousness of a settled peace, half the blessing of which may be destroyed by them. Their mistake lies certainly here, in a wretched belief, that their mimicry passes for real business, or true wit. Dear sir, convince them, that it never was, is, or ever will be, either of them; nor ever did, does, or to all futurity ever can, look like either of them; but that it is the most cursed disturbance in nature, which is possible to be inflicted on mankind, under the noble definition of a sociable creature. In doing this, sir, you will oblige more humble servants than can find room to subscribe their names.'

*White's Chocolate-house, July* 6.

In pursuance to my last date from hence, I am to proceed on the accounts I promised of several personages among the men, whose conspicuous fortunes, or ambition in showing their follies, have exalted them above their fellows: The levity of their minds is visible in their every word and gesture, and there is not a day passes but puts me in mind of Mr. Wycherley's character of a coxcomb 'He is ugly all over with the affectation of the fine gentlemen.' Now, though the women may put on softness in their looks, or affected severity, or impertinent gayety, or

Digitized by Google

pert smartness, their self-love and admiration cannot, under any of these disguises, appear so invincible as that of the men. You may easily take notice, that in all their actions there is a secret approbation, either in the tone of their voice, the turn of their body, or cast of their eye, which shows that they are extremely in their own favour.

Take one of your men of business, he shall keep you half an hour with your hat off, entertaining you with his consideration of that affair you spoke of to him last, until he has drawn a crowd that observes you in this grimace. Then, when he is public enough, he immediately runs into secrets, and falls a-whispering. You and he make breaks with adverbs; as, 'But however, thus far;' and then you whisper again, and so on, until they who are about you are dispersed, and your busy man's vanity is no longer gratified by the notice taken of what importance he is, and how inconsiderable you are; for your pretender to business is never in secret, but in public.

There is my dear lord Nowhere, of all men the most gracious and most obliging, the terror of valets de chambre, whom he oppresses with good-breeding, by enquiring for my good lord, and for my good lady's health. This inimitable courtier will whisper a privy-counsellor's lacquey with the utmost goodness and condescension, to know when they next sit; and is thoroughly taken up, and thinks he has a part in a secret, if he knows that there is a secret. 'What it is,' he will whisper you, that 'time will discover;' then he shrugs, and calls you back again——'Sir, I need not say to you, that these things are not to be spoken of—— and harkye, no names, I would not be quoted.' What adds to the jest is, that his emptiness has its moods and seasons, and he will not condescend to let you into these his discoveries, except he is in very good humour, or has seen somebody of fashion talk to you. He will keep his nothing to himself, and pass by and overlook as well as the best of them; not observing that he is insolent when he is gracious, and obliging when he is haughty. Show me a woman so inconsiderable as this frequent character.

But my mind, now I am in, turns to many no less ob-



Digitized by Google

servable: Thou dear Will Shoestring! I profess myself in love with thee! how shall I speak thee? how shall I address thee? how shall I draw thee? thou dear outside! Will you be combing your wig, playing with your box, or picking your teeth? or choosest thou rather to be speaking; to be speaking for thy only purpose in speaking, to show your teeth? Rub them no longer, dear Shoestring:* do not premeditate murder: do not for ever whiten. Oh! that for my quiet and his own they were rotten!

But I will forget him, and give my hand to the courteous Umbra. He is a fine man indeed, but the soft creature bows below my apron-string, before he takes it; yet, after the first ceremonies, he is as familiar as my physician; and his insignificancy makes me half ready to complain to him of all I would to my doctor. He is so courteous, that he carries half the messages of ladies' ails in town to their midwives and nurses. He understands too the art of medicine as far as to the cure of a pimple, or a rash. On occasions of the like importance, he is the most assiduous of all men living, in consulting and searching precedents from family to family; then he speaks of his obsequiousness and diligence in the style of real services. If you sneer at him, and thank him for his great friendship, he bows, and says, 'Madam, all the good offices in my power, while I have any knowledge or credit, shall be at your service.' The consideration of so shallow a being, and the intent application with which he pursues trifles has made me carefully reflect upon that sort of men we usually call an *impertinent*: and I am, upon mature deliberation, so far from being offended with him, that I am really obliged to him; for though he will take you aside, and talk half an hour to you upon matters, wholly insignificant, with the most solemn air, yet I consider, that these things are of weight in his imagination, and he thinks he is communicating what is for my service. If, therefore, it be a just rule, to judge of a man by his intention, according to the equity of good breeding, he that is impertinently kind or

* Sir William Whitlocke, knight, member for Oxon, bencher of the Middle Temple: He is the learned knight mentioned, Tat. No 43.

Digitized by Google

wise, to do you service, ought in return to have a proportionable place both in your affection and esteem; so that the courteous Umbra deserves the favour of all his acquaintance; for though he never served them, he is ever willing to do it, and believes he does it.

As impotent kindness is to be returned with all our abilities to oblige; so impotent malice is to be treated with all our force to depress it. For this reason Flyblow (who is received in all the families in town, through the degeneracy and iniquity of their manners) is to be treated like a knave, though he is one of the weakest of fools: he has by rote, and at second-hand, all that can be said of any man of figure, wit, and virtue, in town. Name a man of worth, and this creature tells you the worst passage of his life. Speak of a beautiful woman, and this puppy will whisper the next man to him, though he has nothing to say of her. He is a fly that feeds on the sore part, and would have nothing to live on if the whole body were in health.' You may know him by the frequency of pronouncing the particle *but*; for which reason I never heard him spoke of with common charity, without using my *but* against him: for a friend of mine saying the other day, Mrs. Distaff has wit, good-humour, virtue, and friendship;' this oaf added, 'But she is not handsome.' 'Coxcomb' the gentleman was saying what I was, not what I was not.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, July 6.*

The approaches before Tournay have been carried on with great success; and our advices from the camp before that place of the eleventh instant say that they had already made a lodgment on the glacis. Two hundred boats were come up the Scheld with the heavy artillery and ammunition, which would be employed in dismounting the enemy's defences, and raised on the batteries the fifteenth. A great body of miners are summoned to the camp, to countermine the works of the enemy. We are convinced of the weakness of the garrison by a certain account, that they called a council of war to consult whether it was not advisable to march into the citadel, and leave the town

Digitized by Google

defenceless. We are assured, that when the confederate army was advancing towards the camp of marshal Villars, that general despatched a courier to his master with a letter, giving an account of their approach, which concluded with the following words: 'The day begins to break, and your majesty's army is already in order of battle. Before noon I hope to have the honour of congratulating your majesty on the success of a great action; and you shall be very well satisfied with the marshal Villars.'

Mrs. Distaff hath received the dialogue, dated Monday evening, which she has sent forward to Mr. Bickerstaff at Maidenhead: and in the mean time gives her service to the parties.

It is to be noted, that when any part of this paper appears dull, there is a design in it.

No. 39.] *Saturday, July* 9, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines ———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

*Grecian Coffee-house, July* 7.

As I am called forth by the immense love I bear to my fellow-creatures, and the warm inclination I feel within me, to stem, as far as I can, the prevailing torrent of vice and ignorance; so I cannot more properly pursue that noble impulse than by setting forth the excellence of virtue and knowledge in their native and beautiful colours. For this reason, I made my late excursion to Oxford, where those qualities appear in their highest lustre, and are the only pretences to honour and distinction. Superiority is there given in proportion to men's advancement in wisdom and learning; and that just rule of life is so universally received among those happy people, that you shall see an

Digitized by Google

earl walk bare-headed to the son of the meanest artificer, in respect to seven years more worth and knowledge than the nobleman is possessed of. In other places they bow to men's fortunes, but here to their understandings. It is not to be expressed, how pleasing the order, the discipline, the regularity of their lives, is to a philosopher, who has, by many years experience in the world, learned to contemn every thing but what is revered in this mansion of select and well-taught spirits. The magnificence of their palaces, the greatness of their revenues, the sweetness of their groves and retirements, seem equally adapted for the residence of princes and philosophers; and a familiarity with objects of splendour, as well as places of recess, prepares the inhabitants with an equanimity for their future fortunes, whether humble or illustrious. How was I pleased when I looked round at St. Mary's and could, in the faces of the ingenious youth, see ministers of state, chancellors, bishops, and judges. Here only is human life! Here only the life of man is that of a rational being! Here men understand and are employed in works worthy their noble nature. This transitory being passes away in an employment not unworthy a future state, the contemplation of the great decrees of Providence. Each man lives as if he were to answer the questions made to Job, 'Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Who shut up the sea with doors, and said, Hitherto thou shalt come, and no farther?' Such speculations make life agreeable, and death welcome.

But, alas! I was torn from this noble society by the business of this dirty mean world, and the cares of fortune: for I was obliged to be in London against the seventh day of the term, and accordingly governed myself by my Oxford almanack,* and came last night; but find, to my great astonishment, that this ignorant town began the term on

* The humour of this paper is not peculiarly restricted to the Oxford almanack for the year 1709; it is equally applicable to all the Oxford almanacks before or since that period, being founded on the difference between the University terms and the Law terms, just as obvious now as it was then, as may be seen, by comparing the Oxford with the London almanack.

Digitized by Google

the twenty-fourth of the last month, in opposition to all the learning and astronomy of the famous University of which I have been speaking; according to which, the term certainly was to commence on the first instant. You may be sure a man, who has turned his studies as I have, could not be mistaken in point of time; for knowing I was to come to town in term, I examined the passing moments very narrowly, and called an eminent astronomer to my assistance. Upon very strict observation we found, that the cold has been so severe this last winter (which is allowed to have a benumbing quality) that it retarded the earth in moving round, from Christmas to this season, full seven days and two seconds. My learned friend assured me further, that the earth had lately received a shogg from a comet that crossed its vortex, which, if it had come ten degrees nearer to us had made us lose this whole term. I was indeed once of opinion that the Gregorian computation was the most regular, as being eleven days before the Julian; but am now fully convinced, that we ought to be seven days after the chancellor and judges, and eighteen before the pope of Rome; and that the Oxonian computation is the best of the three.

These are the reasons which I have gathered from philosophy and nature; to which I can add other circumstances in vindication of the account of this learned body who publish this almanack.

It is notorious to philosophers, that joy and grief can hasten and delay time. Mr. Locke is of opinion, that a man in great misery may so far lose his measure, as to think a minute an hour; or in joy make an hour a minute. Let us examine the present case by this rule, and we shall find, that the cause of this general mistake in the British nation, has been the great success of the last campaign, and the following hopes of peace. Stocks ran so high at the Exchange, that the citizens had gained three days of the courtiers; and we have indeed been so happy all this reign, that if the University did not rectify our mistakes, we should think ourselves but in the second year of her present majesty. It would be endless to enumerate the

Digitized by Google

many damages that have happened by this ignorance of the vulgar All the recognisances within the diocess of Oxford have been forfeited; for not appearing on the first day of this fictitious term. The University has been non-suited in their action against the booksellers for printing Clarendon in quarto. Indeed, what gives me the most quick concern, is the case of a poor gentleman, my friend, who was the other day taken in execution by a set of ignorant bailiffs. He should, it seems, have pleaded in the first week of term; but being a master of Arts of Oxford, he would not recede from the Oxonian computation. He showed Mr. Broad the almanack, and the very day when the term began; but the merciless, ignorant fellow, against all sense and learning, would hurry him away. He went, indeed, quietly enough; but he has taken exact notes of the time of arrest, and sufficient witnesses of his being carried into goal; and has, by advice of the recorder of Oxford, brought his action; and we doubt not but we shall pay them off with damages, and blemish the reputation of Mr. Broad. We have one convincing proof, which all that frequent the courts of justice are witnesses of: the dog that comes constantly to Westminster on the first day of the term, did not appear until the first day according to the Oxford almanack; whose instinct I take to be a better guide than men's erroneous opinions, which are usually biassed by interest. I judge in this case, as king Charles the Second victualled his navy with the bread which one of his dogs chose of several pieces thrown before him, rather than trust to the asseverations of the victuallers. Mr. Cowper,* and other learned counsel, have already urged the authority of this almanack, in behalf of their clients. We shall, therefore, go on with all speed in our cause; and doubt not but chancery will give at the end what we lost in the beginning, by protracting the term for us until Wednesday come seven-night. And the University Orator shall for ever pray, &c.

* Spencer Cowper, brother to the first earl of the name, at that time a celebrated counsellor, and afterwards chief justice of the common pleas.

Digitized by Google

*From my own Apartment July 7.*

The subject of duels has, I find, been started with so good success, that it has been the frequent subject of conversation among polite men; and a dialogue of that kind has been transmitted to me verbatim as follows. The persons concerned in it are men of honour and experience in the manners of men, and have fallen upon the truest foundation, as well as searched the bottom of this evil.

*Mr. Sage.* If it were in my power every man, that drew his sword, unless in the service, or purely to defend his life, person, or goods, from violence (I mean abstracted from all punctoes or whims of honour) should ride the wooden horse in the Tilt-yard for such first offence; for the second, stand in the pillory; and for the third, be prisoner in Bedlam for life.

*Col. Plume.* I remember that a rencounter or duel was so far from being in fashion among the officers that served in the parliament-army, that, on the contrary, it was as disreputable, and as great an impediment to advancement in the service, as being bashful in time of action.

*Sir Mark.* Yet I have been informed by some old cavaliers, of famous reputation for brave and gallant men, that they were much more in mode among their party than they have been during this last war.

*Col. Plume.* That is true too, sir.

*Mr. Sage.* By what you say, gentlemen, one should think that our present military officers are compounded of an equal proportion of both those tempers; since duels are neither quite discountenanced, nor much in vogue.

*Sir Mark.* That difference of temper in regard to duels, which appears to have been between the court and the parliament-men of the sword, was not (I conceive) for want of courage in the latter, nor of a liberal education, because there were some of the best families in England engaged in that party; but gallantry and mode, which glitter agreeably to the imagination, were encouraged by the court, as promoting its splendour; and it was as natural that the contrary party (who were to recommend them-

Digitized by Google

selves to the public for men of serious and solid parts) should deviate from every thing chimerical.

*Mr. Sage.* I have never read of a duel among the Romans, and yet their nobility used more liberty with their tongues than one may do now without being challenged.

*Sir Mark.* Perhaps the Romans were of opinion, that ill-language and brutal manners reflected only on those who were guilty of them; and that a man's reputation was not at all cleared by cutting the person's throat who had reflected upon it: but the custom of those times had fixed the scandal in the action; whereas now it lies in the reproach.

*Mr. Sage.* And yet the only sort of duel that one can conceive to have been fought upon motives truly honourable and allowable, was that between the Horatii and Curiatii.

*Sir Mark.* Colonel Plume, pray what was the method of single combat in your time among the cavaliers? I suppose, that as the use of clothes continues, though the fashion of them has been mutable; so duels, though still in use, have had in all times their particular modes of performance.

*Col. Plume.* We had no constant rule, but generally conducted our dispute and tilt according to the last that had happened between persons of reputation among the very top fellows for bravery and gallantry.

*Sir Mark.* If the fashion of quarrelling and tilting was so often changed in your time, colonel Plume, a man might fight, yet lose his credit for want of understanding the fashion.

*Col. Plume.* Why, sir Mark, in the beginning of July a man would have been censured for want of courage, or been thought indigent of the true notions of honour, if he had put up words, which, in the end of September following, one could not resent without passing for a brutal and quarrelsome fellow.

*Sir Mark.* But, colonel, were duels or rencounters most in fashion in those days?



Digitized by Google

*Col. Plume.* Your men of nice honour, sir, were for avoiding all censure of advantage which they supposed might be taken in a rencounter; therefore they used seconds, who were to see that all was upon the square, and make a faithful report of the whole combat; but in a little time it became a fashion for the seconds to fight; and I will tell you how it happened.

*Mr. Sage.* Pray do, colonel Plume, and the method of a duel at that time, and give us some notion of the punctoes upon which your nice men quarrelled in those days.

*Col. Plume.* I was going to tell you, Mr. Sage, that one cornet Modish had desired his friend captain Smart's opinion in some affair, but did not follow it; upon which captain Smart sent major Adroit (a very topping fellow of those times) to the person that had slighted his advice. The major never enquired into the quarrel, because it was not the manner then among the very topping fellows; but got two swords of an equal length, and then waited upon cornet Modish, desiring him to choose his sword, and meet his friend captain Smart. Cornet Modish came with his friend to the place of combat; there the principals put on their pumps, and stripped to their shirts, to show that they had nothing but what men of honour carry about them, and then engaged.

*Sir. Mark.* And did the seconds stand by, sir?

*Col. Plume.* It was a received custom until that time; but the swords of those days being pretty long, and the principals acting on both sides upon the defensive, and the morning being frosty, major Adroit desired that the other second, who was also a very topping fellow, would try a thrust or two, only to keep them warm, until the principals had decided the matter, which was agreed to by Modish's second, who presently whipt Adroit though the body, disarmed him, and then parted the principals, who had received no harm at all.

*Mr. Sage.* But was not Adroit laughed at?

*Col. Plume.* On the contrary, the very topping fellows were ever after of opinion, that no man, who deserved

Digitized by Google

that character, could serve as a second, without fighting; and the Smarts and Modishes finding their account in it, the humour took without opposition.

*Mr. Sage.* Pray, colonel, how long did that fashion continue?

*Col. Plume.* Not long neither, Mr. Sage; for as soon as it became a fashion, the very topping fellows thought their honour reflected upon, if they did not proffer themselves as seconds when any of their friends had a quarrel, so that sometimes there were a dozen of a side.

*Sir Mark.* Bless me! if that custom had continued, we should have been at a loss now for our very pretty fellows; for they seem to be the proper men to officer, animate, and keep up an army. But, pray, sir, how did that sociable manner of tilting grow out of mode?

*Col. Plume.* Why, sir, I will tell you: it was a law among the combatants, that the party which happened to have the first man disarmed or killed, should yield as vanquished: which some people thought might encourage the Modishes and Smarts in quarrelling to the destruction of only the very topping fellows; and as soon as this reflection was started, the very topping fellows thought it an incumbrance upon their honour to fight at all themselves. Since that time the Modishes and the Smarts, throughout all Europe, have extolled the French king's edict.

*Sir Mark.* Our very pretty fellows, whom I take to be the successors of the very topping fellows, think a quarrel so little fashionable, that they will not be exposed to it by any other man's vanity, or want of sense.

*Mr. Sage.* But, colonel, I have observed in your account of duels, that there was a great exactness in avoiding all advantage that might possibly be between the combatants.

*Col. Plume.* That is true, sir; for the weapons were always equal.

*Mr. Sage.* Yes, sir; but suppose an active adroit strong man had insulted an awkward, or a feeble, or an unpractised swordsman?

*Col. Plume.* Then, sir they fought with pistols.

*Mr. Sage.* But, sir, there might be a certain advan-

Digitized by Google

tage that way; for a good marksman will be sure to hit his man at twenty yard's distance; and a man whose hand shakes (which is common to men that debauch in pleasures, or have not used pistols out of their holsters) will not venture to fire, unless he touches the person he shoots at. Now, sir, I am of opinion, that one can get no honour in killing a man, if one has it all *rug*, as the gamesters say, when they have a trick to make the game secure, though they seem to play upon the square.

*Sir Mark.* In truth, Mr. Sage, I think such a fact must be murder in a man's own private conscience, whatever it may appear to the world.

*Col. Plume.* I have known some men so nice, that they would not fight but upon a cloak with pistols.

*Mr. Sage.* I believe a custom well established would outdo the grand monarch's edict.

*Sir Mark.* And bullies would then leave off their long swords. But I do not find that a very pretty fellow can stay to change his sword when he is insulted by a bully with a long *diego;* though his own at the same time be no longer than a pen-knife; which will certainly be the case if such little swords are in mode. Pray, colonel, how was it between the hectors of your time, and the very topping fellows?

*Col. Plume.* Sir, long swords happened to be generally worn in those times.

*Mr. Sage.* In answer to what you were saying, sir Mark, give me leave to inform you, that your knights-errant (who were the very pretty fellows of those ancient times) thought they could not honourably yield, though they had fought their own trusty weapons to the stumps; but would venture as boldly with the page's leaden sword, as if it had been of enchanted metal. Whence I conceive, there must be a spice of romantic gallantry in the composition of that very pretty fellow.

*Sir Mark.* I am of opinion, Mr. Sage, that fashion governs a Very Pretty Fellow; nature or common sense, your ordinary persons, and sometimes men of fine parts.

*Mr. Sage.* But what is the reason, that men of the most

Digitized by Google

excellent sense and morals, in other points, associate their understandings with the very pretty fellows in that chimera of a duel?

*Sir Mark.* There is no disputing against so great a majority.

*Mr. Sage.* But there is one scruple, colonel Plume, and I have done. Do not you believe there may be some advantage even upon a cloak with pistols, which a man of nice honour would scruple to take?

*Col. Plume.* Faith, I cannot tell, sir; but since one may reasonably suppose that, in such a case, there can be but one so far in the wrong as to occasion matters to come to that extremity, I think the chance of being killed should fall but on one; whereas, by their close and desperate manner of fighting, it may very probably happen to both.

*Sir Mark.* Why, gentlemen, if they are men of such nice honour, and must fight, there will be no fear of foul play, if they threw up cross or pile who should be shot.

---

No. 40.] *Tuesday July* 12, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*Will's Coffee-house, July* 11.

LETTERS from the city of London give an account of a very great consternation that place is in at present, by reason of a late enquiry made at Guildhall whether a noble person has parts enough to deserve the enjoyment of the great estate of which he is possessed?* The city is apprehensive, that this precedent may go farther than was at first imagined. The person against whom this inquisition is set up by his relations, is a peer of a neighbouring kingdom, and has in his youth made some few bulls, by which it is insinuated, that he has forfeited his goods and chattels. This is the more astonishing, in that there are

* Richard, the fifth viscount Wenman.



Digitized by Google

many persons in the said city who are still more guilty than his lordship, and who, though they are idiots, do not only possess, but have also themselves acquired great estates, contrary to the known laws of this realm, which vests their possessions in the crown.

There is a gentleman in the coffee-house at this time exhibiting a bill in chancery against his father's younger brother, who by some strange magic has arrived at the value of half a plumb, as the citizens call a hundred thousand pounds; and in all the time of growing up to that wealth, was never known in any of his ordinary words or actions to discover any proof of reason. Upon this foundation my friend has set forth, that he is illegally master of his coffers, and has writ two epigrams to signify his own pretensions and sufficiency for spending that estate. He has inserted in his plea some things which I fear will give offence; for he pretends to argue, that though a man has a little of the knave mixed with the fool, he is nevertheless liable to the loss of goods; and makes the abuse of reason as just an avoidance of an estate as the total absence of it. This is what can never pass; but witty men are so full of themselves, that there is no persuading them; and my friend will not be convinced, but that upon quoting Solomon, who always used the word fool as a term of the same signification with unjust, and makes all deviation from goodness and virtue to come under the notion of folly; I say, he doubts not, but by the force of this authority, let his idiot uncle appear never so great a knave, he shall prove him a fool at the same time.

This affair led the company here into an examination of these points; and none coming here but wits, what was asserted by a young lawyer, that a lunatic is in the care of the chancery, but a fool in that of the crown, was received with general indignation. 'Why that?' says old Renault. 'Why that? Why must a fool be a courtier more than a madman? This is the iniquity of this dull age. I remember the time when it went on the mad side; all your top-wits were scourers, rakes, roarers, and demolishers of windows. I knew a mad lord, who was drunk five years

Digitized by Google

together, and was the envy of that age, who is faintly imitated by the dull pretenders to vice and madness in this. Had he lived to this day, there had not been a fool in fashion in the whole kingdom.' When Renault had done speaking, a very worthy man assumed the discourse: 'This is,' said he, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, a proper argument for you to treat of in your article from this place; and if you would send your Pandect into all our brains, you would find, that a little fibre or value, scarce discernable, makes the distinction between a politician and an idiot. We should, therefore, throw a veil upon those unhappy instances of human nature, who seem to breathe without the direction of reason and understanding, as we should avert our eyes with abhorrance from such as live in perpetual abuse and contradiction to these noble faculties. Shall this unfortunate man be divested of his estate, because he is tractable and indolent, runs in no man's debt, invades no man's bed, nor spends the estate he owes his children and his character; when one who shews no sense above him, but in such practices, shall be esteemed in his senses, and possibly may pretend to the guardianship of him who is no ways his inferior, but in being less wicked? We see old age brings us indifferently into the same impotence of soul, wherein nature has placed this lord.'

There is something very fantastical in the distribution of civil power and capacity among men. The law certainly gives these persons into the ward and care of the crown, because that is best able to protect them from injuries, and the impositions of craft and knavery; that the life of an idiot may not ruin the entail of a noble house, and his weakness may not frustrate the industry or capacity of the founder of his family. But when one of bright parts, as we say, with his eyes open, and all men's eyes upon him destroys those purposes, there is no remedy. Folly and ignorance are punished! folly and guilt are tolerated! Mr. Locke has somewhere made a distinction between a madman and a fool: a fool is he that from right principles makes a wrong conclusion; but a madman is one who draws a just inference from false principles. Thus the

Digitized by Google

fool who cut off the fellow's head that lay asleep, and hid it, and then waited to see what he would say when he awaked, and missed his head-piece, was in the right in the first thought, that a man would be surprised to find such an alteration in things since he fell asleep; but he was a little mistaken to imagine he could awake at all after his head was cut off. A madman fancies himself a prince; but, upon his mistake, he acts suitably to that character; and though he is out in supposing he has principalities, while he drinks gruel and lies in straw, yet you shall see him keep the port of a distressed monarch in all his words and actions. These two persons are equally taken into custody: but what must be done to half this good company, who every hour of their life are knowingly and wittingly both fools and madmen, and yet have capacities both of forming principles and drawing conclusions, with the full use of reason?

*From my own Apartment, July* 11.

This evening some ladies came to visit my sister Jenny; and the discourse, after very many frivolous and public matters, turned upon the main point among the women, the passion of love. Sappho, who always leads on this occasion, began to show her reading, and told us, that sir John Suckling and Milton had, upon a parallel occasion, said the tenderest things she ever read. 'The circumstance,' said she, 'is such as gives us a notion of that protecting part, which is the duty of men in their honourable designs upon, or possession of women. In Suckling's tragedy of Brennoralt he makes the lover steal into his mistress's bed-chamber, and draw the curtains; then, when his heart is full of her charms, as she lies sleeping, instead of being carried away by the violence of his desires into thoughts of a warmer nature, sleep, which is the image of death, gives this generous lover reflections of a different kind, which regard rather her safety than his own passion. For, beholding her as she lies sleeping, he utters these words:

"So misers look upon their gold,
Which, while they joy to see, they fear to lose:

Digitized by Google

The pleasure of the sight scarce equalling
The jealousy of being dispossess'd by others.
Her face is like the milky way i' th' sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without name!"

"Heav'n! shall this fresh ornament of the world,
These precious love-lines, pass with other common things
Amongst the wastes of time? what pity 'twere!"

'When Milton makes Adam leaning on his arm, beholding Eve, and lying in the contemplation of her beauty, he describes the utmost tenderness and guardian affection in one word:

"Adam with looks of cordial love,
Hung over her enamour'd."

'This is that sort of passion which truly deserves the name of love, and has something more generous than friendship itself; for it has a constant care of the object beloved, abstracted from its own interests in the possession of it.'

Sappho was proceeding on the subject, when my sister produced a letter sent to her in the time of my absence, in celebration of the marriage state, which is the condition wherein only this sort of passion reigns in full authority. The epistle is as follows:

'DEAR MADAM,

'Your brother being absent, I dare take the liberty of writing to you my thoughts of that state, which our whole sex either is, or desires to be in. You will easily guess I mean matrimony, which I hear so much decried, that it was with no small labour I maintained my ground against two opponents; but as your brother observed of Socrates, I drew them into my conclusion, from their own concessions; thus:

"In marriage are two happy things allow'd,
A wife in wedding-sheets, and in a shroud.
How can a marriage state then be accurs'd,
Since the last day's as happy as the first?"

'If you think they were too easily confuted, you may conclude them not of the first sense, by their talking against marriage. Yours,

'MARIANA.

Digitized by Google

I observed Sappho began to redden at this epistle; and turning to a lady, who was playing with a dog she was so fond of as to carry him abroad with her; 'Nay,' says she, 'I cannot blame the men if they have mean ideas of our souls and affections, and wonder so many are brought to take us for companions for life, when they see our endearments so triflingly placed: for, to my knowledge, Mr. Truman would give half his estate for half the affection you have shown to that Shook: nor do I believe you would be ashamed to confess, that I saw you cry, when he had the colic last week with lapping sour milk. What more could you do for your lover himself?' 'What more!' replied the lady, 'There is not a man in England for whom I could lament half so much.' Then she stifled the animal with kisses, and called him beau, life, dear, monsieur, pretty fellow, and what not, in the hurry of her impertinence. Sappho rose up; as she always does at any thing she observes done which discovers in her own sex a levity of mind that renders them inconsiderable in the opinion of ours.

No. 41.] *Thursday, July* 14, 1709.

——Celebrare domestica facta.
To celebrate domestic deeds. *N.*

*White's Chocolate-house, July* 12.

THERE is no one thing more to be lamented in our nation, than their general affectation of every thing that is foreign: nay, we carry it so far, that we are more anxious for our own countrymen when they have crossed the seas, than when we see them in the same dangerous condition before our eyes at home: else how is it possible, that on the twenty-ninth of the last month, there should have been a battle fought in our very streets of London, and nobody at this end of the town have heard of it? I protest, I, who make it my business to enquire after adventures, should never have known this had not the following account been sent me inclosed in a letter. This, it seems,

Digitized by Google

is the way of giving out orders in the Artillery-company; and they prepare for a day of action with so little concern, as only to call it, 'An exercise of arms.'

'An Exercise at Arms of the Artillery-company, to be performed on Wednesday, June the twenty-ninth, 1709, under the command of Sir Joseph Woolfe, Knight and Alderman, General; Charles Hopson, Esquire, present Sheriff, Lieutenant-general; Captain Richard Synge, Major; Major John Shorey, Captain of Grenadiers; Captain William Grayhurst, Captain John Butler, Captain Robert Carellis, Captains.

'The body marched from the Artillery-ground, through Moorgate, Coleman-street, Lothbury, Broad-street, Finch-lane, Cornhill, Cheapside, St. Martin's, St. Anne's-lane, halt the pikes under the wall in Noble-street, draw up the firelocks facing the Goldsmiths'-hall, make ready and face to the left, and fire, and so ditto three times. Beat to arms, and march round the hall, as up Lad-lane, Gutter-lane, Honey-lane, and so wheel to the right, and make your salute to my lord, and so down St. Anne's-lane, up Aldersgate-street, Barbican, and draw up in Red-cross-street, the right of St. Paul's-alley in the rear. March off lieutenant-general with half the body up Beech-lane: he sends a sub-division up King's-head-court, and takes post in it, and marches two divisions round into Red-lion-market, to defend that pass, and succour the division in King's-head-court; but keeps in White-cross-street, facing Beech-lane, the rest of the body ready drawn up. Then the general marches up Beech-lane, is attacked, but forces the division in the court into the market, and enters with three divisions while he presses the lieutenant-general's main body; and, at the same time, the three divisions force those of the revolters out of the market, and so all the lieutenant-general's body retreats into Chiswell-street, and lodges two divisions in Grub-street; and as the general marches on, they fall on his flank, but soon made to give way: but having a retreating place in Red-lion-court, but could not hold it, being put to flight through Paul's-alley,

Digitized by Google

and pursued by the general's grenadiers, while he marches up and attacks their main body, but are opposed again by a party of men as lay in Black-raven-court; but they are forced also to retire soon in the utmost confusion, and at the same time those brave divisions in Paul's-alley ply their rear with grenadoes, that with precipitation they take to the route along Bunhill-row: so the general marches into the Artillery-ground, and being drawn up, finds the revolting party to have found entrance, and makes a show as if for a battle, and both armies soon engage in form, and fire by platoons.'

Much might be said for the improvement of this system; which, for its style and invention, may instruct generals and their historians, both in fighting a battle, and describing it when it is over. These elegant expressions, 'ditto—and so—but soon—but having—but could not—but are—but they—finds the party to have found,' &c. do certainly give great life and spirit to the relation.

Indeed, I am extremely concerned for the lieutenant-general, who, by his overthrow and defeat, is made a deplorable instance of the fortune of war, and vicissitudes of human affairs. He, alas! has lost, in Beech-lane and Chiswell-street, all the glory he lately gained in and about Holborn and St Giles's. The art of subdividing first, and dividing afterwards, is new and surprising; and, according to this method, the troops are disposed in King's-head-court and Red-lion-market: nor is the conduct of these leaders less conspicuous in their choice of the ground or field of battle. Happy was it, that the greatest part of the achievements of this day, was to be performed near Grub-street, that there might not be wanting a sufficient number of faithful historians, who, being eye-witnesses of these wonders, should impartially transmit them to posterity! But then it can never be enough regretted, that we are left in the dark as to the name and title of that extraordinary hero, who commanded the divisions in Paul's-alley; especially because those divisions are justly styled brave, and accordingly were to push the enemy along Bunhill-row, and thereby occasion a general battle. But

Digitized by Google

Pallas appeared in the form of a shower of rain, and prevented the slaughter and desolation, which were threatened by these extraordinary preparations.

> Ili motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta
> Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.
> *Virg.* Georg. iv. 86.
>
> Yet all those dreadful deeds, this doubtful fray,
> A cast of scatter'd dust will soon allay. *Dryden.*

*Will's Coffee-house, July* 13.

Some part of the company keep up the old way of conversation in this place, which usually turned upon the examination of nature, and an enquiry into the manners of men. There is one in the room so very judicious, that he manages impertinents with the utmost dexterity. It was diverting this evening to hear a discourse between him and one of these gentleman. He told me, before that person joined us, that he was a questioner, who, according to his description, is one who asks questions, not with a design to receive information, but an affectation to show his uneasiness for want of it. He went on in asserting, that there are crowds of that modest ambition, as to aim no farther than to demonstrate that they are in doubt. By this time Will Whynot was sat down by us. 'So, gentlemen,' says he, 'in how many days, think you, shall we be masters of Tournay? Is the account of the action of the Vivarois to be depended upon? Could you have imagined England had so much money in it as you see it has produced? Pray, sirs, what do you think? Will the duke of Savoy make an irruption into France? But,' says he, 'time will clear all these mysteries.' His answer to himself gave me the altitude of his head, and to all his questions, I thus answered very satisfactorily. '——Sir, have you heard that this Slaughterford* never owned the fact for which he died? Have the newspapers mentioned that matter? But, pray, can you tell me what method will be taken to provide for these Palatines? But this, as you say, time will clear.' 'Ay, ay,' says he, and whispers me, 'the

* A man hanged for the murder of his sweetheart.



Digitized by Google

will never let us into these things beforehand.' I whispered him again, 'We shall know it as soon as there is a proclamation.'—He tells me in the other ear, 'You are in the right of it.' Then he whispered my friend to know what my name was; then made an obliging bow, and went to examine another table. This led my friend and me to weigh this wandering manner in many other incidents, and he took out of his pocket, several little notes or tickets to solicit for votes to employments: as, Mr. John Taplash having served all offices, and being reduced to great poverty, desires your vote for singing-clerk of this parish.' Another has had ten children, all whom his wife has suckled herself; therefore humbly desires to be a schoolmaster.

There is nothing so frequent as this way of application for offices. It is not that you are fit for the place, but because the place would be convenient for you, that you claim a merit to it. But commend me to the great Kirleus, who has lately set up for midwifery, and to help child-birth, for no other reason, but that he is himself the 'Unborn Doctor.' The way is, to hit upon something that puts the vulgar upon the stare, or touches their compassion, which is often the weakest part about us. I know a good lady, who has taken her daughters from their old dancing-master to place them with another, for no other reason but because the new man has broke his leg, which is so ill set, that he can never dance more.

*From my own Apartment, July* 13.

As it is a frequent mortification to me to receive letters, wherein people tell me, without a name, they know I meant them in such and such a passage; so that very accusation is an argument, that there are such beings in human life, as fall under our description, and that our discourse is not altogether fantastical and groundless. But in this case I am treated as I saw a boy was the other day, who gave out pocky bills: every plain fellow took it that passed by, and went on his way without further notice: and at last came one with his nose a little abridged; who knocks the lad down, with a 'Why, you son of a w——e,

Digitized by Google

do you think I am p—d?' But Shakspeare has made the best apology for this way of talking against the public errors: he makes Jacques, in the play called 'As you like it,' express himself thus:

'Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or, what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost?
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech.
There then! How then? Then let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: If it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.'

No. 42.] *Saturday, July* 16, 1709.

——Celebrare domestica facta.

To celebrate domestic deeds. *N.*

*From my own Apartment, July* 15.

LOOKING over some old papers, I found a little treatise, written by my great-grandfather, concerning bribery, and thought his manner of treating that subject not unworthy my remark. He there has a digression concerning a possibility, that in some circumstances a man may receive an injury, and yet be conscious to himself that he deserves it. There are abundance of fine things said on the subject; but the whole wrapped up in so much jingle and pun, which was the wit of those times, that it is scarce intelligible; but I thought the design was well enough in the following sketch of an old gentleman's poetry: for in this case, where two are rivals for the same thing, and propose to obtain it by presents, he that attempts the judge's honesty, by making him offers of reward, ought not to complain when he loses his cause by a better bidder. The good old doggrel runs thus:

Digitized by Google

'A poor man once a judge besought,
To judge aright his cause,
And with a pot of oil salutes
This judger of the laws.

"My friend," quoth he, "thy cause is good:"
He glad away did trudge:
Anon his wealthy foe did come
Before this partial judge.

A hog well fed this churl presents,
And craves a strain of law;—
The hog receiv'd,—the poor man's right
Was judg'd not worth a straw.

Therewith he cry'd, "O! partial judge,
Thy doom has me undone;
When oil I gave, my cause was good,
But now to ruin run."

"Poor man," quoth he, "I thee forgot,
And see thy cause of foil;
A hog came since into my house,
And broke thy pot of oil."'

*Will's Coffee-house, July* 15.

The discourse happened this evening to fall upon characters drawn in plays; and a gentleman remarked, that there was no method in the world of knowing the taste of an age, or period of time, so good, as by the observations of the persons represented in their comedies. There were several instances produced, as Ben Jonson's bringing in a fellow smoking, as a piece of foppery; 'but,' said the gentleman who entertained us on this subject, 'this matter is no where so observable as in the difference of the characters of women on the stage in the last age and in this. It is not to be supposed that it was a poverty of genius in Shakspeare that his women made so small a figure in his dialogues; but it certainly is, that he drew women as they then were in life: for that sex had not in those days that freedom in conversation; and their characters were only, that they were mothers, sisters, daughters, and wives. There were not then among the ladies, shining wits, politicians, virtuosæ, free-thinkers, and disputants; nay, there was then hardly such a creature

Digitized by Google

even as a coquette: but vanity had quite another turn, and the most conspicuous woman at that time of day was only the best housewife. Were it possible to bring into life an assembly of matrons of that age, and introduce the learned lady Woodby into their company, they would not believe the same nation could produce a creature so unlike any thing they ever saw in it.

'But these ancients would be as much astonished to see in the same age so illustrious a pattern to all who love things praise-worthy as the divine Aspasia.* Methinks I now see her walking in her garden like our first parent, with unaffected charms, before beauty had spectators, and bearing celestial conscious virtue in her aspect. Her countenance is the lively picture of her mind, which is the seat of honour, truth, compassion, knowledge, and innocence.

"There dwells the scorn of vice, and pity too."

'In the midst of the most ample fortune, and veneration of all that behold and know her, without the least affectation, she consults retirement, the contemplation of her own being, and that supreme Power which bestowed it. Without the learning of schools, or knowledge of a long course of arguments, she goes on in a steady course of uninterrupted piety and virtue, and adds to the severity and privacy of the last age, all the freedom and ease of this. The language and mien of a court she is possessed of in the highest degree; but the simplicity and humble thoughts of a cottage are her more welcome entertainments. Aspasia is a female philosopher, who does not only live up to the resignation of the most retired lives of the ancient sages, but also to the schemes and plans which they thought beautiful, though inimitable. This lady is the most exact economist, without appearing busy; the most strictly virtuous, without tasting the praise of it;

* The character of Aspasia was written by Mr. Congreve; and the person meant, was lady Elizabeth Hastings. See the authority for this, with an edifying account of this extraordinary lady, and her benefactions, in a book in folio, entitled 'Memorials and Characters, &c.' London, 1741, printed for John Wilford, p. 780.



Digitized by Google

and shuns applause with as much industry as others do reproach. This character is so particular, that it will very easily be fixed on her only, by all that know her; but I dare say, she will be the last that finds it out.

'But, alas! if we have one or two such ladies, how many dozens are there like the restless Poluglossa, who is acquainted with all the world but herself; who has the appearance of all, and possession of no one virtue: she has, indeed, in her practice, the absence of vice, but her discourse is the continual history of it; and it is apparent, when she speaks of the criminal gratifications of others, that her innocence is only a restraint, with a certain mixture of envy. She is so perfectly opposite to the character of Aspasia, that as vice is terrible to her only as it is the object of reproach, so virtue is agreeable only as it is attended with applause.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, July* 15.

It is now twelve of the clock at noon, and no mail come in; therefore, I am not without hopes that the town will allow me the liberty which my brother news-writers take, in giving them what may be for their information in another kind, and indulge me in doing an act of friendship, by publishing the following account of goods and moveables.

This is to give notice, that a magnificent palace with great variety of gardens, statues, and water-works, may be bought cheap in Drury-lane, where there are likewise several castles to be disposed of, very delightfully situated; as also groves, woods, forests, fountains, and country-seats, with very pleasant prospects on all sides of them; being the moveables of Christopher Rich,* esquire, who is breaking up house-keeping, and has many curious pieces of furniture to dispose of, which may be seen between the hours of six and ten in the evening.

* Drury-lane playhouse was about this time shut up by an order from the lord Chamberlain. See an account of this affair in C. Cibber's 'Apology for his Life,' vol. i. p. 296.

Digitized by Google

THE INVENTORY.

Spirits of right Nantz brandy, for lambent flames and apparitions.

Three bottles and a half of lightning.

One shower of snow in the whitest French paper.

Two showers of a browner sort.

A sea consisting of a dozen large waves; the tenth* bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

A dozen and half of clouds, trimmed with black, and well-conditioned.

A rainbow, a little faded.

A set of clouds after the French mode, streaked with lightning, and furbelowed.

A new moon, something decayed.

A pint of the finest Spanish wash, being all that is left of two hogsheads sent over last winter.

A coach very finely gilt and little used, with a pair of dragons, to be sold cheap.

A setting-sun, a penny-worth.

An imperial mantle, made for Cyrus the great, and worn by Julius Cæsar, Bajazet, king Harry the Eighth, and signor Valentini.

A basket hilted sword, very convenient to carry milk in.

Roxana's night-gown.

Othello's handkerchief.

The imperial robes of Xerxes, never worn but once.

A wild boar killed by Mrs. Tofts and Dioclesian.

A serpent to sting Cleopatra.

A mustard-bowl to make thunder with.

Another of a bigger sort, by Mr. D——s's† directions, little used.

Six elbow chairs, very expert in country-dances, with six flower-pots for their partners.

The whiskers of a Turkish bassa.

The complexion of a murderer in a bandbox: con

* The Latin poets pretend that the tenth wave is the largest and most dangerous.

† Mr. John Dennis, the celebrated critic, had just then invented his new mode of making thunder.

Digitized by Google

sisting of a large piece of burnt cork, and a coal-black peruke.

A suit of cloaths for a ghost, viz; a bloody shirt, a doublet curiously pinked, and a coat with three great eyelet-holes upon the breast.

A bale of red Spanish wool.

Modern plots, commonly known by the name of trap-doors, ladders of ropes, vizard-masques, and tables with broad carpets over them.

Three oak-cudgels, with one of crab-tree; all bought for the use of Mr. Pinkethman.

Materials for dancing; as masques, castanets, and a ladder of ten rounds.

Aurengezebe's scymitar, made by Will. Brown in Piccadilly.

A plume of feathers, never used but by Oedipus and the earl of Essex.

There are also swords, halberds, sheep-hooks, cardinals' hats, turbans, drums, gallipots, a gibbet, a cradle, a rack, a cart-wheel, an altar, a helmet, a back-piece, a breast-plate, a bell, a tub, and a jointed-baby.

These are the hard shifts we intelligencers are forced to; therefore our readers ought to excuse us, if a westerly wind blowing for a fortnight together, generally fills every paper with an order of battle; when we show our martial skill in every line, and according to the space we have to fill, we range our men in squadrons and battalions, or draw out company by company, and troop by troop; ever observing that no muster is to be made but when the wind is in a cross-point, which often happens at the end of a campaign, when half the men are deserted or killed. The Courant is sometimes ten deep, his ranks close: the Post-boy is generally in files, for greater exactness; and the Postman comes down upon you rather after the Turkish way, sword in hand, pell-mell, without form or discipline; but sure to bring men enough into the field; and where-ever they are raised, never to lose a battle for want of numbers.

Digitized by Google

No. 43.] *Tuesday, July* 19, 1709.

——Bene nummatum decorat suadela, Venusque. *Hor.*

The goddess of persuasion forms his train,
And Venus decks the well-bemoneyed swain. *Francis.*

*White's Chocolate-house, July* 18.

I WRITE from hence at present to complain, that wit and merit are so little encouraged by people of rank and quality, that the wits of the age are obliged to run within Temple-bar for patronage. There is a deplorable instance of this kind in the case of Mr. D'Urfey, who has dedicated his inimitable comedy, called 'The Modern Prophets,' to a worthy knight, to whom, it seems, he had before communicated his plan, which was, 'To ridicule the ridiculers of our established doctrine.' I have elsewhere celebrated the contrivance of this excellent drama; but was not, until I read the dedication, wholly let into the religious design of it. I am afraid, it has suffered, discontinuance at this gay end of the town, for no other reason but the piety of the purpose. There is, however, in this epistle, the true life of panegyrical performance; and I do not doubt but if the patron would part with it, I can help him to others with good pretensions to it; viz. of 'uncommon understanding,' who will give him as much as he gave for it. I know perfectly well a noble person, whom these words (which are the body of the panegyric) would fit to a hair.

* 'Your easiness of humour, or rather your harmonious disposition, is so admirably mixed with your composure, that the rugged cares and disturbance that public affairs bring with it, which does so vexatiously affect the heads of other great men of business, &c. does scarce ever ruffle your unclouded brow so much as with a frown. And what above all is praiseworthy, you are so far from thinking yourself better than others, that a flourishing and opulent fortune, which, by a certain natural corruption in

* An extract from D'Urfey's dedication.

Digitized by Google

its quality, seldom fails to infect other possessors with pride, seems in this case as if only providentially disposed to enlarge your humility.

'But I find, sir, I am now got into a very large field, where, though I could with great ease raise a number of plants in relation to your merit of this plauditory nature; yet for fear of an author's general vice, and that the plain justice I have done you should, by my proceeding, and others' mistaken judgment, be imagined flattery, a thing the bluntness of my nature does not care to be concerned with, and which I also know you abominate.'

It is wonderful to see how many judges of these fine things spring up every day by the rise of stocks and other elegant methods of abridging the way to learning and criticism. But I do hereby forbid all dedications to any persons within the city of London; except sir Francis,* sir Stephen, and the Bank, will take epigrams and epistles as value received for their notes; and the East-India company accept of heroic poems for their sealed bonds. Upon which bottom our publishers have full power to treat with the city in behalf of us authors, to enable traders to become patrons and fellows of the Royal Society,† as well as to receive certain degrees of skill in the Latin and Greek tongues, according to the quantity of the commodities which they take off our hands.

*Grecian Coffee-house, July* 18.

The learned have so long laboured under the imputation of dryness and dulness in their accounts of the phenomena, that an ingenious gentleman of our society has resolved to write a system of philosophy in a more lively method, both as to the matter and language, than has been hitherto attempted. He read to us the plan upon which he intends

* Sir Francis and sir Stephen were evidently bankers of the times; and, of those, the two most eminent were sir Francis Child and sir Stephen Evance. The latter was raised, it is thought, in the South-sea year.

† Mr. Whiston, alluded to in the following part of this paper, was at this time proposed as a member of the Royal Society, and rejected. The pretended account of his hypothesis that follows is mere pleasantry, and not a quotation from his book, or any true account of his 'Theory.'

Digitized by Google

to proceed. I thought his account, by way of fable of the worlds about us, had so much vivacity in it that I could not forbear transcribing his hypothesis, to give the reader a taste of my friend's treatise, which is now in the press.

'The inferior deities, having designed on a day to play a game at foot-ball, kneaded together a numberless collection of dancing atoms into the form of seven rolling globes: and, that nature might be kept from a dull inactivity, each separate particle is endued with a principle of motion, or a power of attraction, whereby all the several parcels of matter draw each other proportionably to their magnitudes and distances into such a remarkable variety of different forms, as to produce all the wonderful appearances we now observe in empire, philosophy, and religion. But to proceed:

'At the beginning of the game, each of the globes, being struck forward with a vast violence, ran out of sight, and wandered in a straight line through the infinite spaces. The nimble deities pursue, breathless almost, and spent in the eager chace; each of them caught hold of one, and stamped it with his name; as Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, and so of the rest. To prevent this inconvenience for the future, the seven are condemned to a precipitation, which in our inferior style we call gravity. Thus the tangential and centripetal forces, by their counter-struggle, make the celestial bodies describe an exact elipsis.

'There will be added to this an appendix, in defence of the first day of the term according to the Oxford almanack, by a learned knight* of this realm, with an apology for the said knight's manner of dress; proving that his habit, according to this hypothesis, is the true modern and fashionable; and that buckles are not to be worn, by this system, until the tenth of March in the year 1714, which, according to the computation of some of our

* Sir William Whitlocke, knt. member for Oxon, bencher of the Middle Temple, and queen's serjeant. He is also alluded to under the name of 'Dear Shoe-strings,' which it would seem that he wore instead of buckles, Tatler, No. 38.

Digitized by Google

greatest divines, is to be the first year of the *millenium*; in which blessed age all habits will be reduced to a primitive simplicity; and whoever shall be found to have persevered in a constancy of dress, in spite of all the allurements of profane and heathen habits, shall be rewarded with a never-fading doublet of a thousand years. All points in the system, which are doubted, shall be attested by the knight's extemporary oath, for the satisfaction of his readers.'

*Will's Coffee-house, July* 18.

We were upon the heroic strain this evening; and the question was, 'What is the true sublime?' Many very good discourses happened thereupon; after which a gentleman at the table, who is, it seems, writing on that subject, assumed the argument; and though he ran through many instances of sublimity from the ancient writers, said, 'he had hardly known an occasion wherein the true greatness of soul, which animates a general in action, is so well represented, with regard to the person of whom it was spoken, and the time in which it was writ, as in a few lines in a modern poem. There is,' continued he, 'nothing so forced and constrained, as what we frequently meet with in tragedies; to make a man under the weight of great sorrow, or full of meditation upon what he is soon to execute, cast about for a simile to what he himself is, or the thing which he is going to act: but there is nothing more proper and natural for a poet, whose business it is to describe, and who is spectator of one in that circumstance, when his mind is working upon a great image, and that the ideas hurry upon his imagination—I say, there is nothing so natural, as for a poet to relieve and clear himself from the burden of thought at that time, by uttering his conception in simile and metaphor. The highest act of the mind of man is to possess itself with tranquillity in imminent danger, and to have its thoughts so free, as to act at that time without perplexity. The ancient authors have compared this sedate courage to a rock that remains immoveable amidst the rage of winds and waves; but that is too stupid and inanimate a simi-

Digitized by Google

litude, and could do no credit to the hero. At other times they are all of them wonderfully obliged to a Lybian lion which may give indeed very agreeable terrors to a description, but is no compliment to the person to whom it is applied: eagles, tigers, and wolves, are made use of on the same occasion, and very often with much beauty; but this is still an honour done to the brute rather than the hero. Mars, Pallas, Bacchus, and Hercules, have each of them furnished very good similes in their time, and made, doubtless, a greater impression on the mind of a heathen, than they have on that of a modern reader. But the sublime image that I am talking of, and which I really think as great as ever entered into the thought of man, is in the poem called 'The Campaign;'* where the simile of a ministering angel sets forth the most sedate and the most active courage, engaged in an uproar of nature, a confusion of elements, and a scene of divine vengeance. Add to all, that these lines compliment the general and his queen at the same time, and have all the natural horrors heightened by the image that was still fresh in the mind of every reader: †

"'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm." ‡

'The whole poem is so exquisitely noble and poetic, that I think it an honour to our nation and language.'

* By Addison, published in 1704.

† The author alludes here to the terrible tempests which happened in November, 1703, and made sad havoc in England, and in several other places of Europe.

‡ Psalm cxlviii. 8.



Digitized by Google

The gentleman concluded his critique on this work, by saying that 'he esteemed it wholly new, and a wonderful attempt to keep up the ordinary ideas of a march of an army, just as they happened, in so warm and great a style, and yet be at once familiar and heroic. Such a performance is a chronicle as well as a poem, and will preserve the memory of our hero, when all the edifices and statues erected to his honour are blended with common dust.'

No. 44.] *Thursday, July* 21, 1709.

—— Nullis amor est medicabilis herbis. *Ovid.*

No herb, alas! can cure the pangs of love.

*White's Chocolate-house, July* 19.

This day passing through Covent-garden, I was stopped in the piazza by Pacolet, to observe what he called the triumph of love and youth. I turned to the object he pointed at, and there I saw a gay gilt chariot, drawn by fresh prancing horses; the coachman with a new cockade and the lacqueys with insolence and plenty in their countenances. I asked immediately, 'What young heir or lover owned that glittering equipage?' But my companion interrupted: 'Do you not see there the mourning Æsculapius?'* 'The mourning?' said I. 'Yes, Isaac,' said Pacolet, 'he is in deep mourning, and is the languishing, hopeless lover of the divine Hebe,† the emblem of youth and beauty. The excellent and learned sage you behold in that furniture is the strongest instance imaginable, that love is the most powerful of all things.

'You are not so ignorant as to be a stranger to the character of Æsculapius, as the patron and most successful of all who profess the art of medicine. But as most of his operations are owing to a natural sagacity or impulse,

* This paper was written in ridicule of a love-affair which befell Dr. Radcliffe, who was at this time about sixty; he died November 1, 1714, aged sixty-four.

† The lady's real name was Miss Tempest.

Digitized by Google

he has very little troubled himself with the doctrine of drugs, but has always given nature more room to help herself, than any of her learned assistants; and, consequently, has done greater wonders than is in the power of art to perform: for which reason he is half deified by the people; and has ever been justly courted by all the world, as if he were a seventh son.

'It happened, that the charming Hebe was reduced, by a long and violent fever, to the most extreme danger of death; and when all skill failed, they sent for Æsculapius. The renowned artist was touched with the deepest compassion to see the faded charms and faint bloom of Hebe; and had a generous concern in beholding a struggle, not between life, but rather between youth and death. All his skill and his passion tended to the recovery of Hebe, beautiful even in sickness; but, alas! the unhappy physician knew not that in all his care he was only sharpening darts for his own destruction. In a word, his fortune was the same with that of the statuary, who fell in love with the image of his own making; and the unfortunate Æsculapius is become the patient of her whom he lately recovered. Long before this disaster, Æsculapius was far gone in the unnecessary and superfluous amusements of old age, in increasing unwieldy stores, and providing, in the midst of an incapacity of enjoyment of what he had, for a supply of more wants than he had calls for in youth itself. But these low considerations are now no more, and love has taken place of avarice, or rather is become an avarice of another kind, which still urges him to pursue what he does not want. But, behold the metamorphosis; the anxious mean cares of a usurer are turned into the languishments and complaints of a lover. "Behold," says the aged Æsculapius, "I submit; I own, great love, thy empire; pity, Hebe, the fop which you have made. What have I to do with gilding but on pills? Yet, O fair! for thee I sit amidst a crowd of painted deities on my chariot, buttoned in gold, clasped in gold, without having any value for that beloved metal, but as it adorns the person, and laces the hat of thy dying lover. I ask not to live,

Digitized by Google

O Hebe! give me but gentle death: Εὐθανάσια, Εὐθανάσια,* that is all I implore."'

When Æsculapius had finished his complaint, Pacolet went on in deep morals on the incertainty of riches, with this remarkable exclamation: 'O wealth! how impotent art thou! and how little dost thou supply us with real happiness, when the usurer himself can forget thee for the ove of what is as foreign to his felicity as thou art!

*Will's Coffee-house, July* 19.

The company here, who have all a delicate taste for theatrical representations, had made a gathering to purchase the moveables of the neighbouring playhouse, for the encouragement of one which is setting up in the Haymarket. But the proceedings at the auction, by which method the goods have been sold this evening, have been so unfair, that this generous design has been frustrated; for the imperial mantle made for Cyrus was missing, as also the chariot and two dragons: but, upon examination, it was found that a gentleman of Hampshire had clandestinely bought them both, and is gone down to his country seat; and that on Saturday last he passed through Staines, attired in that robe, and drawn by the said dragons, assisted by two only of his own horses. This theatrical traveller has also left orders with Mr. Hall† to send the faded rainbow to the scourer's, and when it comes home, to despatch it after him. At the same time, Christopher Rich,‡ Esq. is invited to bring down his setting-sun himself, and be box-keeper to a theatre erected by this gentleman near Southampton. Thus, there has been nothing but artifice in the management of this affair; for which reason, I beg pardon of the town, that I inserted the inventory in my paper; and solemnly protest, I knew nothing of this artful design of vending these rarities: but

* A Greek word that signifies 'easy death,' which was the common wish of the Emperor Augustus.

† A noted auctioneer of those times.

‡ The patentee for Drury-lane playhouse, which was shut up about this time by an order from the lord Chamberlain.

Digitized by Google

I meant only the good of the world, in that, and all other things which I divulge.

And now I am upon this subject, I must do myself justice in relation to an article in a former paper,* wherein I made mention of a person who keeps a puppet-show in the town of Bath; I was tender of naming names, and only just hinted, that he makes larger promises when he invites people to his dramatic representations, than he is able to perform: but I am credibly informed, that he makes a profane, lewd jester, whom he calls Punch, speak to the dishonour of Isaac Bickerstaff with great familiarity; and, before all my learned freinds in that place, takes upon him to dispute my title to the appellation of *esquire*. I think I need not say much to convince all the world, that this Mr. Powel, for that is his name, is a pragmatical and vain person, to pretend to argue with me on any subject. *Meum certasse feretur*; that is to say, It will be an honour to him to have it said he contended with me: but I would have him to know, that I can look beyond his wires, and know very well the whole trick of his art; and that it is only by these wires that the eye of the spectator is cheated, and hindered from seeing that there is a thread on one of Punch's chops, which draws it up, and lets it fall at the discretion of the said Powel, who stands behind and plays him; and makes him speak saucily of his betters. He! to pretend to make prologues against me!—But a man never behaves himself with decency in his own case; therefore, I shall command myself, and never trouble me further with this little fellow, who is himself but a tall puppet, and has not brains enough to make even wood speak as it ought to do: and I that have heard the *groaning board*, can despise all that his puppets shall be able to speak as long as they live. But, *Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*. 'Every log of wood will not make a Mercury.' He has pretended to write to me also from the Bath, and says, he thought to have deferred giving me an answer until he came

* All the papers and passages about Powel, the puppet-showman, relate to the controversy between Hoadly and Offspring Blackall, bishop of Exeter, on which they were intended as a banter: it is needless to say, that the wit and raillery is employed on the side of Hoadly.



Digitized by Google

to his books; but that my writings might do well with the waters: which are pert expressions, that become a school-boy better than one that is to teach others; and when I have said a civil thing to him, he cries, 'Oh! I thank you for that—I am your humble servant for that.' Ah! Mr. Powel, these smart civilities will never run down men of learning: I know well enough your design is to have all men *automata*, like your puppets; but the world is grown too wise, and can look through these thin devices. I know your design to make a reply to this; but be sure you stick close to my words; for if you bring me into discourses concerning the government of your puppets, I must tell you, 'I neither am, nor have been, nor will be, at leisure to answer you.' It is really a burning shame this man should be tolerated in abusing the world with such representations of things: but his parts decay, and he is not much more alive than Partridge.

*From my own Apartment, July* 14.

I must beg pardon of my readers, that for this time, I have, I fear, huddled up my discourse, having been very busy in helping an old friend of mine out of town. He has a very good estate, and is a man of wit; but he has been three years absent from town, and cannot bear a jest; for which reason, I have, with some pains, convinced him that he can no more live here than if he were a downright bankrupt. He was so fond of dear London, that he began to fret, only inwardly; but being unable to laugh and be laughed at, I took a place in the northern coach for him and his family; and hope he is got to-night safe from all sneerers, in his own parlour.

*St. James's Coffee-house, July* 20.

This morning we received by express the agreeable news of the surrender of the town of Tournay on the twenty-eighth instant, N. S. The place was assaulted by the attacks of general Schuylemberg, and that of general Lottum, at the same time. The action at both those parts of the town was very obstinate, and the allies lost a consider-

Digitized by Google

able number in the beginning of the dispute; but the fight was continued with so great bravery, that the enemy, observing our men to be masters of all the posts which were necessary for a general attack, beat the *chamade*, and hostages were received from the town, and others sent from the besiegers, in order to come to a formal capitulation for the surrender of the place. We have also this day received advice, that sir John Leake, who lies off Dunkirk, had intercepted several ships laden with corn from the Baltic and that the Dutch privateers had fallen in with others and carried them into Holland. The French letters advise that the young son to the duke of Anjou lived but eight days.

No. 45.] *Saturday, July* 23, 1709.

Credo pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
In terris—— *Juv.* Sat. vi. 1.

In Saturn's reign, at nature's early birth,
There was that thing called chastity, on earth. *Dryden.*

*White's Chocolate-house, July* 22.

THE other day I took a walk a mile or two out of town, and strolling wherever chance led me, I was insensibly carried into a by-road, along which was a very agreeable quickset of an extraordinary height, which surrounded a very delicious seat and garden. From one angle of the hedge, I heard a voice cry, 'Sir, sir!'—This raised my curiosity, and I heard the same voice say, but in a gentle tone, 'Come forward, come forward!' I did so, and one through the hedge called me by my name, and bid me go on to the left, and I should be admitted to visit an old acquaintance in distress. The laws of knight-errantry made me obey the summons without hesitation; and I was let in at the backgate of a lovely house by a maid-servant, who carried me from room to room until I came into a gallery; at the end of which, I saw a fine lady dressed in the most sumptuous habit, as if she were going to a ball, but with the most abject and disconsolate sorrow in her

Digitized by Google

face that I ever beheld. As I came near, she burst into tears, and cried, 'Sir, do not you know the unhappy Teraminta?' I soon recollected her whole person: 'But,' said I, 'madam, the simplicity of dress, in which I have ever seen you at your good father's house, and the cheerfulness of countenance with which you always appeared, are so unlike the fashion and temper you are now in, that I did not easily recover the memory of you. Your habit was then decent and modest, your looks serene and beautiful: whence then this unaccountable change? Nothing can speak so deep a sorrow as your present aspect; yet your dress is made for jollity and revelling!'—'It is,' said she, 'an unspeakable pleasure to meet with one I know, and to bewail myself to any that is not an utter stranger to humanity.

'When your friend my father died, he left me to a wide world with no defence against the insults of fortune; but rather, a thousand snares to entrap me in the dangers to which youth and innocence are exposed, in an age wherein honour and virtue are become mere words, and used only as they serve to betray those who understand them in their native sense, and obey them as the guides and motives of their being. The wickedest of all men living, the abandoned Decius, who has no knowledge of any good art or purpose of human life, but as it tends to the satisfaction of his appetites, had opportunities of frequently seeing and entertaining me at a house where mixed company boarded, and where he placed himself for the base intention which he has since brought to pass. Decius saw enough in me to raise his brutal desires, and my circumstances gave him hopes of accomplishing them. But all the glittering expectations he could lay before me, joined by my private terrors of poverty itself, could not for some months prevail upon me; yet, however, I hated his intention, I still had a secret satisfaction in his courtship, and always exposed myself to his solicitations. See here the bane of our sex! Let the flattery be never so apparent, the flatterer never so ill thought of, his praises are still agreeable, and we contribute to our own deceit. I was,

Digitized by Google

therefore, ever fond of all opportunities and pretences of being in his company. In a word, I was at last ruined by him, and brought to this place, where I have been ever since immured; and from the fatal day after my fall from innocence, my worshipper became my master and my tyrant.

'Thus, you see me habited in the most gorgeous manner, not in honour of me as a woman he loves, but as this attire charms his own eye, and urges him to repeat the gratification he takes in me, as the servant of his brutish lusts and appetites. I know not where to fly for redress; but am here pining away life in the solitude and severity of a nun, but the conscience and guilt of a harlot. I live in this lewd practice with a religious awe of my minister of darkness, upbraided with the support I receive from him, for the inestimable possession of youth, of innocence, of honour, and of conscience. I see, sir, my discourse grows painful to you; all I beg of you is, to paint it in so strong colours, as to let Decius see I am discovered to be in his possession, that I may be turned out of this detestable scene of regular iniquity, and either think no more, or sin no more. If your writings have the good effect of gaining my enlargement, I promise you I will atone for this unhappy step, by preferring an innocent laborious poverty, to all the guilty affluence the world can offer me.'

*Will's Coffee-house, July* 21.

To show that I do not bear an irreconcileable hatred to my mortal enemy, Mr. Powel, at Bath, I do his function* the honour to publish to the world, that plays represented by puppets are permitted in our universities, and that sort of drama is not wholly thought unworthy the critique of learned heads; but, as I have been conversant rather with the greater ode, as I think the critics call it, I must be so humble as to make a request to Mr. Powel,

* An allusion to Offspring Blackall's being a bishop. The university of Oxford declared publicly in favour of his lordship, and his doctrine of passive obedience.

Digitized by Google

and desire him to apply his thoughts to answering the difficulties with which my kinsman, the author of the following letter, seems to be embarrassed.

'*To my honoured kinsman, Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.*

From Mother Gourdon's at Hedington,* near Oxon, June 16.

'DEAR COUSIN,

'Had the family of the Beadlestaffs, whereof I, though unworthy, am one, known of your being lately at Oxon, we had in our own name, and in the university's, as it is our office, made you a compliment: but your short stay here robbed us of an opportunity of paying our due respects, and you of receiving an ingenious entertainment, with which we at present divert ourselves and strangers. A puppet-show at this time supplies the want of an *act*. And since the nymphs of this city are disappointed of a lucious music-speech, and the country ladies of hearing their sons or brothers speak verses; yet the vocal machines, like them, by the help of a prompter, say things as much to the benefit of the audience, and almost as properly their own. The licence of a *Terræ-Filius* is refined to the well-bred satire of Punchenello. Now, cousin Bickerstaff, though Punch has neither a French nightcap, nor long pockets, yet you must own him to be a Pretty Fellow, a Very Pretty Fellow: nay, since he seldom leaves the company without calling son-of-a-whore, demanding satisfaction, and duelling, he must be owned a Smart Fellow, too. Yet, by some indecencies towards the ladies, he seems to be of a third character, distinct from any you have yet touched upon. A young gentleman who sat next me (for I had the curiosity of seeing this entertainment) in a tufted gown, red stockings, and long wig (which I pronounce to be tantamount to red heels, and a dangling cane) was enraged when Punchenello disturbed a soft love-scene with his ribaldry. You would oblige us mightily by laying down some rules for adjusting the extravagant behaviour of this Almanzor of the play, and by writing a treatise on this

* A village near Oxford; where Dr. King takes the scene of his droll tragi-comedy, called 'Joan of Hedington.'

Digitized by Google

sort of dramatic poetry, so much favoured, and so little understood, by the learned world.

'From its being conveyed in a cart, after the Thespian manner, all the parts being recited by one person, as the custom was before Æschylus, and from the behaviour of Punch, as if he had won the goat, you may possibly deduce its antiquity, and settle the chronology, as well as some of our modern critics. In its natural transitions from mournful to merry; as from the hanging of a lover to dancing upon the rope; from the stalking of a ghost to a lady's presenting you with a jig, you may discover such a decorum, as is not to be found elsewhere than in our tragi-comedies. But I forget myself; it is not for me to dictate: I thought fit, dear cousin, to give you these hints, to show you that the Beadlestaffs do not walk before men of letters to no purpose; and that though we do but hold up the train of arts and sciences, yet, like other pages, we are now and then let into our ladies' secrets. I am your affectionate kinsman,

'BENJAMIN BEADLESTAFF.'

*From my own Apartment, July 22.*

I am got hither safe, but never spent time with so little satisfaction as this evening; for, you must know, I was five hours with three merry, and two honest, fellows. The former sang catches; and the latter even died with laughing at the noise they made. 'Well,' says Tom Bellfrey, 'you scholars, Mr. Bickerstaff, are the worst company in the world.'—'Ay,' says his opposite, 'you are dull to-night; prythee be merry.' With that I huzzaed, and took a jump cross the table, then came clever upon my legs, and fell a-laughing. 'Let Mr. Bickerstaff alone,' says one of the honest fellows; 'when he is in a good humour, he is as good company as any man in England.' He had no sooner spoke, but I snatched his hat off his head, and clapped it upon my own, and burst out a-laughing again; upon which we all fell a-laughing for half an hour. One of the honest fellows got behind me in the interim, and hit me a sound slap on the back; upon which he got the

Digitized by Google

laugh out of my hands; and it was such a twang on my shoulders, that I confess he was much merrier than I. I was half angry; but resolved to keep up the good humour of the company; and after hollowing as loud as I could possibly, I drank off a bumper of claret, that made me stare again. 'Nay,' says one of the honest fellows, 'Mr. Isaac is in the right, there is no conversation in this; what signifies jumping, or hitting one another on the back? let us drink about.' We did so from seven of the clock until eleven; and now I am come hither, and, after the manner of the wise Pythagoras, begin to reflect upon the passages of the day. I remember nothing but that I am bruised to death; and as it is my way to write down all the good things I have heard in the last conversation, to furnish my paper, I can from this only tell you my sufferings and my bangs.

I named Pythagoras just now; and I protest to you, as he believed men after death entered into other species, I am now and then tempted to think other animals enter into men, and could name several on two legs, that never discover any sentiments above what is common with the species of a lower kind; as we see in these bodily wits with whom I was to-night, whose parts consist in strength and activity; but their boisterous mirth gives me great impatience for the return of such happiness as I enjoyed in a conversation last week. Among others in that company we had Florio, who never interrupted any man living when he was speaking; or ever ceased to speak, but others lamented that he had done. His discourse even arises from the fullness of the matter before him, and not from ostentation or triumph of his understanding; for though he seldom delivers what he need fear being repeated, he speaks without having that end in view; and his forbearance of calumny or bitterness is owing rather to his good-nature than his discretion; for which reason he is esteemed a gentleman perfectly qualified for conversation, in whom a general good-will to mankind takes off the necessity of caution and circumspection.

We had at the same time that evening the best sort

Digitized by Google

of companion that can be, a good-natured old man. This person, in the company of young men, meets with veneration for his benevolence; and is not only valued for the good qualities of which he is master, but reaps an acceptance from the pardon he gives to other men's faults: and the ingenious sort of men with whom he converses, have so just a regard for him, that he rather is an example, than a check, to their behaviour. For this reason, as Senecio never pretends to be a man of pleasure before youth, so young men never set up for wisdom before Senecio; so that you never meet, where he is, those monsters of conversation, who are grave or gay above their years. He never converses but with followers of nature and good sense, where all that is uttered is only the effect of a communicable temper, and not of emulation to excel their companions; all desire of superiority being a contradiction to that spirit which makes a just conversation, the very essence of which is mutual good-will. Hence it is, that I take it for a rule, that the natural, and not the acquired man, is the companion. Learning, wit, gallantry, and good breeding, are all but subordinate qualities in society, and are of no value, but as they are subservient to benevolence, and tend to a certain manner of being or appearing equal to the rest of the company; for conversation is composed of an assembly of men, as they are men, and not as they are distinguished by fortune: therefore, he who brings his quality with him into conversation, should always pay the reckoning; for he came to receive homage, and not to meet his friends. But the din about my ears from the clamour of the people I was with this evening, has carried me beyond my intended purpose, which was to explain upon the order of merry fellows; but I think I may pronounce of them, as I heard good Senecio, with a spice of the wit of the last age, say, viz. 'That a merry fellow is the saddest fellow in the world.'



Digitized by Google

No. 46.] *Tuesday, July* 26, 1709.

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur,
Majestas et amor.——— *Ovid.* Met. ii. 88.

—— Love but ill agrees with kingly pride.

*White's Chocolate-house, July* 25.

We see every day volumes written against that tyrant of human life called Love; and yet there is no help found against his cruelties, or barrier against the inroads he is pleased to make into the mind of man. After this preface, you will expect I am going to give particular instances of what I have asserted. That expectation cannot be raised too high for the novelty of the history and manner of life of the emperor Aurengezebe,* who has resided for some years in the cities of London and Westminster, with the air and mien indeed of his imperial quality, but the equipage and appointment only of a private gentleman. This potentate, for a long series of time, appeared from the hour of twelve until that of two at a coffee-house near the Exchange, and had a seat (though without a canopy) sacred to himself, where he gave diurnal audiences concerning commerce, politics, tare and tret, usury, and abatement, with all things necessary for helping the distressed, who are willing to give one limb for the better maintenance of the rest; or such joyous youths, whose philosophy is confined to the present hour, and were desirous to call in the revenue of the next half-year to double the enjoyment of this. Long did this growing monarch employ himself after this manner: and, as alliances are necessary to all great kingdoms, he took particularly the interests of Lewis the XIVth into his care and protection. When all mankind were attacking that unhappy monarch, and those who had neither valour nor wit to oppose against him would be still showing their impotent malice, by laying wagers in opposition to his interests: Aurengezebe ever took the part of his contemporary, and laid immense treasures on

* This name has been applied to a very celebrated East-India governor of that time. See more of Aurengezebe in Tatler, No. 50.

Digitized by Google

his side, in defence of his important magazine of Toulon. Aurengezebe also had all this while a constant intelligence with India; and his letters were answered in jewels, which he soon made brilliant, and caused to be affixed to his imperial castor, which he always wears cocked in front, to show his defiance; with a heap of imperial snuff in the middle of his ample visage, to show his sagacity. The zealots for this little spot called Great Britain fell universally into this emperor's policies, and paid homage to his superior genius, in forfeiting their coffers to his treasury.

But wealth and wisdom are possessions too solemn not to give weariness to active minds, without the relief (in vacant hours) of wit and love, which are the proper amusements of the powerful and the wise. This emperor, therefore, with great regularity, every day at five in the afternoon, leaves his money-changers, his publicans, and little hoarders of wealth, to their low pursuits, and ascends his chariot, to drive to Will's; where the taste is refined, and a relish given to men's possessions, by a polite skill in gratifying their passions and appetites. There it is that the emperor has learned to live and to love, and not, like a miser, to gaze only on his ingots or his treasures; but, with a nobler satisfaction, to live the admiration of others, for his splendour and happiness in being master of them. But a prince is no more to be his own caterer in his love, than in his food; therefore Aurengezebe has ever in waiting two purveyors for his dishes, and his wenches for his retired hours, by whom the scene of his diversion is prepared in the following manner:

There is near Covent-garden a street known by the name of Drury, which, before the days of Christianity, was purchased by the queen of Paphos, and is the only part of Great Britain where the tenure of vassalage is still in being. All that long course of building is under particular districts or ladyships, after the manner of lordships in other parts, over which matrons of known abilities preside, and have, for the support of their age and infirmities, certain taxes paid out of the rewards of the amorous labours of the young. This seraglio of Great Britain is disposed into convenient alleys and apartments, and every house, from the cellar to

Digitized by Google

the garret, inhabited by nymphs of different orders, that persons of every rank may be accommodated with an immediate consort, to allay their flames, and partake of their cares. Here it is that, when Aurengezebe thinks fit to give a loose to dalliance, the purveyors prepare the entertainment; and what makes it more august is, that every person concerned in the interlude has his set part, and the prince sends, beforehand, word what he designs to say, and directs also the very answer which shall be made to him.

It has been before hinted, that this emperor has a continual commerce with India; and it is to be noted, that the largest stone that rich earth has produced is in our Aurengezebe's possession.

But all things are now disposed for his reception. At his entrance into the seraglio, a servant delivers him his beaver of state and love, on which is fixed this inestimable jewel as his diadem. When he is seated, the purveyors, Pandarus and Nuncio, marching on each side of the matron of the house, introduce her into his presence. In the midst of the room, they bow all together to the diadem. When the matron——

'Whoever thou art, as thy awful aspect speaks thee a man of power, be propitious to this mansion of love, and let not the severity of thy wisdom disdain, that by the representation of naked innocence, or pastoral figures, we revive in thee the memory at least of that power of Venus, to which all the wise and the brave are some part of their lives devoted.' Aurengezebe consents by a nod, and they go out backward.'

After this, an unhappy nymph, who is to be supposed just escaped from the hands of a ravisher, with her tresses dishevelled, runs into the room with a dagger in her hand, and falls before the emperor.

'Pity, oh! pity, whoever thou art, an unhappy virgin, whom one of thy train has robbed of her innocence; her innocence, which was all her portion——Or rather, let me die like the memorable Lucretia.'—Upon which she stabs herself. The body is immediately examined after the manner of our coroners. Lucretia recovers by a cup of right

Digitized by Google

Nantz; and the matron, who is her next relation, stops all process at law.

This unhappy affair is no sooner over, but a naked mad woman breaks into the room, calls for her duke, her lord, her emperor. As soon as she spies Aurengezebe, the object of all her fury and love, she calls for petticoats, is ready to sink with shame, and is dressed in all haste in new attire at his charge. This unexpected accident of the mad woman makes Aurengezebe curious to know, whether others who are in their senses can guess at his quality. For which reason, the whole convent is examined one by one. The matron marches in with a tawdry country girl—— 'Pray, Winifred,' says she, 'who do you think that fine man with those jewels and pearls is?'——'I believe,' says Winifred, 'it is our landlord——It must be the esquire himself.'——The emperor laughs at her simplicity—— 'Go, fool,' says the matron: then turning to the emperor ——'Your greatness will pardon her ignorance!' After her, several others of different characters are instructed to mistake who he is, in the same manner: then the whole sisterhood are called together, and the emperor rises, and cocking his hat, declares, he is the great mogul, and they his concubines. A general murmur goes through the whole assembly; and Aurengezebe, certifying that he keeps them for state rather than use, tells them, they are permitted to receive all men into their apartments; then proceeds through the crowd, among whom he throws medals shaped like half-crowns, and returns to his chariot.

This being all that passed the last day in which Aurengezebe visited the women's apartments, I consulted Pacolet concerning the foundation of such strange amusements in old age: to which he answered, 'You may remember, when I gave you an account of my good fortune in being drowned on the thirtieth day of my human life, I told you of the disasters I should otherwise have met with before I arrived at the end of my stamen, which was sixty years. I may now add an observation to you, that all who exceed that period, except the latter part of it is spent in the exercise of virtue and contemplation of futurity, must



Digitized by Google

necessarily fall into an indecent old age; because, with regard to all the enjoyments of the years of vigour and manhood, childhood returns upon them: and as infants ride on sticks, build houses in dirt, and make ships in gutters, by a faint idea of things they are to act hereafter; so old men play the lovers, potentates, and emperors, for the decaying image of the more perfect performances of their stronger years: therefore, be sure to insert Æsculapius and Aurengezebe in your next bill of mortality of the metaphorically defunct.'

*Will's Coffee-house, July 24.*

As soon as I came hither this evening, no less than ten people produced the following poem, which they all reported was sent to each of them by the penny-post from an unknown hand. All the battle-writers in the room were in debate, who could be the author of a piece so martially written; and every body applauded the address and skill of the author, in calling it a postscript: it being the nature of a postscript to contain something very material which was forgotten, or not clearly expressed in the letter itself. Thus the verses being occasioned by a march without beat of drum, and that circumstance being nowise taken notice of in any of the stanzas, the author calls it a postscript; not that it is a postscript, but figuratively because it wants a postscript. Common writers, when what they mean is not expressed in the book itself, supply it by a preface; but a postscript seems to me the more just way of apology; because, otherwise, a man makes an excuse before the offence is committed. All the heroic poets were guessed at for its author; but though we could not find out his name, yet one repeated a couplet in Hudibras, which spoke his qualifications:

> 'I'th' midst of all this warlike rabble,
> Crowdero march'd, expert and able.'

The poem is admirably suited to the occasion: for to rite without discovering your meaning, bears a just resemblance to marching without beat of drum.

Digitized by Google

'ON THE MARCH TO TOURNAY WITHOUT BEAT OF DRUM.

*'The Brussels Postscript.*

'Could I with plainest words express
That great man's wonderful address,
His penetration, and his tow'ring thought;
It would the gazing world surprise,
To see one man at all times wise,
To view the wonders he with ease has wrought.

Refining schemes approach his mind,
Like breezes of a southern wind,
To temperate a sultry glorious day;
Whose fannings, with a useful pride,
Its mighty heat do softly guide,
And, having clear'd the air, glide silently away.

Thus his immensity of thought
Is deeply form'd, and gently wrought,
His temper always softening life's disease;
That Fortune, when she does intend
To rudely frown, she turns his friend,
Admires his judgment, and applauds his ease.

His great address in this design
Does now, and will for ever shine,
And wants a Waller but to do him right;
The whole amusement was so strong,
Like fate he doom'd them to be wrong,
And Tournay's took by a peculiar slight.

Thus, Madam, all mankind behold
Your vast ascendant, not by gold,
But by your wisdom and your pious life;
Your aim no more, than to destroy
That which does Europe's ease annoy,
And supersede a reign of shame and strife.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, July 24.*

'My brethren of the quill, the ingenious society of news-writers, having with great spirit and elegance already informed the world, that the town of Tournay capitulated on the twenty-eighth instant; there is nothing left for me to say, but to congratulate the good company here, that we have reason to hope for an opportunity of thanking Mr. Withers* next winter in this place, for the service he has done his country. No man deserves better of his friends

* Henry Withers was at that a time major-general in the British army. He died in 1729.

Digitized by Google

than that gentleman, whose distinguishing character it is, that he gives his orders with the familiarity, and enjoys his fortune with the generosity, of a fellow-soldier. His grace the duke of Argyle had also an eminent part in the reduction of this important place. That illustrious youth discovers the peculiar turn of spirit and greatness of soul, which only make men of high birth and quality useful to their country; and considers nobility as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. But, that our military glory is arrived at its present height, and that men of all ranks so passionately affect their share in it, is certainly owing to the merit and conduct of our glorious general: for, as the great secret in chemistry, though not in nature, has occasioned many useful discoveries; and the fantastic notion of being wholly disinterested in friendship has made men do a thousand generous actions above themselves; so, though the present grandeur and fame of the duke of Marlborough is a station of glory to which no one hopes to arrive, yet all carry their actions to a higher pitch, by having that great example laid before them.

No. 47.] *Thursday, July* 28, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house, July* 18.

My friend sir Thomas has communicated to me his letters from Epsom of the twenty-fifth instant, which give, in general, a very good account of the present posture of affairs in that place; but that the tranquillity and correspondence of the company begins to be interrupted by the arrival of sir Taffety Trippet,* a fortune-hunter, whose follies are too gross to give diversion; and whose vanity is too stupid

* Henry Cromwell, Esq. who died in 1798, was the original of the character here delineated under the name of sir Taffety Trippet.

Digitized by Google

to let him be sensible that he is a public offence. If people will indulge a splenetic humour, it is impossible to be at ease, when such creatures as are the scandal of our species set up for gallantry and adventures. It will be much more easy, therefore, to laugh sir Taffety into reason, than convert him from his foppery by any serious contempt. I knew a gentleman that made it a maxim to open his doors, and ever run into the way of bullies, to avoid their insolence. The rule will hold as well with coxcombs: they are never mortified, but when they see you receive and despise them; otherwise they rest assured, that it is your ignorance makes them out of your good graces; or, that it is only want of admittance prevents their being amiable where they are shunned and avoided. But sir Taffety is a fop of so sanguine a complexion, that I fear it will be very hard for the fair-one he at present pursues to get rid of the chace, without being so tired, as, for her own ease, to fall into the mouth of the mongrel she runs from. But the history of sir Taffety is as pleasant as his character.

It happened that, when he first set up for a fortune-hunter, he chose Tunbridge for the scene of action, where were at that time two sisters upon the same design. The knight believed of course the elder must be the better prize; and consequently makes all his sail that way. People that want sense do always in an egregious manner want modesty, which made our hero triumph in making his amour as public as was possible. The adored lady was no less vain of his public addresses. An attorney with one cause is not half so restless as a woman with one lover. Wherever they met, they talked to each other aloud, chose each other partner at balls, saluted at the most conspicuous parts of the service of the church, and practised, in honour of each other, all the remarkable particularities which are usual for persons who admire one another, and are contemptible to the rest of the world. These two lovers seemed as much made for each other as Adam and Eve, and all pronounced it a match of nature's own making; but the night before the nuptials, so universally approved, the younger sister, envious of the good fortune even of her sister, who had

Digitized by Google

been present at most of their interviews, and had an equal taste for the charms of a fop, as there are a set of women made for that order of men; the younger, I say, unable to see so rich a prize pass by her, discovered to sir Taffety, that a coquet air, much tongue, and three suits, was all the portion of his mistress. His love vanished that moment, himself and equipage the next morning. It is uncertain where the lover has been ever since engaged; but certain it is, he has not appeared in his character as a follower of love and fortune until he arrived at Epsom, where there is at present a young lady of youth, beauty, and fortune, who has alarmed all the vain and the impertinent to infest that quarter. At the head of this assembly, sir Taffety shines in the brightest manner, with all the accomplishments which usually ensnare the heart of a woman; with this particular merit, which often is of great service, that he is laughed at for her sake. The friends of the fair one are in much pain for the sufferings she goes through from the perseverance of this hero; but they may be much more so from the danger of his succeeding, toward which they give a helping hand, if they dissuade her with bitterness; for there is a fantastical generosity in the sex to approve creatures of the least merit imaginable, when they see the imperfections of their admirers are become marks of derision for their sakes; and there is nothing so frequent, as that he, who was contemptible to a woman in her own judgment, has won her by being too violently opposed by others.

*Grecian Coffee-house, July 27.*

In the several capacities I bear of astrologer, civilian, and physician, I have with great application studied the public emolument; to this end serve all my lucubrations, speculations, and whatever other labours I undertake, whether nocturnal or diurnal. On this motive am I induced to publish a never-failing medicine for the spleen: my experience in this distemper came from a very remarkable cure on my ever-worthy friend Tom Spindle, who, through excessive gayety, had exhausted that natural stock of wit

Digitized by Google

and spirits he had long been blessed with: he was sunk and flattened to the lowest degree imaginable, sitting whole hours over the 'Book of Martyrs' and 'Pilgrim's Progress;' his other contemplations never rising higher than the colour of his urine, or the regularity of his pulse. In this condition I found him, accompanied by the learned Dr. Drachm, and a good old nurse. Drachm had prescribed magazines of herbs, and mines of steel. I soon discovered the malady, and descanted on the nature of it, until I convinced both the patient and his nurse, that the spleen is not to be cured by medicine but by poetry. Apollo, the author of physic, shone with diffusive rays, the best of poets as well as of physicians; and it is in this double capacity that I have made my way; and have found sweet, easy, flowing numbers are oft superior to our noblest medicines. When the spirits are low, and nature sunk, the muse, with sprightly and harmonious notes, gives an unexpected turn with a grain of poetry; which I prepare without the use of mercury. I have done wonders in this kind; for the spleen is like the Tarantula, the effects of whose malignant poison are to be prevented by no other remedy but the charms of music: for you are to understand, that as some noxious animals carry antidotes for their own poisons, so there is something equally unaccountable in poetry; for though it is sometimes a disease, it is to be cured only by itself. Now, I knowing Tom Spindle's constitution, and that he is not only a pretty gentleman, but also a pretty poet, found the true cause of his distemper was as violent grief, that moved his affections too strongly: for, during the late treaty of peace, he had writ a most excellent poem on that subject; and when he wanted but two lines in the last stanza for finishing the whole piece, there comes news that the French tyrant would not sign. Spindle in a few days took his bed, and had lain there still, had not I been sent for. I immediately told him, there was great probability the French would now sue to us for peace. I saw immediately a new life in his eyes; and I knew that nothing could help him forward so well, as hearing verses which he would believe

Digitized by Google

worse than his own. I read him, therefore the Brussels Postscript; after which I recited some heroic lines of my own, which operated so strongly on the tympanum of his ear, that I doubt not but I have kept out all other sounds for a fortnight; and have reason to hope, we shall see him abroad the day before his poem.

This you see, is a particular secret I have found out, viz. that you are not to choose your physician for his knowledge in your distemper, but for having it himself. Therefore, I am at hand for all maladies arising from poetical vapours, beyond which I never pretend. For being called the other day to one in love, I took indeed their three guineas, and gave them my advice, which was to send for Æsculapius. Æsculapius, as soon as he saw the patient, cries out, 'It is love! it is love! Oh! the unequal pulse! these are the symptoms a lover feels; such sighs, such pangs, attend the uneasy mind; nor can our art, or all our boasted skill, avail.—Yet, O fair! for thee'—Thus the sage ran on, and owned the passion which he pitied, as well as that he felt a greater pain than ever he cured: after which he concluded, 'All I can advise, is marriage: charms and beauty will give new life and vigour, and turn the course of nature to its better prospect.' This is the new way; and thus Æsculapius has left his beloved powders, and writes a recipe for a wife at sixty. In short, my friend followed the prescription, and married youth and beauty in its perfect bloom.

> 'Supine in Silvia's snowy arms he lies,
> And all the busy cares of life defies:
> Each happy hour is fill'd with fresh delight,
> While peace the day, and pleasure crowns the night.'

*From my own Apartment, July 27.*

Tragical passion was the subject of the discourse where I last visited this evening; and a gentleman who knows that I am at present writing a very deep tragedy, directed his discourse in a particular manner to me. 'It is the common fault,' said he, 'of you gentlemen who write in the buskin style, that you give us rather the sentiments

Digitized by Google

of such who behold tragical events, than of such who bear a part in them themselves. I would advise all who pretend this way to read Shakspeare with care and they will soon be deterred from putting forth what is usually called tragedy. The way of common writers in this kind is rather the description than the expression of sorrow. There is no medium in these attempts, and you must go to the very bottom of the heart, or it is all mere language; and the writer of such lines is no more a poet, than a man is a physician for knowing the names of distempers, without the causes of them. Men of sense are professed enemies to all such empty labours: for he who pretends to be sorrowful, and is not, is a wretch yet more contemptible than he who pretends to be merry, and is not. Such a tragedian is only maudlin drunk.' The gentleman went on with much warmth; but all he could say had little effect upon me: but when I came hither, I so far observed his counsel, that I looked into Shakspeare. The tragedy I dipped into was 'Henry the Fourth.' In the scene where Morton is preparing to tell Northumberland of his son's death, the old man does not give him time to speak, but says,

'The whiteness of thy cheeks
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand;
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Piercy's death, ere thou report'st it.'

The image in this place is wonderfully noble and great; yet this man in all this is but rising towards his great affliction, and is still enough himself, as you see, to make a simile. But when he is certain of his son's death, he is lost to all patience, and gives up all the regards of this life; and since the last of evils is fallen upon him, he calls for it upon all the world.

'Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die.



Digitized by Google

And let the world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a ling'ring act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
On bloody courses, the wide scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead.'

Reading but this one scene has convinced me, that he, who describes the concern of great men, must have a soul as noble, and as susceptible of high thoughts, as they whom he represents: I shall therefore lay by my drama for some time, and turn my thoughts to cares and griefs somewhat below that of heroes, but no less moving. A misfortune, proper for me to take notice of, has too lately happened: the disconsolate Maria has three days kept her chamber for the loss of the beauteous Fidelia, her lap-dog. Lesbia herself did not shed more tears for her sparrow. What makes her the more concerned is, that we know not whether Fidelia was killed or stolen; but she was seen in the parlour-window when the train-bands went by, and never since. Whoever gives notice of her, dead or alive, shall be rewarded with a kiss of her lady.

No. 48.] *Saturday, July 30,* 1709.

——— Virtutem verba putant, ut
Lucum ligna ——— *Hor. Ep.* vi. 31.

They look on virtue as an empty name.

*From my own Apartment, July 29.*

This day I obliged Pacolet to entertain me with matters which regarded persons of his own character and occupation. We chose to take our walk on Tower-hill, and as we were coming from thence, in order to stroll as far as Garraway's,* I observed two men who had but just landed coming from the water-side. I thought there was something uncommon in their mien and aspect; but though they seemed by their visage to be related, yet was there a warmth in their

* Garraway kept a coffee-house at that time opposite to the Royal Exchange, probably in the place where there is now a coffee-house well known by the same name.

Digitized by Google

manner, as if they differed very much in their sentiments of the subject on which they were talking. One of them seemed to have a natural confidence mixed with an ingenuous freedom, in his gesture; his dress very plain, but very graceful and becoming; the other, in the midst of an overbearing carriage, betrayed, by frequently looking round him, a suspicion that he was not enough regarded by those he met, or that he feared they would make some attack upon him. This person was much taller than his companion, and added to that height the advantage of a feather in his hat, and heels to his shoes so monstrously high, that he had three or four times fallen down, had he not been supported by his friend. They made a full stop as they came within a few yards of the place where we stood. The plain gentleman bowed to Pacolet; the other looked upon him with some displeasure; upon which I asked him who they both were? when he thus informed me of their persons and circumstances:

'You may remember, Isaac, that I have often told you, there are beings of a superior rank to mankind; who frequently visit the habitations of men, in order to call them from some wrong pursuits in which they are actually engaged, or divert them from methods which will lead them into errors for the future. He that will carefully reflect upon the occurrences of his life, will find he has been sometimes extricated out of difficulties, and received favours where he could never have expected such benefits; as well as met with cross events from some unseen hand, which has disappointed his best laid designs. Such accidents arrive from the interventions of aëriel beings, as they are benevolent or hurtful to the nature of man; and attend his steps in the tracks of ambition, of business, and of pleasure. Before I ever appeared to you in the manner I do now, I have frequently followed you in your evening-walks; and have often, by throwing some accident in your way, as the passing by of a funeral, or the appearance of some other solemn object, given your imagination a new turn, and changed a night you have destined to mirth and jollity, into an exercise of study and contem-

Digitized by Google

plation. I was the old soldier who met you last summer in Chelsea-fields, and pretended that I had broken my wooden-leg, and could not get home; but I snapped it short off, on purpose that you might fall into the reflections you did on that subject, and take me into your back. If you remember, you made yourself very merry on that fracture, and asked me whether I thought I should next winter feel cold in the toes of that leg? as is usually observed, that those who lose limbs are sensible of pains in the extreme parts, even after those limbs are cut off. However, my keeping you then in the story of the battle of the Boyne prevented an assignation, which would have led you into more disasters than I then related.

'To be short: those two persons whom you see yonder are such as I am; they are not real men, but are mere shades and figures, one is named Alethes, the other Verisimilis. Their office is to be the guardians and representatives of conscience and honour. They are now going to visit the several parts of the town, to see how their interests in the world decay or flourish, and to purge themselves from the many false imputations they daily meet with in the commerce and conversation of men. You observed Verisimilis frowned when he first saw me. What he is provoked at is, that I told him one day, though he strutted and dressed with so much ostentation, if he kept himself within his own bounds, he was but a lacquey, and wore only that gentleman's livery whom he is now with. This frets him to the heart; for you must know, he has pretended a long time to set up for himself, and gets among a crowd of the more unthinking part of mankind, who take him for a person of the first quality; though his introduction into the world was wholly owing to his present companion.'

This encounter was very agreeable to me, and I was resolved to dog them, and desired Pacolet to accompany me. I soon perceived what he told me in the gesture of the persons; for, when they looked at each other in discourse, the well-dressed man suddenly cast down his eyes, and discovered that the other had a painful superiority

Digitized by Google

over him. After some further discourse, they took leave. The plain gentleman went down towards Thames-street, in order to be present, at least, at the oaths taken at the custom-house; and the other made directly for the heart of the city. It is incredible how great a change there immediately appeared in the man of honour, when he got rid of his uneasy companion: he adjusted the cock of his hat a-new, settled his sword-knot, and had an appearance that attracted a sudden inclination for him and his interests in all who beheld him. 'For my part,' said I to Pacolet, 'I cannot but think you are mistaken in calling this person of the lower quality; for he looks much more like a gentleman than the other. Do not you observe all eyes are upon him, as he advances? how each sex gazes at his stature, aspect, address, and motion?' Pacolet only smiled and shaked his head; as leaving me to be convinced by my own further observation. We kept on our way after him until we came to Exchange-alley, where the plain gentleman again came up to the other; and they stood together after the manner of eminent merchants, as if ready to receive application; but I could observe no man talk to either of them. The one was laughed at as a fop; and I heard many whispers against the other, as a whimsical sort of a fellow, and a great enemy to trade. They crossed Cornhill together, and came into the full Exchange, where some bowed, and gave themselves airs in being known to so fine a man as Verisimilis, who, they said, had great interest in all prince's courts; and the other was taken notice of by several, as one they had seen somewhere long before. One more particularly said, he had formerly been a man of consideration in the world; but was so unlucky, that they who dealt with him, by some strange infatuation or other, had a way of cutting off their own bills, and were prodigiously slow in improving their stock. But as much as I was curious to observe the reception these gentlemen met with upon the Exchange, I could not help being interrupted by one that came up towards us, to whom every body made their compliments. He was of the common height, and in his



Digitized by Google

dress there seemed to be great care to appear no way particular, except in a certain exact and feat manner of behaviour and circumspection. He was wonderfully careful that his shoes and cloaths should be without the least speck upon them; and seemed to think, that on such an accident depended his very life and fortune. There was hardly a man on the Exchange who had not a note upon him; and each seemed very well satisfied that their money lay in his hands, without demanding payment. I asked Pacolet, what great merchant that was, who was so universally addressed to, yet made too familiar an appearance to command that extraordinary deference? Pacolet answered, 'This person is the demon or genius of credit; his name is Umbra. If you observe, he follows Alethes and Verisimilis at a distance; and indeed has no foundation for the figure he makes in the world, but that he is thought to keep their cash; though, at the same time, none who trust him would trust the others for a groat.' As the company rolled about, the three spectres were jumbled into one place: when they were so, and all thought there was an alliance between them, they immediately drew upon them the business of the whole Exchange. But their affairs soon increased to such an unwieldy bulk, that Alethes took his leave, and said, 'he would not engage further than he had an immediate fund to answer.' Verisimilis pretended, 'that though he had revenues large enough to go on his own bottom, yet it was below one of his family to condescend to trade in his own name;' therefore he also retired. I was extremely troubled to see the glorious mart of London left with no other guardian but him of credit. But Pacolet told me, 'that traders had nothing to do with the honour or conscience of their correspondents, provided they supported a general behaviour in the world, which could not hurt their credit or their purses: for,' said he, 'you may, in this one tract of building of London and Westminster, see the imaginary motives on which the greatest affairs move, as well as in rambling over the face of the earth. For though Alethes is the real governor, as well as legislator of mankind, he has very little

Digitized by Google

business but to make up quarrels; and is only a general referee, to whom every man pretends to appeal, but is satisfied with his determinations no further than they promote his own interest. Hence it is, that the soldier and the courtier model their actions according to Verisimilis's manner, and the merchant according to that of Umbra. Among these men, honour and credit are not valuable possessions in themselves, or pursued out of a principle of justice; but merely as they are serviceable to ambition and to commerce. But the world will never be in any manner of order or tranquillity, until men are firmly convinced that conscience, honour, and credit, are all in one interest; and that, without the concurrence of the former, the latter are but impositions upon ourselves and others. The force these delusive words have, is not seen in the transactions of the busy world only, but they have also their tyranny over the fair sex. Were you to ask the unhappy Lais, what pangs of reflection preferring the consideration of her honour to her conscience has given her? she could tell you, that it has forced her to drink up half a gallon, this winter, of Tom Dassapas's potions: that she still pines away for fear of being a mother; and knows not but the moment she is such, she shall be a murderess: but if conscience had as strong a force upon the mind as honour, the first step to her unhappy condition had never been made; she had still been innocent as she is beautiful. Were men so enlightened and studious of their own good, as to act by the dictates of their reason and reflection, and not the opinion of others, conscience would be the steady ruler of human life; and the words truth, law, reason, equity, and religion, would be but synonymous terms for that only guide which makes us pass our days in our own favour and approbation.'

No. 49.] *Tuesday, August* 2, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
——— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

What'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

Digitized by Google

*White's Chocolate-house, August 1.*

The imposition of honest names and words upon improper subjects, has made so regular a confusion among us, that we are apt to sit down with our errors, well enough satisfied with the methods we are fallen into, without attempting to deliver ourselves from the tyranny under which we are reduced by such innovations. Of all the laudable motives of human life, none have suffered so much in this kind, as love; under which revered name a brutal desire called lust, is frequently concealed and admitted; though they differ as much as a matron from a prostitute, or a companion from a buffoon. Philander the other day was bewailing this misfortune with much indignation, and upbraided me for having some time since quoted those excellent lines of the satirist:

> 'To an exact perfection they have brought
> The action love, the passion is forgot.'

'How could you,' said he, 'leave such a hint so coldly? How could Aspasia and Sempronia enter into your imagination at the same time, and you never declare to us the different receptions you gave them?'

The figures which the ancient mythologists and poets put upon Love and Lust in their writings are very instructive. Love is a beauteous blind child, adorned with a quiver and a bow, which he plays with, and shoots around him, without design or direction; to intimate to us that the person beloved has no intention to give us the anxieties we meet with, but that the beauties of a worthy object are like the charms of a lovely infant; they cannot but attract your concern and fondness, though the child so regarded is as insensible of the value you put upon it, as it is that it deserves your benevolence. On the other side, the sages figured Lust in the form of a satyr; of shape, part human, part bestial; to signify that the followers of it prostitute the reason of a man to pursue the appetites of a beast. This satyr is made to haunt the paths and coverts of the wood-nymphs and shepherdesses, to

Digitized by Google

lurk on the banks of rivulets, and watch the purling streams, as the resorts of retired virgins; to show, that lawless desire tends chiefly to prey upon innocence, and has something so unnatural in it, that it hates its own make, and shuns the object it loved, as soon as it has made it like itself. Love, therefore, is a child that complains and bewails its inability to help itself, and weeps for assistance, without an immediate reflection or knowledge of the food it wants: Lust, a watchful thief, which seizes its prey, and lays snares for its own relief; and its principal object being innocence, it never robs, but it murders at the same time.

From this idea of a Cupid and a Satyr, we may settle our notions of these different desires, and accordingly rank their followers. Aspasia must, therefore, be allowed to be the first of the beauteous order of Love, whose unaffected freedom, and conscious innocence, give her the attendance of the graces in all her actions. That awful distance which we bear toward her in all our thoughts of her, and that cheerful familiarity with which we approach her, are certain instances of her being the truest object of love of any of her sex. In this accomplished lady, love is the constant effect, because it is never the design. Yet, though her mein carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour; and to love her is a liberal education; for, it being the nature of all love to create an imitation of the beloved person in the lover, a regard for Aspasia naturally produces decency of manners, and good conduct of life in her admirers. If, therefore, the giggling Leucippe could but see her train of fops assembled, and Aspasia move by them, she would be mortified at the veneration with which she is beheld, even by Leucippe's own unthinking equipage, whose passions have long taken leave of their understandings.

As charity is esteemed a conjunction of the good qualities necessary to a virtuous man, so love is the happy composition of all the accomplishments that make a fine gentleman. The motive of a man's life is seen in all his

Digitized by Google

actions; and such as have the beauteous boy for their inspirer, have a simplicity of behaviour, and a certain evenness of desire, which burns like the lamp of life in their bosoms; while they who are instigated by the satyr, are ever tortured by jealousies of the object of their wishes; often desire what they scorn, and as often consciously and knowingly embrace where they are mutually indifferent.

Florio, the generous husband, and Limberham, the kind keeper, are noted examples of the different effects which these desires produce in the mind. Amanda, who is the wife of Florio, lives in the continual enjoyment of new instances of her husband's friendship, and sees it the end of all his ambition to make her life one series of pleasure and satisfaction; and Amanda's relish of the goods of life is all that makes them pleasing to Florio: they behave themselves to each other, when present, with a certain apparent benevolence, which transports above rapture; and they think of each other in absence with a confidence unknown to the highest friendship: their satisfactions are doubled, their sorrows lessened, by participation.

On the other hand, Corinna,* who is the mistress of Limberham, lives in constant torment: her equipage is an old woman, who was what Corinna is now; and an antiquated footman, who was pimp to Limberham's father; and a chambermaid, who is Limberham's wench by fits, out of a principle of politics to make her jealous and watchful of Corinna. Under this guard, and in this conversation, Corinna lives in state; the furniture of her habitation, and her own gorgeous dress, make her the envy of all the strolling ladies in the town; but Corinna knows she herself is but part of Limberham's household-stuff, and is as capable of being disposed of elsewhere, as any other moveable. But, while her keeper is persuaded by his spies that no enemy has been within his doors since his last visit, no Persian prince was ever so magnificently bountiful: a kind look or falling tear is worth a piece of

* The persons here alluded to under the names of Corinna and Limberham, were Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, junior, and Henry Cromwell, esquire.

Digitized by Google

brocade, a sigh is a jewel, and a smile is a cupboard of plate. All this is shared between Corinna and her guard in his absence. With this great economy and industry does the unhappy Limberham purchase the constant tortures of jealousy, the favour of spending his estate, and the opportunity of enriching one by whom he knows he is hated and despised. These are the ordinary and common evils which attend keepers; and Corinna is a wench but of common size of wickedness, were you to know what passes under the roof where the fair Messalina reigns with her humble adorer.

Messalina is the professed mistress of mankind; she has left the bed of her husband, and her beauteous offspring, to give a loose to want of shame and fullness of desire. Wretched Nocturnus, her feeble keeper! How the poor creature fribbles in his gait, and skuttles from place to place, to despatch his necessary affairs in painful daylight, that he may return to the constant twilight preserved in that scene of wantonness, Messalina's bed-chamber! How does he, while he is absent from thence, consider in his imagination the breadth of his porter's shoulders, the spruce night-cap of his valet, the ready attendance of his butler! any of all whom he knows she admits, and professes to approve of. This, alas! is the gallantry, this the freedom of our fine gentlemen; for this they preserve their liberty, and keep clear of that bugbear, marriage. But he does not understand either vice or virtue, who will not allow that life, without the rules of morality, is a wayward uneasy being, with snatches only of pleasure; but under the regulation of virtue, a reasonable and uniform habit of enjoyment. I have seen, in a play of old Haywoods, a speech at the end of an act, which touched this point with much spirit. He makes a married man in the play, upon some endearing occasion, look at his spouse with an air of fondness, and fall into the following reflection on his condition:

> Oh marriage! happiest, easiest, safest state;
> Let debauchees and drunkards scorn thy rites,
> Who, in their nauseous draughts and lusts, profane
> Both thee and heav'n, by whom thou wert ordain'd.

Digitized by Google

How can the savage call it loss of freedom,
Thus to converse with, this to gaze at
A faithful, beauteous friend?
Blush not, my fair-one, that thy love applauds thee,
Nor be it painful to my wedded wife
That my full heart o'erflows in praise of thee.
Thou art by law, by interest, passion, mine;
Passion and reason join in love of thee.
Thus, through a world of calumny and fraud,
We pass both unreproach'd, both undeceiv'd;
While in each other's interest and happiness,
We without art all faculties employ,
And all our senses without guilt enjoy.

No. 50.] *Thursday August 4, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines———
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house, August 2.*

THE HISTORY OF ORLANDO THE FAIR.

WHATEVER malicious men may say of our lucubrations, we have no design but to produce unknown merit, or place in a proper light the actions of our contemporaries who labour to distinguish themselves, whether it be by vice or virtue. For we shall never give accounts to the world of any thing, but what the lives and endeavours of the persons, of whom we treat, make the basis of their fame and reputation. For this reason, it is to be hoped that our appearance is reputed a public benefit; and though certain persons may turn what we mean for panegyric into scandal, let it be answered once for all, that if our praises are really designed as raillery, such malevolent persons owe their safety from it, only to their being too inconsiderable for history. It is not every man who deals in ratsbane, or is unseasonably amorous, that can adorn story like Æsculapius; nor every stock-jobber of the India company can assume the port, and personate the figure of Aurengezebe. My noble ancestor, Mr. Shakspeare, who was of the race of the Staff's was not more fond of the memorable

Digitized by Google

sir John Falstaff, than I am of those worthies; the but Latins have an admirable admonition expressed in three words, to wit, *Ne quid nimis*, which forbids my indulging myself on those delightful subjects, and calls me to do justice to others, who make no less figures in our generation; of such, the first and most renowned is that eminent hero and lover, Orlando,* the handsome, whose disappointments in love, in gallantry, and in war, have banished him from public view, and made him voluntarily enter into a confinement to which the ungrateful age would otherwise have forced him. Ten *lustra* † and more are wholly past since Orlando first appeared in the metropolis of this island; his descent noble, his wit humorous, his person charming. But to none of these recommendatory advantages was his title so undoubted, as that of his beauty. His complexion was fair, but his countenance manly; his stature of the tallest, his shape the most exact: and though in all his limbs he had a proportion as delicate as we see in the works of the most skilful statuaries, his body had a strength and firmness little inferior to the marble of which such images are formed. This made Orlando the universal flame of all the fair sex; innocent virgins sighed for him, as Adonis; experienced widows, as Hercules. Thus did this figure walk alone the pattern and ornament of our species, but of course the envy of all who had the same passions without his superior merit and pretences to the favour of that enchanting creature, woman. However, the generous Orlando believed himself formed for the world, and not to be engrossed by any particular affection. He sighed not for Delia, for Chloris, for Chloe, for Betty, nor my lady, nor for the ready chamber-maid, nor distant baroness: woman was his mistress, and the whole sex his seraglio. His form was always irresistible: and if we consider, that not one of five hundred can bear

* Robert Fielding, Esq. commonly known then by the name of beau Fielding, a handsome and very comely gentleman, much distinguished in the 'Annals of Gallantry' at that time.

† Ten *lustra* amount to half a century. A *lustrum* was undoubtedly a period of five years complete, and an *olympiad* of four.



Digitized by Google

the least favour from a lady without being exalted above himself; if also we must allow, that a smile from a side-box has made Jack Spruce half mad; we cannot think it wonderful that Orlando's repeated conquests touched his brain: so it certainly did, and Orlando became an enthusiast in love; and in all his address contracted something out of the ordinary course of breeding and civility. However, powerful as he was, he would still add to the advantages of his person, that of a profession which the ladies always favour, and immediately commenced soldier.* Thus equipped for love and honour, our hero seeks distant climes and adventures, and leaves the despairing nymphs of Great Britain, to the courtships of beaux and witlings till his return. His exploits in foreign nations and courts have not been regularly enough communicated unto us, to report them with that veracity which we profess in our narrations: but after many feats of arms (which those who were witnesses to them have suppressed out of envy, but which we have had faithfully related from his own mouth in our public streets) Orlando returns home full, but not loaded with years. Beaux born in his absence made it their business to decry his furniture, his dress, his manner; but all such rivalry he suppressed (as the philosopher did the sceptic, who argued there was no such thing as motion) by only moving. The beauteous Villaria,† who only was formed for his paramour, became the object of his affection. His first speech to her was as follows:

'MADAM,

'It is not only that nature has made us two the most accomplished of each sex, and pointed to us to obey her dictates in becoming one; but that there is also an ambition in following the mighty persons you have favoured. Where kings and heroes, as great as Alexander, or such

* Fielding embarked in the fortunes of king James II. who gave him the nomination of colonel, and for whom he raised a regiment in his native county of Warwick.

† Barbara, daughter and heiress to William Villiers, lord viscount Grandison of the kingdom of Ireland.

Digitized by Google

as could personate Alexander,* have bowed, permit your general to lay his laurels.' According to Milton;

> The fair with conscious majesty approv'd
> His pleaded reason. ———

Fortune having now supplied Orlando with necessaries for his high taste of gallantry and pleasure, his equipage and economy had something in them more sumptuous and gallant than could be received in our degenerate age; therefore his figure, though highly graceful, appeared so exotic, that it assembled all the Britons under the age of sixteen, who saw his grandeur, to follow his chariot with shouts and acclamations; which he regarded with the contempt which great minds affect in the midst of applauses. I remember I had the honour to see him one day stop, and call the youths about him to whom he spake as follows:

'Good bastards—Go to school and do not lose your time in following my wheels: I am loth to hurt you, because I know not but you are all my own offspring: hark ye, you sirrah with the white hair, I am sure you are mine: there is half-a-crown. Tell your mother, this, with the half-crown I gave her when I got you, comes to five shillings. Thou has tcost me all that, and yet thou art good for nothing. Why, you young dogs, did you never see a man before?' 'Never such a one as you, noble general,' replied a truant from Westminster. 'Sirrah, I believe thee: there is a crown for thee. Drive on, coachman.'

This vehicle though sacred to love, was not adorned with doves: such a hieroglyphic denoted too languishing a passion. Orlando, therefore, gave the eagle,† as being of a constitution which inclined him rather to seize his prey with talons, than pine for it with murmurs.

*From my own Apartment, August 2.*

I have received the following letter from Mr. Powel of Bath, who, I think, runs from the point between us; which I leave the whole world to judge.

* An allusion to Goodman the player, who was one of the promiscuous train above-mentioned.

† The Fieldings give the Spread Eagle, as counts of the German empire.

Digitized by Google

*To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.*

'SIR, Bath, July 28.

'Having a great deal of more advantageous business at present on my hands, I thought to have deferred answering your Tatler of the twenty-first instant until the company was gone and season over; but, having resolved not to regard any impertinencies of your paper, except what relate particularly to me, I am the more easily induced to answer you, as I shall find time to do it. First, partly lest you should think yourself neglected, which I have reason to believe you would take heinously ill. Secondly, partly because it will increase my fame, and consequently my audience, when all the quality shall see with how much wit and raillery I show you—I do not care a farthing for you. Thirdly, partly because being without books; if I do not show much learning, it will not be imputed to my having none.

'I have travelled Italy, France, and Spain, and fully comprehended whatever any German artist in the world can do; yet cannot I imagine why you should endeavour to disturb the repose and plenty which, though unworthy, I enjoy at this place. It cannot be, that you take offence at my prologues and epilogues, which you are pleased to miscall foolish and abusive. No, no, until you give a better, I shall not forbear thinking that the true reason of your picking a quarrel with me was, because it is more agreeable to your principles, as well as more to the honour of your assured victory, to attack a governor. Mr. Isaac, Mr. Isaac, I can see into a mill-stone as far as another, as the saying is; you are for sowing the seed of seditions and disobedience among my puppets, and your zeal for the good old cause would make you persuade Punch to pull the string from his chops, and not move his jaw when I have a mind he should harangue. Now, I appeal to all men, if this be not contrary to that unaccountable and uncontrollable dominion, which by the laws of nature I exercise over them; for all sorts of wood and wire were made for the use and benefit of man: I have, therefore,

Digitized by Google

an unquestionable right to frame, fashion, and put them together as I please; and having made them what they are, my puppets are my property, and therefore my slaves; nor is there in nature any thing more just, than the homage which is paid by a less to a more excellent being: so that by the right, therefore, of a superior genius, I am their supreme moderator, although you would insinuate, agreeably to your levelling principles, that I am myself but a great puppet, and can therefore have but a co-ordinate jurisdiction with them. I suppose, I have now sufficiently made it appear, that I have a paternal right to keep a puppet-show, and this right I will maintain in my prologues on all occasions.

'And, therefore, if you write a defence of yourself against this my self-defence, I admonish you to keep within bounds; for every day will not be so propitious to you as the twenty-ninth of April; and perhaps my resentment may get the better of my generosity, and I may no longer scorn to fight one who is not my equal, with unequal weapons: there are such things as *scandalums magnatums;* therefore, take heed hereafter how you write such things as I cannot easily answer, for that will put me in a passion.

'I order you to handle only these two propositions, to which our dispute may be reduced: the first, whether I have not an absolute power, whenever I please, to light a pipe with one of Punch's legs, or warm my fingers with his whole carcass? the second, whether the devil would not be in Punch, should he by word or deed oppose my sovereign will and pleasure? and then, perhaps, I may, if I can find leisure for it, give you the trouble of a second letter.

'But if you intend to tell me of the original of puppet-shows; and the several changes and revolutions that have happened in them since Thespis, and I do not care who, that is *Noli me tangere!* I have solemnly engaged to say nothing of what I cannot approve. Or, if you talk of certain contracts with the mayor and burgesses, or fees to the constables, for the privilege of acting, I will not write one single word about any such matters; but shall leave



Digitized by Google

you to be mumbled by the learned and very ingenious author of a late book, who knows very well what is to be said and done in such cases. He is now shuffling the cards, and dealing to Timothy; but if he wins the game, I will send him to play at back-gammon with you; and then he will satisfy you that *duce-ace* makes five.

'And so, submitting myself to be tried by my country, and allowing any jury of twelve good men and true, to be that country; not excepting any, unless Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff to be of the pannel, for you are neither good nor true. I bid you heartily farewell; and am,

'Sir,

'Your loving friend,

'POWEL.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

Proper cuts for the historical part of this paper, are now almost finished, by an engraver lately arrived from Paris, and will be sold at all the toy-shops in London and Westminster.

No. 51.] *Saturday, August* 6, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house, August* 5.

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF ORLANDO THE FAIR.*

FORTUNE being now propitious to the gay Orlando, he dressed, he spoke, he moved as a man might be supposed to do in a nation of pygmies, and had an equal value for our approbation or dislike. It is usual for those who profess a contempt for the world, to fly from it and live in obscurity; but Orlando, with a greater magnanimity, contemned it, and appeared in it to tell them so. If, therefore, his exalted mien met with an unwelcome recep-

* See No. 50. p. 300.

Digitized by Google

tion, he was sure always to double the cause which gave the distaste. You see our beauties affect a negligence in the ornament of their hair, and adjusting their head-dresses, as conscious that they adorn whatever they wear. Orlando had not only this humour in common with other beauties, but also had a neglect whether things became him or not, in a world he contemned. For this reason, a noble particularity appeared in all his economy, furniture, and equipage. And to convince the present little race, how unequal all their measures were to Antediluvian, as he called himself, in respect of the insects which now appear for men, he sometimes rode in an open tumbril, of less size than ordinary, to show the largeness of his limbs, and the grandeur of his personage, to the greater advantage. At other seasons, all his appointments had a magnificence, as if it were formed by the genius of Trimalchio of old; which showed itself in doing ordinary things with an air of pomp and grandeur. Orlando therefore called for tea by beat of drum; his valet got ready to shave him by a trumpet to horse; and water was brought for his teeth, when the sound was changed to boots and saddle.

In all these glorious excesses from the common practice, did the happy Orlando live and reign in an uninterrupted tranquillity, until an unlucky accident brought to his remembrance, that one evening he was married before he courted the nuptials of Villaria. Several fatal memorandums were produced to revive the memory of this accident; and the unhappy lover was for ever banished her presence, to whom he owed the support of his just renown and gallantry. But distress does not debase noble minds; it only changes the scene, and gives them new glory by that alteration. Orlando therefore now raves in a garret, and calls to his neighbour-skies to pity his dolours, and to find redress for an unhappy lover. All high spirits, in any great agitation of mind, are inclined to relieve themselves by poetry: the renowned porter of Oliver* had not more vo-

* Cromwell's porter is said to have been the original from which Caius Gabriel, father of Colley Cibber, copied one of the lunatic figures on Bedlam gate.

Digitized by Google

lumes around his cell in his college of Bedlam, than Orlando in his present apartment. And though inserting poetry in the midst of prose be thought a licence among correct writers not to be indulged, it is hoped the necessity of doing it, to give a just idea of the hero of whom we treat, will plead for the liberty we shall hereafter take, to print Orlando's soliloquies in verse and prose, after the manner of great wits, and such as those to whom they are nearly allied.

*Will's Coffee-house, August 5.*

A good company of us were this day to see, or rather to hear, an artful person do several feats of activity with his throat and windpipe. The first thing wherewith he presented us, was a ring of bells, which he imitated in a most miraculous manner; after that, he gave us all the different notes of a pack of hounds, to our great delight and astonishment. The company expressed their applause with much noise; and never was heard such a harmony of men and dogs: but a certain plump, merry fellow, from an angle of the room, fell a-crowing like a cock so ingeniously, that he won our hearts from the other operator in an instant. As soon as I saw him, I recollected I had seen him on the stage, and immediately knew it to be Tom Mirrour,* the comical actor. He immediately addressed himself to me, and told, me, 'he was surprised to see a virtuoso take satisfaction in any representations below that of human life;' and asked me, 'whether I thought this acting bells and dogs was to be considered under the notion of wit, humour, or satire? Were it not better,' continued, he 'to have some particular picture of man laid before your eyes, that might incite your laughter?' He had no sooner spoke the word, but he immediately quitted his natural shape, and talked to me in a very different air and tone from what he had used before: upon which, all that sat near us laughed; but I saw no

* Mr. Richard Estcourt, commonly called Dick Estcourt, celebrated for his mimic powers, in which he was inimitable.

Digitized by Google

distortion in his countenance, or any thing that appeared to me disagreeable. I asked Pacolet, 'what meant that sudden whisper about us? for I could not take the jest.' He answered, 'The gentleman you were talking to assumed your air and countenance so exactly, that all fell a-laughing to see how little you knew yourself, and how much you were enamoured with your own image. But that person,' continued my monitor, 'if men would make the right use of him, might be as instrumental to their reforming errors in gesture, language, and speech, as a dancing-master, linguist, or orator. You see he laid yourself before you with so much address, that you saw nothing particular in his behaviour: he has so happy a knack of representing errors and imperfections, that you can bear your faults in him as well as in yourself: he is the first mimic that ever gave the beauties, as well as the deformities, of the man he acted. What Mr. Dryden said of a very great man, may be well applied to him:

"——— He seems to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome."'

You are to know, that this pantomime may be said to be a species of himself: he has no commerce with the rest of mankind, but as they are the objects of imitation; like the Indian fowl, called the Mock-bird, who has no note of his own, but hits every sound in the wood as soon as he hears it; so that Mirrour is at once a copy and an original. Poor Mirrour's fate, as well as talent, is like that of the bird we just now spoke of; the nightingale, the linnet, the lark, are delighted with his company; but the buzzard, the crow, and the owl, are observed to be his mortal enemies. Whenever Sophronius meets Mirrour, he receives him with civility and respect, and well knows a good copy of himself can be no injury to him; but Bathillus shuns the street where he expects to meet him; for he that knows his every step and look is constrained and affected, must be afraid to be rivalled in his action, and of having it discovered to be unnatural by its being practised by another as well as himself.

Digitized by Google

*From my own Apartment, August 5.*

Letters from Coventry and other places have been sent to me, in answer to what I have said in relation to my antagonist Mr. Powel; and advise me with warm language to keep to subjects more proper for me than such high points. But the writers of these epistles mistake the use and service I proposed to the learned world by such observations: for you are to understand, that the title of this paper gives me a right in taking to myself, and inserting in it, all such parts of any book or letter which are foreign to the purpose intended, or professed by the writer: so that, suppose two great divines should argue, and treat each other with warmth and levity unbecoming their subject or character, all that they say unfit for that place is very proper to be inserted here. Therefore, from time to time, in all writings which shall hereafter be published, you shall have from me extracts of all that shall appear not to the purpose; and for the benefit of the gentle reader, I will show what to turn over unread, and what to peruse. For this end I have a mathematical sieve preparing, in which I will sift every page and paragraph; and all that falls through I shall make bold with for my own use. The same thing will be as beneficial in speech; for all superfluous expressions in talk fall to me also: as when a pleader at the bar designs to be extremely impertinent and troublesome, and cries, 'Under favour of the court——with submission, my lord——I humbly offer'——and, 'I think I have well considered this matter; for I would be very far from trifling with your lordship's time, or trespassing upon your patience—however, thus I will venture to say——' and so forth. Or else, when a sufficient self-conceited coxcomb is bringing out something in his own praise, and begins, 'Without vanity, I must take this upon me to assert.' There is also a trick which the fair sex have, that will greatly contribute to swell my volumes: as, when a woman is going to abuse her best friend, 'Pray,' says she, 'have you heard what is said of Mrs. such-a-one? I am heartily sorry to hear any thing of that kind of one I have

Digitized by Google

so great a value for; but they make no scruple of telling it; and it was not spoken of to me as a secret, for now all the town rings of it.' All such flowers in rhetoric, and little refuges for malice, are to be noted, and naturally belong only to Tatlers. By this method, you will immediately find folios contract themselves into octavos, and the labour of a fortnight got over in half a day.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, August* 5.

Last night arrived a mail from Lisbon, which gives a very pleasing account of the posture of affairs in that part of the world, the enemy having been necessitated wholly to abandon the blockade of Olivenza. These advices say, that sir John Jennings is arrived at Lisbon. When that gentleman left Barcelona, his catholic majesty was taking all possible methods for carrying on an offensive war. It is observed with great satisfaction in the court of Spain, that there is a very good intelligence between the general officers: count Staremberg and Mr. Stanhope acting in all things with such unanimity, that the public affairs receive great advantages from their personal friendship and esteem to each other, and mutual assistance in promoting the service of the common cause.

This is to give notice, that if any able-bodied Palatine will enter into the bonds of matrimony with Betty Pepin, the said Palatine shall be settled in a freehold of forty shillings per annum in the county of Middlesex.

No. 52.] *Tuesday, August* 9, 1709

Quicquid agunt homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house, August* 7.

DELAMIRA RESIGNS HER FAN.

Long had the crowd of the gay and young stood in suspense, as to their fate, in their passion to the beauteous

Digitized by Google

Delamira; but all their hopes are lately vanished by the declaration that she has made of her choice, to take the happy Archibald for her companion for life. Upon her making this known, the expense of sweet powder and jessamine are considerably abated; and the mercers and milliners complain of her want of public spirit, in not concealing longer a secret which was so much the benefit of trade. But so it has happened; and no one was in confidence with her in carrying on this treaty, but the matchless Virgulta, whose despair of ever entering the matrimonial state made her, some nights before Delamira's resolution was published to the world, address herself to her in the following manner:

'Delamira! you are now going into that state of life wherein the use of your charms is wholly to be applied to the pleasing only one man. That swimming air of your body, that janty bearing of your head over one shoulder, and that inexpressible beauty in your manner of playing your fan, must be lowered into a more confined behaviour, to shew that you would rather shun than receive addresses for the future. Therefore, dear Delamira, give me those excellences you leave off, and acquaint me with your manner of charming: for I take the liberty of our friendship to say, that when I consider my own stature, motion, complexion, wit, or breeding, I cannot think myself any way your inferior; yet do I go through crowds without wounding a man, and all my acquaintance marry round me, while I live a virgin unasked, and I think unregarded.'

Delamira heard her with great attention, and, with that dexterity which is natural to her, told her, that 'all she had above the rest of her sex and contemporary beauties was wholly owing to a fan, (that was left her by her mother, and had been long in the family) which, whoever had in possession, and used with skill, should command the hearts of all her beholders; and since,' said she smiling, 'I have no more to do with extending my conquests or triumphs, I will make you a present of this inestimable rarity.' Virgulta made her expressions of the highest gratitude for so uncommon a confidence in her, and desired she would 'shew

Digitized by Google

but what was peculiar in the management of that utensil, which rendered it of such general force while she was mistress of it.' Delamira replied, 'You see, madam, Cupid is the principal figure painted on it; and the skill in playing this fan is, in your several motions of it, to let him appear as little as possible; for honourable lovers fly all endeavours to ensnare them; and your Cupid must hide his bow and arrow, or he will never be sure of his game. You may observe,' continued she, 'that in all public assemblies, the women seem to separate themselves, and draw up to attack each other with eye-shot: that is the time when the fan, which is all the armour of a woman, is of most use in our defence; for our minds are construed by the waving of that little instrument, and our thoughts appear in composure or agitation, according to the motion of it. You may observe, when Will Peregrine comes into the side-box, miss Gatty flutters her fan as a fly does its wings round a candle; while her elder sister, who is as much in love with him as she is, is as grave as a vestal at his entrance; and the consequence is accordingly. He watches half the play for a glance from her sister, while Gatty is overlooked and neglected. I wish you heartily as much success in the management of it as I have had: If you think fit to go on where I left off, I will give you a short account of the execution I have made with it.

'Cymon, who is the dullest of mortals, and though a wonderful great scholar, does not only pause, but seems to take a nap with his eyes open between every other sentence in his discourse: him have I made a leader in assemblies; and one blow on the shoulder as I passed by him has raised him to a downright impertinent in all conversations. The airy Will Sampler is become as lethargic by this my wand, as Cymon is sprightly. Take it, good girl, and use it without mercy; for the reign of beauty never lasted full three years, but it ended in marriage or condemnation to virginity. As you fear, therefore, the one, and hope for the other, I expect an hourly journal of your triumphs; for I have it by certain tradition, that it was given to the first who wore it, by an enchantress, with this remarkable



Digitized by Google

power, that it bestows a husband in half-a-year on her who does not overlook her proper minute; but assigns to a long despair the woman who is well offered, and neglects that proposal. May occasion attend your charms, and your charms slip no occasion! Give me, I say, an account of the progress of your forces at our next meeting; and you shall hear what I think of my new condition. I should meet my future spouse this moment. Farewell. Live in just terror of the dreadful words, *She was.*'

*From my own Apartment, August* 8.

I had the honour this evening to visit some ladies, where the subject of the conversation was *Modesty:* which they commended as a quality quite as becoming in men as in women. I took the liberty to say, 'it might be as beautiful in our behaviour as in theirs, yet it could not be said, it was as successful in life; for as it was the only recommendation in them, so it was the greatest obstacle to us, both in love and business.' A gentleman present was of my mind, and said, that 'we must describe the difference between the modesty of women and that of men, or we should be confounded in our reasonings upon it; for this virtue is to be regarded with respect to our different ways of life. The woman's province is, to be careful in her economy, and chaste in her affections: the man's, to be active in the improvement of his fortune, and ready to undertake whatever is consistent with his reputation for that end.' Modesty, therefore, in a woman, has a certain agreeable fear in all she enters upon; and, in men, it is composed of a right judgment of what is proper for them to attempt. From hence it is, that a discreet man is always a modest one. It is to be noted that modesty in a man is never to be allowed as a good quality, but a weakness, if it suppresses his virtue, and hides it from the world, when he has at the same time a mind to exert himself. A French author says, very justly, that modesty is to the other virtues in a man, what shade in a picture is to the parts of the thing represented. It makes all the other beauties conspicuous, which would otherwise be but a wild heap of

Digitized by Google

colours. This shade in our actions must, therefore, be very justly applied; for, if there be too much, it hides our good qualities, instead of showing them to advantage.

Nestor* in Athens was an unhappy instance of this truth; for he was not only in his profession the greatest man of that age, but had given more proofs of it than any other man ever did; yet, for want of that natural freedom and audacity which is necessary in commerce with men, his personal modesty overthrew all his public actions. Nestor was in those days a skilful architect, and in a manner the inventor of the use of mechanic powers; which he brought to so great perfection, that he knew to an atom what foundation would bear such a superstructure; and they record of him, that he was so prodigiously exact, that, for the experiment's sake, he built an edifice of great beauty, and seeming strength; but contrived so as to bear only its own weight, and not to admit the addition of the least particle. This building was beheld with much admiration by all the virtuosi of that time; but fell down with no other pressure, but the settling of a Wren upon the top of it. Yet Nestor's modesty was such, that his art and skill were soon disregarded, for want of that manner with which men of the world support and assert the merit of their own performances. Soon after this instance of his art, Athens was, by the treachery of its enemies, burned to the ground. This gave Nestor the greatest occasion that ever builder had to render his name immortal, and his person venerable: for all the new city rose according to his disposition, and all the monuments of the glories and distresses of that people were erected by that sole artist: nay, all their temples as well as houses, were the effects of his study and labour; insomuch, that it was said by an old sage, 'Sure Nestor will now be famous, for the habitations of gods, as well as men, are built by his contrivance.' But this bashful quality still put a damp upon his great knowledge, which has as fatal an effect upon men's reputations as poverty;

* Sir Christopher Wren, the real person here alluded to, very properly under the name of Nestor, both in respect of his great wisdom and his great age, was born at East Knoyle in Wiltshire, Oct. 5, 1632, and died at Hampton Court, Feb. 25, 1723, in his ninety-first year.

Digitized by Google

for as it was said, 'the poor man saved the city, and the poor man's labour was forgot;' so here we find, 'the modest man built the city, and the modest man's skill was unknown.'

Thus we see, every man is the maker of his own fortune; and what is very odd to consider, he must in some measure be the trumpeter of his own fame; not that men are to be tolerated who directly praise themselves; but they are to be endued with a sort of defensive eloquence, by which they shall be always capable of expressing the rules and arts whereby they govern themselves.

Varillus was the man, of all I have read of, the happiest in the true possession of this quality of modesty. My author says of him, modesty in Varillus is really a virtue, for it is a voluntary quality, and the effect of good sense. He is naturally bold and enterprising; but so justly discreet, that he never acts or speaks any thing, but those who behold him know he has forbore much more than he has performed or uttered, out of deference to the persons before whom he is. This makes Varillus truly amiable, and all his attempts successful; for, as bad as the world is thought to be by those who are perhaps unskilled in it, want of success in our actions is generally owing to want of judgment in what we ought to attempt, or a rustic modesty, which will not give us leave to undertake what we ought. But how unfortunate this diffident temper is to those who are possessed with it, may be best seen in the success of such as are wholly unacquainted with it.

We have one peculiar elegance in our language above all others, which is conspicuous in the term 'Fellow.' This word, added to any of our adjectives, extremely varies, or quite alters, the sense of that with which it is joined. Thus though, 'a modest man' is the most unfortunate of all men, yet 'a modest fellow' is as superlatively happy. 'A modest fellow' is a ready creature, who, with great humility, and as great forwardness, visits his patrons at all hours, and meets them in all places, and has so moderate an opinion of himself, that he makes his court at large. If you will not give him a great employment, he will be glad of

Digitized by Google

a little one. He has so great a deference for his benefactor's judgment, that as he thinks himself fit for any thing he can get, so he is above nothing which is offered. He is like the young bachelor of arts, who came to town recommended to a chaplain's place; but none being vacant, modestly accepted that of a postilion.

We have very many conspicuous persons of this undertaking yet modest turn; I have a grandson who is very happy in this quality: I sent him in the time of the last peace into France. As soon as he landed at Calais, he sent me an exact account of the nature of the people, and the policies of the king of France. I got him since chosen a member of a corporation; the modest creature, as soon as he came into the common-council, told a senior burgess, he was perfectly out of the orders of their house. In other circumstances, he is so thoroughly 'modest a fellow,' that he seems to pretend only to things he understands. He is a citizen only at court, and in the city a courtier. In a word, to speak the characteristical difference between 'a modest man' and 'a modest fellow;' the modest man is in doubt in all his actions; a modest fellow never has a doubt from his cradle to his grave.

---

No. 58.] *Thursday, August* 11, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat.* I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house, August*, 10.

THE CIVIL HUSBAND.

THE fate and character of the inconstant Osmyn is a just excuse for the little notice taken by his widow of his departure out of this life, which was equally troublesome to Elmira, his faithful spouse, and to himself. That life passed between them after this manner, is the reason the town has just now received a lady with all that gayety,



Digitized by Google

after having been a relict but three months, which other women hardly assume under fifteen, after such a disaster. Elmira is the daughter of a rich and worthy citizen, who gave her to Osmyn with a portion which might have obtained her an alliance with our noblest houses, and fixed her in the eye of the world, where her story had not been now to be related: for her good qualities had made her the object of universal esteem among the polite part of mankind, from whom she has been banished and immured until the death of her jailor. It is now full fifteen years since that beauteous lady was given into the hands of the happy Osmyn, who, in the sense of all the world, received at that time a present more valuable than the possession of both the Indies. She was then in her early bloom, with an understanding and discretion very little inferior to the most experienced matrons. She was not beholden to the charms of her sex, that her company was preferable to any Osmyn could meet with abroad; for, were all she said considered without regard to her being a woman, it might stand the examination of the severest judges. She had all the beauty of her own sex, with all the conversation-accomplishments of ours. But Osmyn very soon grew surfeited with the charms of her person by possession, and of her mind by want of taste; for he was one of that loose sort of men, who have but one reason for setting any value upon the fair sex; who consider even brides but as new women, and consequently neglect them when they cease to be such. All the merit of Elmira could not prevent her becoming a mere wife within few months after her nuptials; and Osmyn had so little relish for her conversation, that he complained of the advantages of it. 'My spouse,' said he to one of his companions, 'is so very discreet, so good, so virtuous, and I know not what, that I think her person is rather the object of esteem than of love; and there is such a thing as a merit which causes rather distance than passion.' But there being no medium in the state of matrimony, their life began to take the usual gradations to become the most irksome of all beings. They grew in the first

Digitized by Google

place very complaisant; and having at heart a certain knowledge that they were indifferent to each other, apologies were made for every little circumstance which they thought betrayed their mutual coldness. This lasted but few months, when they showed a difference of opinion in every trifle; and, as a sign of certain decay of affection, the word 'perhaps,' was introduced in all their discourse. 'I have a mind to go to the park,' says she; 'but perhaps, my dear, you will want the coach on some other occasion.' He 'would very willingly carry her to the play; but perhaps she had rather go to lady Centaur's and play at Ombre.' They were both persons of good discerning, and soon found that they mortally hated each other by their manner of hiding it. Certain it is, that there are some genios which are not capable of pure affection, and a man is born with talents for it as much as for poetry or any other science.

Osmyn began too late to find the imperfection of his own heart, and used all the methods in the world to correct it, and argue himself into return of desire and passion for his wife, by the contemplation of her excellent qualities, his great obligations to her, and the high value he saw all the world except himself did put upon her. But such is man's unhappy condition, that though the weakness of the heart has a prevailing power over the strength of the head, yet the strength of the head has but small force against the weakness of the heart. Osmyn, therefore, struggled in vain to revive departed desire; and for that reason resolved to retire to one of his estates in the country, and pass away his hours of wedlock in the noble diversions of the field; and in the fury of a disappointed lover, made an oath to leave neither stag, fox, or hare living, during the days of his wife. Besides that country-sports would be an amusement, he hoped also that his spouse would be half killed by the very sense of seeing this town no more, and would think her life ended as soon as she left it. He communicated his design to Elmira, who received it, as now she did all things, like a person too unhappy to be relieved or afflicted by the circumstance of

Digitized by Google

place. This unexpected resignation made Osmyn resolve to be as obliging to her as possible; and if he could not prevail upon himself to be kind, he took a resolution at least to act sincerely, and communicate frankly to her the weakness of his temper, to excuse the indifference of his behaviour. He disposed his household in the way to Rutland, so as he and his lady travelled only in the coach for the convenience of discourse. They had not gone many miles out of town, when Osmyn spoke to this purpose:

'My dear, I believe I look quite as silly now I am going to tell you I do not love you, as when I first told you I did. We are now going into the country together, with only one hope for making this life agreeable, survivorship: desire is not in our power; mine is all gone for you. What shall we do to carry it with decency to the world, and hate one another with discretion?'

The lady answered, without the least observation on the extravagance of his speech:

'My dear, you have lived most of your days in a court, and I have not been wholly unacquainted with that sort of life. In courts, you see good-will is spoken with great warmth, ill-will covered with great civility. Men are long in civilities to those they hate, and short in expressions of kindness to those they love. Therefore, my dear, let us be well-bred still; and it is no matter, as to all who see us, whether we love or hate: and to let you see how much you are beholden to me for my conduct, I have both hated and despised you, my dear, this half-year; and yet neither in language or behaviour has it been visible but that I loved you tenderly. Therefore, as I know you go out of town to divert life in pursuit of beasts, and conversation with men just above them; so, my life, from this moment, I shall read all the learned cooks who have ever writ; study broths, plasters, and conserves, until, from a fine lady, I become a notable woman. We must take our minds a note or two lower, or we shall be tortured by jealousy or anger. Thus, I am resolved to kill all keen passions, by employing my mind

Digitized by Google

on little subjects, and lessening the easiness of my spirit; while you, my dear, with much ale, exercise, and ill company, are so good as to endeavour to be as contemptible as it is necessary for my quiet I should think you.'

At Rutland they arrived, and lived with great but secret impatience for many successive years, until Osmyn thought of a happy expedient to give their affairs a new turn. One day he took Elmira aside, and spoke as follows:

'My dear, you see here the air is so temperate and serene; the rivulets, the groves, and soil, so extremely kind to nature, that we are stronger and firmer in our health since we left the town; so that there is no hope of a release in this place; but, if you will be so kind as to go with me to my estate in the hundreds of Essex, it is possible some kind damp may one day or other relieve us. If you will condescend to accept of this offer, I will add that whole estate to your jointure in this country.'

Elmira, who was all goodness, accepted the offer, removed accordingly, and has left her spouse in that place to rest with his fathers.

This is the real figure in which Elmira ought to be beheld in this town; and not thought guilty of an indecorum, in not professing the sense, or bearing the habit of sorrow, for one who robbed her of all the endearments of life, and gave her only common civility, instead of complacency of manners, dignity of passion, and that constant assemblage of soft desires and affections which all feel who love, but none can express.

*Will's Coffee-house, August* 10.

Mr. Truman, who is a mighty admirer of dramatic poetry, and knows I am about a tragedy, never meets me, but he is giving admonitions and hints for my conduct. 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said he, 'I was reading last night your second act you were so kind to lend me: but I find you depend mightily upon the retinue of your hero to make him magnificent. You make guards, and ushers, and courtiers, and commons, and nobles, march before; and then enters your prince, and says, they cannot defend

Digitized by Google

him from his love. Why, pr'ythee, Isaac, who ever thought they could? Place me your loving monarch in a solitude; let him have no sense at all of his grandeur, but let it be eaten up with his passion. He must value himself as the greatest of lovers, not as the first of princes: and then let him say a more tender thing than ever man said before—for his *feather* and *eagle's beak* are nothing at all. The man is to be expressed by his sentiments and affections, and not by his fortune or equipage. You are also to take care, that at his first entrance he says something, which may give us an idea of what we are to expect in a person of his way of thinking. Shakspeare is your pattern. In the tragedy of Cæsar he introduces his hero in his night-gown. He had at that time all the power of Rome: deposed consuls, subordinate generals, and captive princes might have preceded him; but his genius was above such mechanic methods of showing greatness. Therefore, he rather presents that great soul debating upon the subject of life and death with his intimate friends, without endeavouring to prepossess his audience with empty show and pomp. When those who attend him talk of the many omens which had appeared that day, he answers:

> "Cowards die many times before their deaths;
> The valiant never taste of death but once.
> Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
> It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
> Seeing that death, a necessary end,
> Will come, when it will come."

'When the hero has spoken this sentiment, there is nothing that is great which cannot be expected from one, whose first position is the contempt of death to so high a degree, as to make his exit a thing wholly indifferent, and not a part of his care, but that of heaven and fate.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, August* 10.

Letters from Brussels of the fifteenth instant, N. S. say, that major-general Ravignan returned on the eighth, with the French king's answer to the intended capitulation for the citadel of Tournay, which is, that he does not think

Digitized by Google

fit to sign that capitulation, except the allies will grant a cessation of arms in general, during the time in which all acts of hostility were to have ceased between the citadel and the besiegers. Soon after the receipt of this news, the cannon on each side began to play. There are two attacks against the citadel, commanded by general Lottum and general Schuylemberg, which are both carried on with great success; and it is not doubted but the citadel will be in the hands of the allies before the last day of this month. Letters from Ipres say, that on the ninth instant part of the garrison of that place had mutinied in two bodies, each consisting of two hundred; who being dispersed the same day, a body of eight hundred appeared in the market-place at nine the night following, and seized all manner of provisions, but were with much difficulty quieted. The governor has not punished any of the offenders, the dissatisfaction being universal in that place; and it is thought the officers foment those disorders, that the ministry may be convinced of the necessity of paying those troops, and supplying them with provisions. These advices add, that on the fourteenth the marquis d'Este passed express through Brussels from the duke of Savoy, with advice that the army of his royal highness had forced the retrenchments of the enemy in Savoy, and defeated that body of men which guarded those passes under the command of the marquis de Thouy.

---

No. 54.] *Saturday, August* 13, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. 1. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house August*, 12.

OF THE GOVERNMENT OF AFFECTION.

WHEN labour was pronounced to be the portion of man, that doom reached the affections of his mind, as well as his person, the matter on which he was to feed, and all

Digitized by Google

the animal and vegetable world about him. There is, therefore, an assiduous care and cultivation to be bestowed upon our passions and affections; for they, as they are the excrecences of our souls, like our hair and beards, look horrid or becoming, as we cut or let them grow. All this grave preface is meant to assign a reason in nature for the unaccountable behaviour of Duumvir, the husband and keeper. Ten thousand follies had this unhappy man escaped, had he made a compact with himself to be upon his guard, and not permitted his vagrant eye to let in so many different inclinations upon him, as all his days he has been perplexed with. But indeed, at present, he has brought himself to be confined only to one prevailing mistress; between whom and his wife, Duumvir passes his hours in all the vicissitudes which attend passion and affection, without the intervention of reason. Laura his wife, and Phillis his mistress, are all with whom he has had, for some months, the least amorous commerce. Duumvir has passed the noon of life; but cannot withdraw from those entertainments which are pardonable only before that stage of our being, and which, after that season, are rather punishments than satisfactions: for palled appetite is humorous, and must be gratified with sauces rather than food. For which end Duumvir is provided with a haughty, imperious, expensive, and fantastic mistress, to whom he retires from the conversation of an affable, humble, discreet, and affectionate wife. Laura receives him after absence, with an easy and unaffected complacency; but that he calls insipid: Phillis rates him for his absence, and bids him return from whence he came; this he calls spirit and fire; Laura's gentleness is thought mean; Phillis's insolence, sprightly. Were you to see him at his own home, and his mistress's lodgings; to Phillis he appears an obsequious lover, to Laura an imperious master. Nay, so unjust is the taste of Duumvir, that he owns Laura has no ill quality, but that she is his wife; Phillis no good one, but that she is his mistress. And he has himself often said, were he married to any one else, he would rather keep Laura than any woman

Digitized by Google

living; yet allows, at the same time, that Phillis, were she a woman of honour, would have been the most insipid animal breathing. The other day Laura, who has a voice like an angel, began to sing to him. 'Fie, madam,' he cried, 'we must be past all these gayeties.' Phillis has a note as rude and as loud as that of a milk-maid: when she begins to warble, 'Well,' says he, 'there is such a pleasing simplicity in all that wench does.' In a word, the affectionate part of his heart being corrupted, and his true taste that way wholly lost, he has contracted a prejudice to all the behaviour of Laura, and a general partiality in favour of Phillis. It is not in the power of the wife to do a pleasing thing, nor in the mistress to commit one that is disagreeable. There is something too melancholy in the reflection on this circumstance, to be the subject of raillery. He said a sour thing to Laura at dinner the other day; upon which she burst into tears. 'What the devil, madam,' says he, 'cannot I speak in my own house?' He answered Phillis a little abruptly at supper the same evening, upon which she threw his periwig into the fire. 'Well,' said he 'thou art a brave termagant jade: do you know, hussy, that fair wig cost forty guineas?' Oh Laura! is it for this that the faithful Cromius sighed for you in vain? How is thy condition altered, since crowds of youth hung on thy eye, and watched its glances? It is not many months since Laura was the wonder and pride of her own sex, as well as the desire and passion of ours. At plays and at balls, the just turn of her behaviour, the decency of her virgin charms, chastised, yet added to diversions. At public devotions, her winning modesty, her resigned carriage, made virtue and religion appear with new ornaments, and in the natural apparel of simplicity and beauty. In ordinary conversations, a sweet conformity of manners, and a humility which heightened all the complacencies of good-breeding and education, gave her more slaves than all the pride of her sex ever made women wish for. Laura's hours are now spent in the sad reflection on her choice, and that deceitful vanity, almost inseparable from the sex, of believing she could reclaim one that had



Digitized by Google

so often ensnared others; as it now is, it is not even in the power of Duumvir himself to do her justice: for though beauty and merit are things real and independent on taste and opinion, yet agreeableness is arbitrary, and the mistress has much the advantage of the wife. But whenever fate is so kind to her and her spouse as to end her days, with all this passion for Phillis and in difference for Laura, he has a second wife in view, who may avenge the injuries done to her predecessor. Aglaura is the destined lady, who has lived in assemblies, has ambition and play for her entertainment, and thinks of a man, not as the object of love, but the tool of her interest or pride. If ever Aglaura comes to the empire of this inconstant, she will endear the memory of her predecessor. But, in the mean time, it is melancholy to consider, that the virtue of a wife is like the merit of a poet, never justly valued until after death.

*From my own Apartment, August* 11.

As we have professed that all the actions of men are our subject, the most solemn are not to be omitted, if there happens to creep into their behaviour any thing improper for such occasions. Therefore, the offence mentioned in the following epistles, though it may seem to be committed in a place sacred from observation, is such, that it is our duty to remark upon it; for though he who does it is himself only guilty of an indecorum, he occasions a criminal levity in all others who are present at it.

St. Paul's Church-Yard,
August 11.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'It being mine as well as the opinion of many others, that your papers are extremely well fitted to reform any irregular or indecent practice, I present the following as one which requires your correction. Myself, and a great many good people who frequent the divine service at St. Paul's, have been a long time scandalized by the imprudent conduct of Stentor* in that cathedral. This

* Dr. William Stanley, dean of St. Paul's.

Digitized by Google

gentleman, you must know, is always very exact and zealous in his devotion, which I believe nobody blames; but then he is accustomed to roar and bellow so terribly loud in the responses, that he frightens even us of the congregation who are daily used to him; and one of our petty canons, a punning Cambridge scholar, calls his way of worship a Bull-offering. His harsh untuneable pipe is no more fit than a raven's to join with the music of a choir; yet, nobody having been enough his friend, I suppose, to inform him of it, he never fails, when present, to drown the harmony of every hymn and anthem, by an inundation of sound beyond that of the bridge at the ebb of the tide, or the neighbouring lions in the anguish of their hunger. This is a grievance, which, to my certain knowledge, several worthy people desire to see redressed; and if, by inserting this epistle in your paper, or by representing the matter your own way, you can convince Stentor, that discord in a choir is the same sin that schism is in the church in general, you would lay a great obligation upon us; and make some atonement for certain of your paragraphs which have not been highly approved by us.

I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'JEOFFRY CHANTICLEER.

It is wonderful that there should be such a general lamentation, and the grievance so frequent, and yet the offender never know any thing of it. I have received the following letter from my kinsman at the Heralds-office, near the same place.

'DEAR COUSIN,

'This office, which has had its share in the impartial justice of your censures, demands at present your vindication of their rights and privileges. There are certain hours when our young heralds are exercised in the faculties of making proclamation, and other vociferations, which of right belong to us only to utter: but, at the same hours, Stentor in St. Paul's Church, in spite of the coaches, carts,

Digitized by Google

London cries, and all other sounds between us, exalts his throat to so high a key, that the most noisy of our order is utterly unheard. If you please to observe upon this, you will ever oblige, &c.'

There have been communicated to me some other ill consequences from the same cause; as, the overturning of coaches by sudden starts of the horses as they passed that way, women pregnant frightened, and heirs to families lost; which are public disasters, though arising from a good intention: but it is hoped, after this admonition, that Stentor will avoid an act of so great supererogation, as singing without a voice.

[But I am diverted from prosecuting Stentor's reformation, by an account, that the two faithful lovers, Lisander and Coriana, are dead; for, no longer ago than the first day of the last month, they swore eternal fidelity to each other, and to love until death. Ever since that time, Lisander has been twice a-day at the chocolate-house, visits in every circle, is missing four hours in four-and-twenty, and will give no account of himself. These are undoubted proofs of the departure of a lover; and consequently Coriana is also dead as a mistress. I have written to Stentor, to give this couple three calls at the church-door, which they must hear if they are living within the bills of mortality; and if they do not answer at that time, they are from that moment added to the number of my defunct.

No. 55.] *Tuesday, August* 16, 1709.

—— Paulo majora canamus. *Virg. Ecl.* iv. 1.

—— Begin a loftier strain.

*White's Chocolate-house, August* 15.

WHILE others are busied in relations which concern the interest of princes, the peace of nations, and revolutions of empire;* I think, though these are very great subjects,

* The name of the young man, who is the principal subject of this paper, was William Jones of Newington Butts, who, it is said, was born blind, and brought to his sight at the age of twenty.

Digitized by Google

my theme of discourse is sometimes to be of matters of a yet higher consideration. The slow steps of providence and nature, and strange events which are brought about in an instant, are what, as they come within our view and observation, shall be given to the public. Such things are not accompanied with show and noise, and therefore seldom draw the eyes of the unattentive part of mankind; but are very proper at once to exercise our humanity, please our imaginations, and improve our judgments. It may not, therefore, be unuseful to relate many circumstances, which were observable upon a late cure done upon a young gentleman who was born blind, and on the twenty-ninth of June last received his sight, at the age of twenty years, by the operation of an oculist. This happened no farther off than Newington, and the work was prepared for in the following manner.

The operator, Mr. Grant, having observed the eyes of his patient, and convinced his friends and relations, among others the reverend Mr. Caswell, minister of the place, that it was highly probable that he should remove the obstacle which prevented the use of his sight; all his acquaintance, who had any regard for the young man, or curiosity to be present when one of full age and understanding received a new sense, assembled themselves on this occasion. Mr. Caswell, being a gentleman particularly curious, desired the whole company, in case the blindness should be cured, to keep silence; and let the patient make his own observations, without the direction of any thing he had received by his other senses, or the advantage of discovering his friends by their voices. Among several others, the mother, brethren, sisters, and a young gentlewoman, for whom he had a passion, were present. The work was performed with great skill and dexterity. When the patient first received the dawn of light, there appeared such an ecstasy in his action, that he seemed ready to swoon away in the surprise of joy and wonder. The surgeon stood before him with his instruments in his hands. The young man observed him from head to foot; after which he surveyed himself as carefully, and seemed



Digitized by Google

to compare him to himself; and, observing both their hands, seemed to think they were exactly alike, except the instruments, which he took for parts of his hands. When he had continued in this amazement some time, his mother could not longer bear the agitations of so many passions as thronged upon her; but fell upon his neck, crying out, 'My son! my son!' The youth knew her voice, and could speak no more than 'Oh me! are you my mother?' and fainted. The whole room, you will easily conceive, were very affectionately employed in recovering him; but, above all, the young gentlewoman who loved him, and whom he loved, shrieked in the loudest manner. That voice seemed to have a sudden effect upon him as he recovered, and he showed a double curiosity in observing her as she spoke and called to him, until at last he broke out, 'What has been done to me? Whither am I carried? Is all this about me the thing I have heard so often of? Is this the light? Is this seeing? Were you always thus happy, when you said you were glad to see each other? Where is Tom, who used to lead me? But I could now, methinks, go any where without him.' He offered to move, but seemed afraid of every thing around him. When they saw his difficulty, they told him, until he became better acquainted with his new being, he must let the servant still lead him.' The boy was called for, and presented to him. Mr. Caswell asked him, 'what sort of thing he took Tom to be before he had seen him?' He answered, 'he believed there was not so much of him as of himself; but he fancied him the same sort of creature.' The noise of this sudden change made all the neighbourhood throng to the place where he was. As he saw the crowd thickening, he desired Mr. Caswell to tell him how many there were in all to be seen. The gentleman, smiling, answered him, that 'it would be very proper for him to return to his late condition, and suffer his eyes to be covered, until they had received strength: for he might remember well enough, that by degrees he had from little and little come to the strength he had at present in his ability of walking and moving; and that it was the same thing with his eyes, which,' he

Digitized by Google

said, 'would lose the power of continuing to him that wonderful transport he was now in, except he would be contented to lay aside the use of them, until they were strong enough to bear the light without so much feeling as he knew he underwent at present.' With much reluctance he was prevailed upon to have his eyes bound; in which condition they kept him in a dark room, until it was proper to let the organ receive its objects without further precaution. During the time of this darkness, he bewailed himself in the most distressed manner; and accused all his friends, complaining that 'some incantation had been wrought upon him, and some strange magic used to deceive him into an opinion that he had enjoyed what they called sight.' He added, 'that the impressions then let in upon his soul would certainly distract him, if he were not so at that present.' At another time, he would strive to name the persons he had seen among the crowd after he was couched, and would pretend to speak, in perplexed terms of his own making, of what he in that short time observed. But on the sixth instant, it was thought fit to unbind his head, and the young woman whom he loved was instructed to open his eyes accordingly; as well to endear herself to him by such a circumstance, as to moderate his ecstasies by the persuasion of a voice which had so much power over him as hers ever had. When this beloved young woman began to take off the binding of his eyes, she talked to him as follows.

'Mr. William, I am now taking the binding off, though when I consider what I am doing, I tremble with the apprehension, that though I have from my very childhood loved you, dark as you were, and though you had conceived so strong a love for me, you will find there is such a thing as beauty, which may ensnare you into a thousand passions of which you are now innocent, and take you from me for ever. But, before I put myself to that hazard, tell me in what manner that love, you always professed to me, entered into your heart; for its usual admission is at the eyes.'

The young man answered, 'Dear Lidia, if I am to

Digitized by Google

lose by sight the soft pantings which I have always felt when I heard your voice; if I am no more to distinguish the step of her I love when she approaches me, but to change that sweet, and frequent pleasure for such an amazement as I knew the little time I lately saw; or if I am to have any thing besides, which may take from me the sense I have of what appeared most pleasing to me at that time; which apparition it seems was you; pull out these eyes, before they lead me to be ungrateful to you, or undo myself. I wished for them but to see you; pull them out, if they are to make me forget you.'

Lidia was extremely satisfied with these assurances; and pleased herself with playing with his perplexities. In all his talk to her, he showed but very faint ideas of any thing which had not been received at the ears; and closed his protestation to her, by saying, that if he were to see Valentia and Barcelona, whom he supposed the most esteemed of all women, by the quarrel there was about them, he would never like any but Lidia.

*St. James's Coffee-house, August* 15.

We have repeated advices of the entire defeat of the Swedish army near Pultowa, on the twenty-seventh of June, O. S.; and letters from Berlin give the following account of the remains of the Swedish army since the battle: Prince Menzikoff, being ordered to pursue the victory, came up with the Swedish army, which was left to the command of general Lewenhaupt, on the thirtieth of June, O. S. on the banks of the Boristhenes; whereupon he sent general Lewenhaupt a summons to submit himself to his present fortune: Lewenhaupt immediately despatched three general officers to that prince, to treat about a capitulation; but the Swedes, though they consisted of fifteen thousand men, were in so great want of provision and ammunition, that they were obliged to surrender themselves at discretion. His czarish majesty despatched an express to general Goltz, with an account of these particulars, and also with instructions to send out detachments of his cavalry, to prevent the king of Sweden's joining his

Digitized by Google

army in Poland. That prince made his escape with a small party by swimming over the Boristhenes; and it was thought he designed to retire into Poland by the way of Volhinia. Advices from Bern of the eleventh instant say, that the general diet of the Helvetic body held at Baden concluded on the sixth; but the deputies of the six cantons, who are deputed to determine the affair of Tockenburg, continue their application to that business, notwithstanding some new difficulties started by the abbot of St. Gall. Letters from Geneva of the ninth, say, that the duke of Savoy's cavalry had joined count Thaun, as had also two imperial regiments of hussars; and that his royal highness's army was disposed in the following manner: the troops under the command of count Thaun are extended from Constans to St. Peter D'Albigni. Small parties are left in several posts from thence to Little Saint Bernard, to preserve the communication with Piedmont by the valley of Aosta. Some forces are also posted at Taloir, and in the castle of Doin, on each side of the lake of Anneci. General Rhebinder is encamped in the valley of Oulx with ten thousand foot, and some detachments of horse; his troops are extended from Exilles to Mount Genevre, so that he may easily penetrate into Dauphinè on the least motion of the enemy; but the duke of Berwick takes all necessary precautions to prevent such an enterprise. That general's head quarters are at Francin; and he hath disposed his army in several parties, to preserve a communication with the Maurienne and Briançon. He hath no provisions for his army but from Savoy; Provence and Dauphinè being unable to supply him with necessaries. He left two regiments of dragoons at Annen, who suffered very much in the late action at Tessons, where they lost fifteen hundred who were killed on the spot, four standards, and three hundred prisoners, among whom were forty officers. The last letters from the duke of Marlborough's camp at Orchies of the nineteenth instant, advise, that monsieur Ravignon being returned from the French court with an account that the king of France had refused to ratify the capitulation for the surrender of the citadel of

Digitized by Google

Tournay, the approaches have been carried on with great vigour and success: our miners have discovered several of the enemy's mines, who have sprung divers others, which did little execution; but for the better security of the troops, both assaults are carried on by the cautious way of sapping. On the eighteenth, the confederate army made a general forage without any loss. Marshal Villars continues in his former camp, and applies himself with great diligence in casting up new lines behind the old on the Scarp. The duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene designed to begin a general review of the army on the twentieth.

No. 56.] *Thursday, August* 18, 1709.

Quicqnid agunt homines——
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat.* i. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill*——
By human kind, shall this collection fill.*

*White's Chocolate-house, August* 17.

There is a young foreigner committed to my care, who puzzles me extremely in the questions he asks about the persons of figure we meet in public places. He has but very little of our language, and therefore I am mightily at a loss to express to him things for which they have no word in that tongue to which he was born. It has been often my answer, upon his asking who such a fine gentleman is? That he is what we call *a sharper;* and he wants my explication. I thought it would be very unjust to tell him, he is, the same the French call *Coquin;* the Latins, *Nebulo:* or the Greeks, Ῥάσκαλ:† for, as custom is the most powerful of all laws, and that the order of men we call sharpers are received amongst us, not only with permission, but favour, I thought it unjust to use them like persons upon

* This is the first of some patriotic and excellent papers, in which Steele laudably employed his wit, in exposing the gamesters, sharpers, and swindlers of his time, with a view to guard his unwary countrymen from their snares; and, 'to banish fraud and cozenage from the presence and conversation of gentlemen.'

† The word '*rascal*,' printed in Greek characters.

Digitized by Google

no establishment; besides, that it would be an unpardonable dishonour to our country, to let him leave us with an opinion, that our nobility and gentry keep company with common thieves and cheats: I told him, 'they were a sort of tame hussars, that were allowed in our cities, like the wild ones in our camp; who had all the privileges belonging to us, but at the same time, were not tied to our discipline or laws.' Aletheus, who is a gentleman of too much virtue for the age he lives in, would not let this matter be thus palliated; but told my pupil, 'that he was to understand, that distinction, quality, merit, and industry, were laid aside among us by the incursions of these civil hussars; who had got so much countenance, that the breeding and fashion of the age turned their way to the ruin of order and economy in all places where they are admitted.' But Sophronius, who never falls into heat upon any subject, but applies proper language, temper, and skill, with which the thing in debate is to be treated, told the youth, 'that gentleman had spoken nothing but what was literally true; but fell upon it with too much earnestness to give a true idea of that sort of people he was declaiming against, or to remedy the evil which he bewailed: for the acceptance of these men being an ill which had crept into the conversation-part of our lives, and not into our constitution itself, it must be corrected where it began; and, consequently, is to be amended only by bringing raillery and derision upon the persons who are guilty, or those who converse with them. For the sharpers,' continued he, 'at present, are not as formerly, under the acceptation of pick-pockets: but are by custom erected into a real and venerable body of men, and have subdued us to so very particular a deference to them, that though they were known to be men without honour or conscience, no demand is called a debt of honour so indisputably as theirs. You may lose your honour to them, but they lay none against you: as the priesthood in Roman Catholic countries can purchase what they please for the church; but they can alienate nothing from it. It is from this toleration, that sharpers are to be found among all sorts of assemblies and companies; and

Digitized by Google

every talent amongst men is made use of by some one or other of the society, for the good of their common cause: so that an unexperienced young gentleman is as often ensnared by his understanding as his folly; for who could be unmoved, to hear the eloquent Dromio explain the constitution, talk in the key of Cato, with the severity of one of the ancient sages, and debate the greatest question of state in a common chocolate or coffee-house? who could, I say, hear this generous declamator, without being fired at his noble zeal, and becoming his professed follower, if he might be admitted? Monoculus's gravity would be no less inviting to a beginner in conversation; and the snare of his eloquence would equally catch one who had never seen an old gentleman so very wise, and yet so little severe. Many other instances of extraordinary men among the brotherhood might be produced; but every man, who knows the town, can supply himself with such examples without their being named.—Will Vafer, who is skilful at finding out the ridiculous side of a thing, and placing it in a new and proper light, though he very seldom talks, thought fit to enter into this subject. He has lately lost certain loose sums, which half the income of his estate will bring in within seven years: besides which, he proposes to marry, to set all right. He was, therefore, indolent enough to speak of this matter with great impartiality. 'When I look around me,' said this easy gentleman, 'and consider in a just balance us bubbles, elder brothers whose support our dull fathers contrived to depend upon certain acres, with the rooks, whose ancestors left them the wide world; I cannot but admire their fraternity, and contemn my own. Is not Jack Heyday much to be preferred to the knight he has bubbled? Jack has his equipage, his wenches, and his followers: the knight, so far from a retinue, that he is almost one of Jack's. However, he is gay, you see, still; a florid outside—His habit speaks the man—And since he must unbutton, he would not be reduced outwardly, but is stripped to his upper coat. But though I have great temptation to it, I will not at this time give the history of the losing side; but speak the effects of my

Digitized by Google

thoughts, since the loss of my money, upon the gaining people. This ill fortune makes most men contemplative and given to reading; at least it has happened so to me; and the rise and fall of the family of Sharpers in all ages has been my contemplation.'

I find, all times have had of this people: Homer, in his excellent heroic poem, calls them Myrmidons, who were a body that kept among themselves, and had nothing to lose; therefore never spared either Greek or Trojan, when they fell in their way, upon a party. But there is a memorable verse, which gives us an account of what broke that whole body, and made both Greeks and Trojans masters of the secret of their warfare and plunder. There is nothing so pedantic as many quotations; therefore, I shall inform you only, that in this battalion there were two officers called Thersites and Pandarus: they were both less renowned for their beauty than their wit; but each had this particular happiness, that they were plunged over head and ears in the same water which made Achilles invulnerable; and had ever after, certain gifts which the rest of the world were never to enjoy. Among others, they were never to know they were the most dreadful to the sight of all mortals, never to be diffident of their own abilities, never to blush, or ever to be wounded but by each other. Though some historians say, gaming began among the Lydians, to divert hunger, I could cite many authorities to prove it had its rise at the siege of Troy; and that Ulysses won the sevenfold shield at hazard. But be that as it may, the ruin of the corps of the Myrmidons proceeded from a breach between Thersites and Pandarus. The first of these was leader of a squadron, wherein the latter was but a private man; but having all the good qualities necessary for a partisan, he was the favourite of his officer. But the whole history of the several changes in the order of sharpers, from those Myrmidons to our modern men of address and plunder, will require that we consult some ancient manuscripts. As we make these enquiries, we shall diurnally communicate them to the public, that the Knights of the Industry may be better understood by the



Digitized by Google

good people of England. These sort of men, in some ages, were sycophants and flatterers only, and were endued with arts of life to capacitate them for the conversation of the rich and great; but now the bubble courts the impostor, and pretends at the utmost to be but his equal. To clear up the reasons and causes in such revolutions, and the different conduct between fools and cheats, shall be one of our labours for the good of this kingdom. How, therefore, pimps, footmen, fiddlers, and lackeys, are elevated into companions in this present age, shall be accounted for from the influence of the planet Mercury on this island; the ascendency of which Sharper over Sol, who is a patron of the muses and all honest professions, has been noted by the learned Job Gadbury,* to be the cause, that 'cunning and trick are more esteemed than art and science.' It must be allowed also, to the memory of Mr. Partridge, late of Cecil-street in the Strand, that in his answer to an horary question, At what hour of the night to set a fox-trap in June 1705? he has largely discussed, under the character of Reynard, the manner of surprising all Sharpers as well as him. But of these great points, after more mature deliberation.

*St. James's Coffee-house, August* 17.

'*To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.*

'SIR,

'We have nothing at present new, but that we understand by some Owlers,† old people die in France. Letters from Paris of the tenth instant, N. S. say, that monsieur d'Andre, marquis d'Oraison, died at eighty-five: monsieur Brumars, at one hundred and two years, died for love of his wife, who was ninety-two at her death, after seventy years cohabitation. Nicholas de Boutheiller, parish-preacher at Sasseville, being a bachelor, held out to one

* Gadbury was an almanack-maker, an astrologer, and a brother-conjurer of Mr. Partridge, who lived several years after he fell into the hands of squire Bickerstaff's upholders, and died in reality about the end of June, or in the beginning of July, 1715.

† *Owler* signifies one who carries contraband goods; the word is perhaps derived from the necessity of carrying on an illicit trade by night.

Digitized by Google

hundred and sixteen. Dame Claude de Massy, relict of monsieur Peter de Monceaux, grand audiencer of France, died on the seventeenth, aged one hundred and seven. Letters of the seventeenth say, monsieur Chrestien de Lamoignon died on the seventh instant, a person of great piety and virtue; but having died young, his age is concealed for reasons of state. On the fifteenth, his most Christian majesty, attended by the dauphin, the duke of Burgundy, the duke and dutchess of Berry, assisted at the procession which he yearly performs in memory of a vow made by Lewis the Thirteenth, in 1638. For which act of piety, his majesty received absolution of his confessor for the breach of all inconvenient vows made by himself, I am, sir, your most humble servant.

'HUMPHREY KIDNEY.'

*From my own Apartment, August* 17.

I am to acknowledge several letters which I have lately received; among others, one subscribed Philanthropos, another Emilia, both which shall be honoured. I have a third from an officer in the army, wherein he desires I would do justice to the many gallant actions which have been done by men of private characters, or officers of lower stations, during this long war; that their families may have the pleasure of seeing we lived in an age, wherein men of all orders had their proper share in fame and glory. There is nothing I should undertake with greater pleasure than matters of this kind; if, therefore, they who are acquainted with such facts would please to communicate them by letters, directed to me at Mr. Morphew's, no pains should be spared to put them in a proper and distinguishing light.

This is to admonish Stentor, that it was not admiration of his voice, but my publication of it, which has lately increased the number of his hearers.

Digitized by Google

No. 57.] *Saturday, August* 20, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill*—
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

*Will's Coffee-house, August* 19.

I WAS this evening representing a complaint sent me out of the country from Emilia. She says, her neighbours there have so little sense of what a refined lady of the town is, that she, who was a celebrated wit in London, is, in that dull part of the world, in so little esteem, that they call her in their base style a Tongue-Pad. Old True-Penny bid me advise her to keep her wit until she comes to town again, and admonish her, that both wit and breeding are local; for a fine court-lady is as awkward among country housewives, as one of them would appear in a drawing-room. It is therefore the most useful knowledge one can attain at, to understand among what sort of men we make the best figure; for if there be a place where the beauteous and accomplished Emilia is unacceptable, it is certainly a vain endeavour to attempt pleasing in all conversations. Here is Will Ubi, who is so thirsty after the reputation of a companion, that his company is for any body that will accept of it; and for want of knowing whom to choose for himself, is never chosen by others. There is a certain chastity of behaviour which makes a man desirable; and which if he transgresses, his wit will have the same fate with Delia's beauty, which no one regards, because all know it is within their power. The best course Emilia can take is, to have less humility; for if she could have as good an opinion of herself for having every quality, as some of her neighbours have of themselves with one, she would inspire even them with a sense of her merit, and make that carriage, which is now the subject of their derision, the sole object of their imitation. Until she has arrived at this value of herself, she must be contented with the fate of that uncommon creature, a women too humble.

Digitized by Google

*White's Chocolate-house, August 19.*

Since my last, I have received a letter from Tom Trump, to desire that I would do the fraternity of gamesters the justice to own, that there are notorious Sharpers, who are not of their class. Among others, he presented me with the picture of Harry Coppersmith, in little, who, he says, is at this day worth half a plumb,* by means much more indirect than by false dice. I must confess there appeared some reason in what he asserted; and he met me since, and accosted me in the following manner: 'It is wonderful to me, Mr. Bickerstaff, that you can pretend to be a man of penetration, and fall upon us Knights of the Industry as the wickedest of mortals, when there are so many who live in the constant practice of baser methods, unobserved. You cannot, though you know the story of myself and the North Briton, but allow I am an honester man than Will Coppersmith, for all his great credit among the Lombards. I get my money by men's follies, and he gets his by their distresses. The declining merchant communicates his griefs to him, and he augments them by extortion. If, therefore, regard is to be had to the merit of the persons we injure, who is the more blameable, he that oppresses an unhappy man, or he that cheats a foolish one? All mankind are indifferently liable to adverse strokes of fortune; and he who adds to them, when he might relieve them, is certainly a worse subject, than he who unburdens a man whose prosperity is unwieldy to him. Besides all which, he that borrows of Coppersmith does it out of necessity; he that plays with me does it out of choice.'

I allowed Trump there are men as bad as himself, which is the height of his pretensions; and must confess, that Coppersmith is the most wicked and impudent of all Sharpers; a creature that cheats with credit, and is a robber in the habit of a friend. The contemplation of this worthy person made me reflect on the wonderful successes I have observed men of the meanest capacities meet with

* A Plumb is a term in the city for L.100,000.



Digitized by Google

in the world, and recollect an observation I once heard a sage man make; which was, 'That he had observed, that in some professions, the lower the understanding, the greater the capacity.' I remember, he instanced that of a banker, and said, that 'the fewer appetites, passions, and ideas a man had, he was the better for his business.'

There is little sir Tristram, without connection in his speech, or so much as common sense, has arrived by his own natural parts at one of the greatest estates amongst us. But honest sir Tristram knows himself to be but a repository for cash: he is just such a utensil as his iron chest, and may rather be said to hold money, than possess it. There is nothing so pleasant as to be in the conversation of these wealthy proficients. I had lately the honour to drink half-a-pint with sir Tristram, Harry Coppersmith, and Giles Twoshoes. These wags gave one another credit in discourse, according to their purses; they jest by the pound, and make answers as they honour bills. Without vanity, I thought myself the prettiest fellow of the company; but I had no manner of power over one muscle in their faces, though they smirked at every word spoken by each other. Sir Tristram called for a pipe of tobacco; and telling us 'tobacco was a pot-herb,' bid the drawer bring him the other half-pint. Twoshoes laughed at the knight's wit without moderation; I took the liberty to say 'it was but a pun.' 'A pun!' said Coppersmith; 'you would be a better man by ten thousand pounds if you could pun like sir Tristram.' With that they all burst out together. The queer curs maintained this style of dialogue until we had drunk our quart a-piece, by half-pints. All I could bring away with me is, that Twoshoes is not worth twenty thousand pounds: for his mirth, though he was as insipid as either of the others, had no more effect upon the company than if he had been a bankrupt.

*From my own Apartment, August 19.*

I have heard it has been advised by a diocesan to his inferior clergy, that instead of broaching opinions of their own, and uttering doctrines which may lead themselves

Digitized by Google

and hearers into error, they would read some of the most celebrated sermons, printed by others for the instruction of their congregations. In imitation of such preachers at second-hand, I shall transcribe from Bruyere one of the most elegant pieces of raillery and satire which I have ever read. He describes the French as if speaking of a people not yet discovered, in the air and style of a traveller.

'I have heard talk of a country, where the old men are gallant, polite, and civil: the young men, on the contrary, stubborn, wild, without either manners or civility. They are free from passion for women, at the age when in other countries they begin to feel it; and prefer beasts, victuals, and ridiculous amours before them. Amongst these people, he is sober who is never drunk with any thing but wine; the too frequent use of it having rendered it flat and insipid to them: they endeavour by brandy, and other strong liquors, to quicken their taste, already extinguished, and want nothing to complete their debauches, but to drink aqua-fortis. The women of that country hasten the decay of their beauty, by their artifices to preserve it: they paint their cheeks, eye-brows, and shoulders, which they lay open, together with their breasts, arms, and ears, as if they were afraid to hide those places which they think will please, and never think they show enough of them. The physiognomies of the people of that country are not at all neat, but confused and embarrassed with a bundle of strange hair, which they prefer before their natural: with this they weave something to cover their heads, which descends down half way their bodies, hides their features, and hinders you from knowing men by their faces. This nation has, besides this, their God and their king. The grandees go every day at a certain hour, to a temple they call a church: at the upper end of that temple there stands an altar consecrated to their God, where the priest celebrates some mysteries which they call holy, sacred, and tremendous. The great men make a vast circle at the foot of the altar, standing with their backs to the priest and the holy mysteries, and their faces erected towards their king, who is seen on his knees upon a throne, and to whom they

Digitized by Google

seem to direct the desires of their hearts, and all their devotion. However, in this custom, there is to be remarked a sort of subordination; for the people appear adoring their prince, and their prince adoring God. The inhabitants of this region call it——. It is from forty-eight degrees of latitude, and more than eleven hundred leagues by sea, from the Iroquois and Hurons.'

Letters from Hampstead say, there is a coxcomb arrived there, of a kind which is utterly new. The fellow has courage, which he takes himself to be obliged to give proofs of every hour he lives. He is ever fighting with the men, and contradicting the women. A lady, who sent to me, superscribed him with this description out of Suckling:

'I am a man of war and might,
And know thus much that I can fight
Whether I am i'th' wrong or right,
Devoutly.

No woman under heaven I fear,
New oaths I can exactly swear:
And forty healths my brain will bear,
Most stoutly.'

No. 58.] *Tuesday, August* 23, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house, August 22.*

Poor Cynthio, who does me the honour to talk to me now and then very freely of his most secret thoughts, and tells me his most private frailties, owned to me, that though he is in his very prime of life, love had killed all his desires, and he was now as much to be trusted with a fine lady as if he were eighty. 'That one passion for Clarissa has taken up,' said he, 'my whole soul; and all my idle flames are extinguished, as you may observe ordinary fires are often put out by the sunshine.'

This was a declaration not to be made but upon the

Digitized by Google

highest opinion of a man's sincerity; yet as much a subject of raillery as such a speech would be, it is certain, that chastity is a nobler quality, and as much to be valued in men as in women. The mighty Scipio, 'who,' as Bluffe says in the comedy, 'was a pretty fellow in his time,' was of this mind, and is celebrated for it by an author of good sense. When he lived, wit, and humour, and raillery, and public success, were at as high a pitch at Rome, as at present in England; yet, I believe, there was no man in those days thought that general at all ridiculous in his behaviour in the following account of him.

Scipio, at four-and-twenty years of age, had obtained a great victory; and a multitude of prisoners, of each sex and all conditions, fell into his possession: among others, an agreeable virgin in her early bloom and beauty. He had too sensible a spirit to see the most lovely of all objects without being moved with passion: besides which, there was no obligation of honour or virtue to restrain his desires towards one who was his by the fortune of war. But a noble indignation, and a sudden sorrow which appeared in her countenance, when the conqueror cast his eyes upon her, raised his curiosity to know her story. He was informed, that she was a lady of the highest condition in that country, and contracted to Indibilis, a man of merit and quality. The generous Roman soon placed himself in the condition of that unhappy man, who was to lose so charming a bride; and, though a youth, a bachelor, a lover, and a conqueror, immediately resolved to resign all the invitations of his passion, and the rights of his power, to restore her to her destined husband. With this purpose he commanded her parents and relations, as well as her husband, to attend him at an appointed time. When they met, and were waiting for the general, my author frames to himself the different concern of an unhappy father, a despairing lover, and a tender mother, in the several persons who were so related to the captive. But, for fear of injuring the delicate circumstances with an old translation, I shall proceed to tell you, that Scipio appears to them, and leads in his prisoner into their presence. The

Digitized by Google

Romans, as noble as they were, seemed to allow themselves a little too much triumph over the conquered; therefore, as Scipio approached, they all threw themselves on their knees, except the lover of the lady: but Scipio observing in him a manly sullenness, was the more inclined to favour him, and spoke to him in these words:

'It is not the manner of the Romans to use all the power they justly may: we fight not to ravage countries, or break through the ties of humanity. I am acquainted with your worth, and your interest in this lady: fortune has made me your master; but I desire to be your friend. This is your wife; take her, and may the gods bless you with her! But far be it from Scipio to purchase a loose and momentary pleasure at the rate of making an honest man unhappy.'

Indibilis's heart was too full to make him any answer; but he threw himself at the feet of the general, and wept aloud. The captive lady fell into the same posture, and they both remained so, until the father burst into the following words: 'O divine Scipio! the gods have given you more than human virtue. O glorious leader! O wondrous youth! does not that obliged virgin give you, while she prays to the gods for your prosperity, and thinks you sent down from them, raptures, above all the transports which you could have reaped from the possession of her injured person?' The temperate Scipio answered him without much emotion, and saying, 'Father, be a friend to Rome,' retired. An immense sum was offered as her ransom; but he sent it to her husband, and, smiling, said, 'This is a trifle after what I have given him already; but let Indibilis know, that chastity at my age is a much more difficult virtue to practise than generosity.'

I observed Cynthio was very much taken with my narrative; but told me, 'this was a virtue that would bear but a very inconsiderable figure in our days.' However, I took the liberty to say, that 'we ought not to lose our ideas of things, though we had debauched our true relish in our practice; for, after we have done laughing, solid virtue will keep its place in men's opinions; and though

Digitized by Google

custom made it not so scandalous as it ought to be, to ensnare innocent women, and triumph in the falsehood; such actions, as we have here related, must be accounted true gallantry, and rise the higher in our esteem, the farther they are removed from our imitation.'

*Will's Coffee-house, August 22.*

A man would be apt to think, in this laughing town, that it were impossible a thing so exploded as speaking hard words should be practised by any one that had ever seen good company; but, as if there were a standard in our minds as well as bodies, you see very many just where they were twenty years ago, and more they cannot, will not arrive at. Were it not thus, the noble Martius would not be the only man in England whom nobody can understand, though he talks more than any man else.

Will Dactyle the epigrammatist, Jack Comma the grammarian, Nick Cross-grain who writes anagrams, and myself, made a pretty company at a corner of this room; and entered very peaceably upon a subject fit enough for us, which was, the examination of the force of the particle For, when Martius joined us. He, being well known to us all, asked 'what we were upon? for he had a mind to consummate the happiness of the day, which had been spent among the stars of the first magnitude among the men of letters; and, therefore, to put a period to it as he had commenced it, he should be glad to be allowed to participate of the pleasure of our society.' I told him the subject. 'Faith, gentlemen,' said Martius, 'your subject is humble; and if you will give me leave to elevate the conversation, I should humbly offer, that you would enlarge your enquiries to the word For-as-much; for though I take it,' said he, 'to be but one word, yet the participle Much implying quantity, the particle As similitude, it will be greater, and more like ourselves, to treat of For-as-much.' Jack Comma is always serious, and answered: 'Martius, I must take the liberty to say, that you have fallen into all this error and profuse manner of speech by a certain hurry in your imagination, for want of being

Digitized by Google

more exact in the knowledge of the parts of speech; and it is so with all men who have not well studied the particle For. You have spoken For without making inference, which is the great use of that particle. There is no manner of force in your observation of quantity and similitude in the syllables As and Much. But it is ever the fault of men of great wit to be incorrect; which evil they run into by an indiscreet use of the word For. Consider all the books of controversy which have been written, and I will engage you will observe, that all the debate lies in this point, Whether they brought in For in a just manner; or forced it in for their own use, rather than as understanding the use of the word itself? There is nothing like familiar instances: you have heard the story of the Irishman who reading, *Money for live hair*, took a lodging, and expected to be paid for living at that house. If this man had known, For was in that place of a quite different signification from the particle To, he could not have fallen into the mistake of taking *Live* for what the Latins call *Vivere*, or rather *Habitare*.'

Martius seemed at a loss; and, admiring his profound learning, wished he had been bred a scholar, for he did not take the scope of his discourse. This wise debate, of which we had much more, made me reflect upon the difference of their capacities, and wonder that there could be, as it were, a diversity in men's genius for nonsense; that one should bluster, while another crept, in absurdities. Martius moves like a blind man, lifting his legs higher than the ordinary way of stepping; and Comma, like one who is only short-sighted, picking his way when he should be marching on. Want of learning makes Martius a brisk entertaining fool, and gives him a full scope; but that which Comma has, and calls learning, makes him diffident, and curbs his natural misunderstanding to the great loss of the men of raillery. This conversation confirmed me in the opinion, that learning usually does but improve in us what nature endowed us with. He that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself; and he that has

Digitized by Google

sense knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.

*St. James's Coffee-house, August 22.*

We have undoubted intelligence of the defeat of the king of Sweden; and that prince, who for some years had hovered like an approaching tempest, and was looked up at by all the nations of Europe, which seemed to expect their fate according to the course he should take, is now, in all probability, an unhappy exile, without the common necessaries of life. His czarish majesty treats his prisoners with great gallantry and distinction. Count Rhensfeildt has had particular marks of his majesty's esteem, for his merit and services to his master; but count Piper, whom his majesty believes author of the most violent counsels into which his prince entered, is disarmed, and entertained accordingly. That decisive battle was ended at nine in the morning; and all the Swedish generals dined with the czar that very day, and received assurances, that they should find Muscovy was not unacquainted with the laws of honour and humanity.

---

No. 59.] *Thursday, August 25, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines——
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house, August 24.*

Æsop has gained to himself an immortal renown for figuring the manners, desires, passions, and interests of men, by fables of beasts and birds. I shall in my future accounts of our modern heroes and wits, vulgarly called Sharpers, imitate the method of that delightful moralist; and think I cannot represent those worthies more naturally than under the shadow of a pack of dogs; for this set of men are, like them, made up of Finders, Lurchers, and Setters. Some search for the prey, others pursue, others



Digitized by Google

take it; and if it be worth it, they all come in at the death, and worry the carcass. It would require a most exact knowledge of the field and the harbours where the deer lie, to recount all the revolutions in the chace.

But I am diverted from the train of my discourse of the raternity about this town, by letters from Hampstead, which give me an account, there is a late institution there, under the name of a Raffling-shop; which is, it seems, secretly supported by a person who is a deep practitioner in the law, and out of tenderness of conscience has, under the name of his maid Sisly, set up this easier way of conveyancing and alienating estates from one family to another. He is so far from having an intelligence with the rest of the fraternity, that all the humbler cheats, who appear there, are outfaced by the partners in the bank, and driven off by the reflection of superior brass. This notice is given to all the silly faces that pass that way, that they may not be decoyed in by the soft allurement of a fine lady, who is the sign to the pageantry. At the same time, signior Hawksly, who is the patron of the household, is desired to leave off this interloping trade, or admit, as he ought to do, the Knights of the Industry to their share in the spoil. But this little matter is only by way of digression. Therefore, to return to our worthies.

The present race of terriers and hounds would starve, were it not for the enchanted Actæon, who has kept the whole pack for many successions of hunting seasons. Actæon has long tracts of rich soil; but had the misfortune in his youth to fall under the power of sorcery, and has been ever since, some parts of the year, a deer, and in some parts a man. While he is a man, such is the force of magic, he no sooner grows to such a bulk and fatness, but he is again turned into a deer, and hunted until he is lean; upon which he returns to his human shape. Many arts have been tried, and many resolutions taken by Actæon himself, to follow such methods as would break the enchantment; but all have hitherto proved ineffectual. I have therefore, by midnight watchings, and much care, found out, that there is no way to save him from the jaws

Digitized by Google

of his hounds, but to destroy the pack, which, by astrological prescience, I find I am destined to perform. For which end, I have sent out my familiar, to bring me a list of all the places where they are harboured, that I may know where to sound my horn, and bring them together, and take an account of their haunts and their marks, against another opportunity.

*Will's Coffee-house, August 24.*

'The author of the ensuing letter, by his name, and the quotations he makes from the ancients, seems a sort of spy from the old world, whom we moderns ought to be careful of offending; therefore, I must be free, and own it a fair hit where he takes me, rather than disoblige him.

'SIR,

'Having a peculiar humour of desiring to be somewhat the better or wiser for what I read, I am always uneasy when, in any profound writer, for I read no others, I happen to meet with what I cannot understand. When this falls out it is a great grievance to me that I am not able to consult the author himself about his meaning, for commentators are a sect that has little share in my esteem: your elaborate writings have, among many others, this advantage; that their author is still alive, and ready, as his extensive charity makes us expect, to explain whatever may be found in them too sublime for vulgar understandings. This, sir, makes me presume to ask you, how the Hampstead hero's character could be perfectly new when the last letters came away, and yet sir John Suckling so well acquainted with it sixty years ago? I hope, sir, you will not take this amiss: I can assure you, I have a profound respect for you, which makes me write this with the same disposition with which Longinus bids us read Homer and Plato. When in reading, says he, any of those celebrated authors, we meet with a passage to which we cannot well reconcile our reasons, we ought firmly to believe, that were those great wits present to answer for themselves, we should, to our wonder, be convinced, that

Digitized by Google

we only are guilty of the mistakes that we before attributed to them. If you think fit to remove the scruple that now torments me, it will be an encouragement to me to settle a frequent correspondence with you; several things falling in my way, which would not, perhaps, be altogether foreign to your purpose, and whereon your thoughts would be very acceptable to your most humble servant,

'OBADIAH GREENHAT.'

I own this is clean, and Mr. Greenhat has convinced me that I have writ nonsense, yet am I not at all offended at him.

Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.
*Hor.* Ars Poet. ver. xi.

I own th' indulgence——Such I give and take. *Francis.*

This is the true art of raillery, when a man turns another into ridicule, and shows, at the same time, he is in good humour, and not urged on by malice against the person he rallies. Obadiah Greenhat has hit this very well: for, to make an apology to Isaac Bickerstaff, an unknown student and horary historian, as well as astrologer, and with a grave face to say, he speaks of him by the same rules with which he would treat Homer or Plato, is to place him in company where he cannot expect to make a figure; and make him flatter himself, that it is only being named with them which renders him most ridiculous.

I have not known, and I am now past my grand climacteric, being sixty-four years of age, according to my way of life; or, rather, if you will allow punning in an old gentleman, according to my way of *pastime;* I say, as old as I am, I have not been acquainted with many of the Greenhats. There is indeed one Zedekiah Greenhat, who is lucky also in his way. He has a very agreeable manner; for when he has a mind thoroughly to correct a man, he never takes from him any thing, but he allows him something for it; or else he blames him for things wherein he is not defective, as well as for matters wherein he is. This makes a weak man believe he is in jest in the whole. The other day he told Beau Prim, who is thought impo-

Digitized by Google

tent, 'that his mistress had declared she would not have him, because he was a sloven, and had committed a rape.' The beau bit at the banter, and said very gravely, 'he thought to be clean was as much as was necessary; and that as to the rape, he wondered by what witchcraft that should come to her ears; but it had indeed cost him a hundred pounds to hush the affair.'

The Greenhats are a family with small voices and short arms, therefore they have power with none but their friends: they never call after those who run away from them, or pretend to take hold of you if you resist. But it has been remarkable, that all who have shunned their company, or not listened to them, have fallen into the hands of such as have knocked out their brains, or broken their bones. I have looked over our pedigree upon the receipt of this epistle, and find the Greenhats are a-kin to the Staffs. They descend from Maudlin, the left-handed wife of Nehemiah Bickerstaff, in the reign of Harry the Second. And it is remarkable, that they are all left-handed, and have always been very expert at single rapier. A man must be very much used to their play to know how to defend himself; for their posture is so different from that of the right-handed, that you run upon their swords if you push forward: and they are in with you, if you offer to fall back without keeping your guard.

There have been, also, letters lately sent to me, which relate to other people: among the rest, some whom I have heretofore declared to be so, are deceased. I must not, therefore, break through rules so far as to speak ill of the dead. This maxim extends to all but the late Partridge, who still denies his death. I am informed, indeed, by several, that he walks; but I shall with all convenient speed lay him.

*St. James's Coffee-house, August 24.*

We hear from Tournay, that on the night between the twenty-second and twenty-third, they went on with their works in the enemy's mines, and levelled the earth which was taken out of them. The next day, at eight in the



Digitized by Google

morning, when the French observed we were relieving our trenches, they sprung a larger mine than any they had fired during the siege, which killed only four private centinels. The ensuing night, we had three men and two officers killed, as also, seven men wounded. Between the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth, we repaired some works which the enemy had ruined. On the next day, some of the enemy's magazines blew up; and it is thought they were destroyed on purpose by some of their men, who are impatient of the hardships of the present service. There happened nothing remarkable for two or three days following. A deserter who came out of the citadel on the twenty-seventh, says the garrison is brought to the utmost necessity; that their bread and water are both very bad; and that they were reduced to eat horse-flesh. The manner of fighting in this siege has discovered a gallantry in our men unknown to former ages; their meeting with adverse parties under ground, where every step is taken with apprehensions of being blown up with mines below them, or crushed by the fall of the earth above them, and all this acted in darkness, has something in it more terrible than ever is met with in any other part of a soldier's duty. However, this is performed with great cheerfulness. In other parts of the war we have also good prospects; count Thaun has taken Annecy, and the count de Merci marched into Franche Compte, while his electoral highness is much superior in number to monsieur d'Harcourt; so that both on the side of Savoy and Germany, we have reason to expect, very suddenly, some great event.

---

No. 60.] *Saturday, August* 27, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

*White's Chocolate-house, August* 26.

To proceed regularly in the history of my worthies, I ought to give an account of what has passed from day to

Digitized by Google

day in this place; but a young fellow of my acquaintance has so lately been rescued out of the hands of the Knights of the Industry, that I rather choose to relate the manner of his escape from them, and the uncommon way which was used to reclaim him, than to go on in my intended diary.

You are to know then, that Tom Wildair is a student of the Inner Temple, and has spent his time, since he left the university for that place, in the common diversions of men of fashion; that is to say, in whoring, drinking, and gaming. The two former vices he had from his father; but was led into the last by the conversation of a partizan of the Myrmidons who had chambers near him. His allowance from his father was a very plentiful one for a man of sense, but as scanty for a modern fine gentleman. His frequent losses had reduced him to so necessitous a condition, that his lodgings were always haunted by impatient creditors; and all his thoughts employed in contriving low methods to support himself in a way of life from which he knew not how to retreat, and in which he wanted means to proceed. There is never wanting some good-natured person to send a man an account of what he has no mind to hear; therefore many epistles were conveyed to the father of this extravagant, to inform him of the company, the pleasures, the distresses, and entertainments, in which his son passed his time. The old fellow received these advices with all the pain of a parent, but frequently consulted his pillow, to know how to behave himself on such important occasions, as the welfare of his son, and the safety of his fortune. After many agitations of mind, he reflected, that necessity was the usual snare which made men fall into meanness, and that a liberal fortune generally made a liberal and honest mind; he resolved, therefore, to save him from his ruin, by giving him opportunities of tasting what it is to be at ease, and inclosed to him the following order upon sir Tristram Cash.

Digitized by Google

'SIR,

'Pray pay to Mr. Thomas Wildair, or order, the sum of one thousand pounds, and place it to the account of

'Yours,

'HUMPHRY WILDAIR.'

Tom was so astonished with the receipt of this order, that though he knew it to be his father's hand, and that he had always large sums at sir Tristram's; yet a thousand pounds was a trust of which his conduct had always made him appear so little capable, that he kept his note by him until he writ to his father the following letter:

'HONOURED FATHER,

'I have received an order under your hand for a thousand pounds, in words at length; and I think I could swear it is your own hand. I have looked it over and over twenty thousand times. There is in plain letters, *T,h,o,u,s,a,n,d*; and after it, the letters *P,o,u,n,d,s*. I have it still by me, and shall, I believe, continue reading it until I hear from you.'

The old gentleman took no manner of no tice of the receipt of his letter; but sent him another order for three thousand pounds more. His amazement on this second letter was unspeakable. He immediately double-locked his door, and sat down carefully to reading and comparing both his orders. After he had read them until he was half mad, he walked six or seven turns in his chamber, then opens his door, then locks it again; and, to examine thoroughly this matter, he locks his door again, puts his table and chairs against it; then goes into his closet, and locking himself in, read his notes over again about nineteen times, which did but increase his astonishment. Soon after, he began to recollect many stories he had formerly heard of persons, who had been possessed with imaginations and appearances which had no foundation in nature, but had been taken with sudden madness in the midst of a seeming clear and untainted reason. This made him very gravely conclude he was out of his wits; and, with a design to compose himself, he immediately betakes him to his night-

Digitized by Google

cap, with a resolution to sleep himself into his former poverty and senses. To bed therefore he goes at noon-day; but soon rose again, and resolved to visit sir Tristram upon this occasion. He did so, and dined with the knight, expecting he would mention some advice from his father about paying him money; but no such thing being said, 'Look you, sir Tristram,' said he, 'you are to know, that an affair has happened, which—' 'Look you,' says Tristram, 'I know Mr. Wildair, you are going to desire me to advance; but the late call of the bank, where I have not yet made my last payment, has obliged me—' Tom interrupted him, by showing him the bill of a thousand pounds. When he had looked at it for a convenient time, and as often surveyed Tom's looks and countenance; 'Look you, Mr. Wildair, a thousand pounds—' Before he could proceed, he shows him the order for three thousand more. Sir Tristram examined the orders at the light, and finding at the writing the name, there was a certain stroke in one letter, which the father and he had agreed should be to such directions as he desired might be more immediately honoured, he forthwith pays the money. The possession of four thousand pounds gave my young gentleman a new train of thoughts: he began to reflect upon his birth, the great expectations he was born to, and the unsuitable ways he had long pursued. Instead of that unthinking creature he was before, he is now provident, generous, and discreet. The father and son have an exact and regular correspondence, with mutual and unreserved confidence in each other. The son looks upon his father as the best tenant he could have in the country, and the father finds the son the most safe banker he could have in the city.

*Will's Coffee-house, August 26.*

There is not any thing in nature so extravagant, but that you will find one man or other that shall practise or maintain it; otherwise Harry Spondee could not have made so long an harangue as he did here this evening, concerning the force and efficacy of well-applied nonsense. Among ladies, he positively averred, it was the most pre-

Digitized by Google

vailing part of eloquence; and had so little complaisance as to say, 'a woman is never taken by her reason, but always by her passion.' He proceeded to assert, 'the way to move that, was only to astonish her. I know,' continued he, 'a very late instance of this; for being by accident in the room next to Strephon, I could not help over-hearing him, as he made love to a certain great lady's woman. The true method in your application to one of this second rank of understanding, is not to elevate and surprise, but rather to elevate and amaze. Strephon is a perfect master in this kind of persuasion: his way is, to run over with a soft air a multitude of words, without meaning or connexion; but such as do each of them apart give a pleasing idea, though they have nothing to do with each other as he assembles them. After the common phrases of salutation, and making his entry into the room, I perceived he had taken the fair nymph's hand, and kissing it said, "Witness to my happiness, ye groves! be still, ye rivulets; Oh! woods, caves, fountains, trees, dales, mountains, hills, and streams! oh! fairest! could you love me?" To which I overheard her answer, with a very pretty lisp, "Oh! Strephon, you are a dangerous creature: why do you talk these tender things to me? but you men of wit—" "Is it then possible," said the enamoured Strephon, "that she regards my sorrows! Oh! pity, thou balmy cure to a heart overloaded! If rapture, solicitation, soft desire, and pleasing anxiety—But still I live in the most afflicting of all circumstances, doubt—Cannot my charmer name the place and moment?

> "There all those joys insatiably to prove,
> With which rich beauty feeds the glutton love."

"Forgive me, madam; it is not that my heart is weary of its chain, but—" This incoherent stuff was answered by a tender sigh, "Why do you put your wit to a weak woman?" Strephon saw he had made some progress in her heart, and pursued it, by saying that "He would certainly wait upon her at such an hour near Rosamond's pond; and then—the sylvan deities, and rural powers of

Digitized by Google

the place, sacred and inviolable to love; love, the mover of all noble hearts, should hear his vows repeated by the streams and echoes." The assignation was accordingly made. This style he calls the unintelligible method of speaking his mind; and I will engage, had this gallant spoken plain English, she had never understood him half so readily: for we may take it for granted, that he will be esteemed as a very cold lover, who discovers to his mistress that he is in his senses.'

*From my own Apartment, August 26.*

The following letter came to my hand, with a request to have the subject recommended to our readers, particularly the Smart Fellows; who are desired to repair to major Touch-hole, who can help them to firelocks that are only fit for exercise.

*Just ready for the press.*

'Mars Triumphant; or London's Glory:

Being the whole art of encampment, with the method of embattling armies, marching them off, posting the officers, forming hollow squares, and the various ways of paying the salute with the half-pike; as it was performed by the trained-bands of London this year, one thousand seven hundred and nine, in that nursery of Bellona, the Artillery Ground. Wherein you have a new method how to form a strong line of foot, with large intervals between each platoon, very useful to prevent the breaking in of horse. A civil way of performing the military ceremony; wherein the major alights from his horse, and, at the head of his company, salutes the lieutenant-colonel; and the lieutenant-colonel, to return the compliment, courteously dismounts, and after the same manner salutes his major: exactly as it was performed, with abundance of applause, on the fifth of July last. Likewise an account of a new invention, made use of in the red regiment, to quell mutineering captains; with several other things alike useful for the public. To which is added, an appendix by major

Digitized by Google

Touch-hole; proving the method of discipline now used in our armies to be very defective: with an essay towards an amendment. Dedicated to the lieutenant-colonel of the first regiment.'

Mr. Bickerstaff has now in the press, 'A defence of Awkward Fellows against the class of the Smarts: with a dissertation upon the gravity which becomes weighty persons. Illustrated by way of fable, and a discourse on the nature of the elephant, the cow, the dray-horse, and the dromedary, which have motions equally steady and grave. To this is added a treatise written by an elephant, according to Pliny, against receiving foreigners into the forest. Adapted to some present circumstances. Together with allusions to such beasts as declare against the poor Palatines.'

No. 61.] *Tuesday, August* 30, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*White's Chocolate-house, August 29.*

Among many phrases which have crept into conversation, especially of such company as frequent this place there is not one which misleads me more, than that of a 'Fellow of a great deal of fire.' This metaphorical term, Fire, has done much good in keeping coxcombs in awe of one another; but, at the same time, it has made them troublesome to every body else. You see in the very air of a 'Fellow of Fire,' something so expressive of what he would be at, that if it were not for self-preservation, a man would laugh out.

I had last night the fate to drink a bottle with two of these Firemen, who are indeed dispersed, like the myrmidons, in all quarters, and to be met with among those of the most different education. One of my companions was a scholar with Fire; and the other a soldier of the

Digitized by Google

same complexion. My learned man would fall into disputes, and argue without any manner of provocation or contradiction: the other was decisive without words, and would give a shrug or an oath to express his opinion. My learned man was a mere scholar, and my man of war as mere a soldier. The particularity of the first was ridiculous, that of the second, terrible. They were relations by blood, which in some measure moderated their extravagancies towards each other: I gave myself up merely as a person of no note in the company; but as if brought to be convinced that I was an inconsiderable thing, any otherwise than that they would show each other to me, and make me spectator of the triumph they alternately enjoyed. The scholar has been very conversant with books, and the other with men only; which makes them both superficial: for the taste of books is necessary to our behaviour in the best company, and the knowledge of men is required for a true relish of books: but they have both Fire, which makes one pass for a man of sense, and the other for a fine gentleman. I found I could easily enough pass my time with the scholar: for, if I seemed not to do justice to his parts and sentiments, he pitied me, and let me alone. But the warrior could not let it rest there; I must know all that happened within his shallow observations of the nature of the war: to all which he added an air of laziness, and contempt of those of his companions who were eminent for delighting in the exercise and knowledge of their duty. Thus it is that all the young fellows of much animal life, and little understanding, who repair to our armies, usurp upon the conversation of reasonable men, under the notion of having Fire.

The word has not been of greater use to shallow lovers, to supply them with chat to their mistresses, than it has been to pretended men of pleasure, to support them in being pert and dull, and saying of every fool of their order, 'Such a one has Fire.' There is colonel Truncheon, who marches with divisions ready on all occasions; a hero who never doubted in his life, but is ever positively



Digitized by Google

fixed in the wrong, not out of obstinate opinion, but invincible stupidity.

It is very unhappy for this latitude of London, that it is possible for such as can learn only fashion, habit, and a set of common phrases of salutation, to pass with no other accomplishments, in this nation of freedom, for men of conversation and sense. All these ought to pretend to is, not to offend; but they carry it so far, as to be negligent whether they offend or not; 'for they have Fire.' But their force differs from true spirit, as much as a vicious from a mettlesome horse. A man of Fire is a general enemy to all the waiters where you drink; is the only man affronted at the company's being neglected; and makes the drawers abroad, his valet de chambre and footman at home, know he is not to be provoked without danger.

This is not the Fire that animates the noble Marinus, a youth of good nature, affability, and moderation. He commands his ship as an intelligence moves its orb: he is the vital life, and his officers the limbs of the machine. His vivacity is seen in doing all the offices of life with readiness of spirit, and propriety in the manner of doing them. To be ever active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing character of a man of merit; while the common behaviour of every gay coxcomb of Fire is, to be confidently in the wrong, and dare to persist in it.

*Will's Coffee-house, August 29.*

It is a common objection against writings of a satirical mixture, that they hurt men in their reputations, and consequently in their fortunes and possessions: but a gentleman who frequents this room declared he was of opinion it ought to be so, provided such performances had their proper restrictions. The greatest evils in human society are such as no law can come at; as in the case of ingratitude, where the manner of obliging very often leaves the benefactor without means of demanding justice, though that very circumstance should be the more binding to the

Digitized by Google

person who has received the benefit. On such an occasion, shall it be possible for the malefactor to escape? and is it not lawful to set marks upon persons who live within the law, and do base things? shall not we use the same protection of those laws to punish them, which they have to defend themselves? We shall therefore take it for a very moral action to find a good appellation for offenders, and to turn them into ridicule under feigned names.

I am advertised by a letter of August 25, that the name of Coppersmith has very much wanted explanation in the city, and by that means is unjustly given, by those who are conscious they deserve it themselves, to an honest and worthy citizen belonging to the Copper-office; but that word is framed out of a moral consideration of wealth amongst men whereby he that has gotten any part of it by injustice and extortion, is to be thought in the eye of virtuous men so much the poorer for such gain. Thus, all the gold which is torn from our neighbours, by making advantage of their wants, is Copper; and I authorise the Lombards to distinguish themselves accordingly. All the honest, who make a reasonable profit both for the advantage of themselves and those they deal with, are Goldsmiths; but those who tear unjustly all they can, Coppersmiths. At the same time, I desire him who is most guilty, to sit down satisfied with riches and contempt, and be known by the title of 'The Coppersmith;' as being the chief of that respected, contemptible fraternity.

This is the case of all others mentioned in our lucubrations; particularly of Stentor, who goes on in his vociferations at St. Paul's with so much obstinacy, that he has received admonition from St. Peter's for it, from a person of eminent wit and piety; but who is by old age reduced to the infirmity of sleeping at a service to which he had been fifty years attentive; and whose death, whenever it happens, may, with that of the saints, well be called 'Falling asleep:' for the innocence of his life makes him expect it as indifferently as he does his ordinary rest. This gives him a cheerfulness of spirit to rally on his own weakness, and hath made him write to Stentor to hearken

Digitized by Google

to my admonitions. 'Brother Stentor,' said he, 'for the repose of the church, hearken to Bickerstaff; and consider, that, while you are so devout at St. Paul's, we cannot sleep for you at St. Peter's.'

*From my own Apartment, August 29.*

There has been lately sent me a much harder question than was ever yet put to me, since I professed astrology; to wit, how far, and to what age women ought to make their beauty their chief concern? The regard and care of their faces and persons are as variously to be considered, as their complexions themselves differ; but if one may transgress against the careful practice of the fair sex so much as to give an opinion against it, I humbly presume, that less care, better applied, would increase their empire, and make it last as long as life. Whereas now, from their own example, we take our esteem of their merit from it; for it is very just that she who values herself only on her beauty, should be regarded by others on no other consideration.

There is certainly a liberal and a pedantic education among women, as well as men; and the merit lasts accordingly. She, therefore, that is bred with freedom, and in good company, considers men according to their respective characters and distinctions; while she that is locked up from such observations, will consider her father's butler, not as a butler, but as a man. In like manner, when men converse with women, the well-bred and intelligent are looked upon with an observation suitable to their different talents and accomplishments, without respect to their sex; while a mere woman can be observed under no consideration but that of a woman; and there can be but one reason for placing any value upon her, or losing time in her company. Wherefore, I am of opinion, that the rule for pleasing long is, to obtain such qualifications as would make them so were they not women.

Let the beauteous Cleomira then show us her real face, and know that every stage of life has its peculiar charms, and that there is no necessity for fifty to be fifteen. That

Digitized by Google

childish colouring of her cheeks is now as ungraceful, as that shape would have been when her face wore its real countenance. She has sense, and ought to know, that if she will not follow nature, nature will follow her. Time, then, has made that person which had, when I visited her grandfather, an agreeable bloom, sprightly air, and soft utterance, now no less graceful in a lovely aspect, an awful manner, and maternal wisdom. But her heart was so set upon her first character, that she neglects and repines at her present; not that she is against a more stayed conduct in others, for she recommends gravity, circumspection, and severity of countenance to her daughter. Thus, against all chronology, the girl is the sage, the mother the fine lady.

But these great evils proceed from an unaccountable wild method in the education of the better half of the world, the women. We have no such thing as a standard for good breeding. I was the other day at my lady Wealthy's, and asked one of her daughters how she did? She answered, 'She never conversed with men.' The same day I visited at lady Plantwell's and asked her daughter the same question. She answers, 'What is that to you, you old thief?' and gives me a slap on the shoulders.

I defy any man in England, except he knows the family before he enters, to be able to judge whether he shall be agreeable or not when he comes into it. You find either some odd old woman, who is permitted to rule as long as she lives, in hopes of her death, and to interrupt all things; or some impertinent young woman who will talk sillily upon the strength of looking beautifully. I will not answer for it, but it may be, that I (like all other old fellows) have a fondness for the fashions and manners which prevailed when I was young and in fashion myself. But certain it is, that the taste of grace and beauty is very much lowered. The fine women they show me now-a-days are at best but pretty girls to me who have seen Sacharissa, when all the world repeated the poems she inspired; and Villaria,* when a youthful king was her

* The dutchess of Cleveland.



Digitized by Google

subject. The *Things* you follow, and make songs on now, should be sent to knit or sit down to bobbins or bone-lace: they are indeed neat, and so are their sempstresses; they are pretty, and so are their hand-maids. But that graceful motion, that awful mien, and that winning attraction, which grew upon them from the thoughts and conversations they met with in my time, are now no more seen. They tell me I am old: I am glad I am so; for I do not like your present young ladies.

Those among us who set up for any thing of decorum, do so mistake the matter, that they offend on the other side. Five young ladies, who are of no small fame for their great severity of manners, and exemplary behaviour, would lately go no where with their lovers but to an organ-loft in a church; where they had a cold treat, and some few opera songs, to their great refreshment and edification. Whether these prudent persons had not been as much so if this had been done at a tavern, is not very hard to determine. It is such silly starts and incoherences as these, which undervalue the beauteous sex, and puzzle us in our choice of sweetness of temper and simplicity of manners, which are the only lasting charms of woman. But I must leave this important subject, at present, for some matters which press for publication; as you will observe in the following letter:

'DEAR SIR, London, August 26, Artillery Ground.

'It is natural for distant relations to claim kindred with a rising family; though at this time zeal to my country, not interest, calls me out. The city forces being shortly to take the field, all good protestants would be pleased that their arms and valour should shine with equal lustre. A council of war was lately held, the honourable colonel Mortar being president. After many debates, it was unanimously resolved, That major Blunder, a most expert officer, should be detached for Birmingham, to buy arms, and to prove his firelocks on the spot, as well to prevent expense, as disappointment in the day of battle. The major, being a person of consummate experience, was in-

Digitized by Google

vested with a discretionary power. He knew from ancient story, that securing the rear, and making a glorious retreat, was the most celebrated piece of conduct. Accordingly such measures were taken to prevent surprise in the rear of his arms, that even Pallas herself, in the shape of rust, could not invade them. They were drawn into close order, firmly embodied, and arrived securely without touch-holes. Great and national actions deserve popular applause; and as praise is no expense to the public, therefore dearest kinsman, I communicate this to you, as well to oblige this nursery of heroes, as to do justice to my native country.

'I am,

'Your most affectionate kinsman,

'OFFSPRING TWIG.'

'A war-horse, belonging to one of the colonels of the artillery, to be let or sold. He may be seen adorned with ribbands, and set forth to the best advantage, the next training day.'

---

No. 62.] *Thursday, September* 1, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill*——
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

*White's Chocolate-house, August* 31.

THIS place being frequented by persons of condition, I am desired to recommend a dog-kennel to any who shall want a pack. It lies not far from Suffolk-street, and is kept by two who were formerly dragoons in the French service; but left plundering for the more orderly life of keeping dogs: besides that, according to their expectation, they find it more profitable, as well as more conducing to the safety of their skin, to follow this trade, than the beat of drum. Their residence is very convenient for the dogs to whelp in, and bring up a right breed to follow the scent. The most eminent of the kennel are blood-hounds, which lead the van, and are as follow:

Digitized by Google

A LIST OF THE DOGS.

Jowler, of a right Irish breed, called Captain.

Rockwood, of French race, with long hair, by the courtesy of England, called also Captain.

Pompey, a tall hound, kennelled in a convent in France, and knows a rich soil.

These two last hunt in couple, and are followed by

Ringwood, a French black whelp of the same breed, a fine open-mouthed dog; and an old sick hound, always in kennel, but of the true blood, with a good nose, French breed.

There is also an Italian greyhound, with good legs, and knows perfectly the ground from Ghent to Paris.

Ten setting-dogs, right English.

Four mongrels of the same nation,

And twenty whelps, fit for any game.

These curs are so extremely hungry, that they are too keen at the sport, and worry their game before the keepers can come in. The other day a wild boar from the north rushed into the kennel, and at first, indeed, defended himself against the whole pack; but they proved at last too many for him, and tore twenty-five pounds of flesh from off his back, with which they filled their bellies, and made so great a noise in the neighbourhood, that the keepers are obliged to hasten the sale. That quarter of the town where they are kennelled is generally inhabited by strangers, whose blood the hounds have often sucked in such a manner, that many a German count, and other virtuosi, who came from the continent, have lost the intention of their travels, and been unable to proceed on their journey.

If these hounds are not very soon disposed of to some good purchaser, as also those at the kennels nearer Saint James's, it is humbly proposed, that they may be all together transported to America, where the dogs are few, and the wild beasts many: or that, during their stay in these parts, some eminent justice of the peace may have it in particular direction to visit their harbours; and that the sheriff of Middlesex may allow him the assistance of the common hangman to cut off their ears, or part of

Digitized by Google

them, for distinction-sake, that we may know the blood-hounds from the mongrels and setters. Until these things are regulated, you may enquire at a house belonging to Paris, at the upper end of Suffolk-street, or a house belonging to Ghent, opposite to the lower end of Pall Mall, and know further.

It were to be wished that these curs were disposed of; for it is a very great nuisance to have them tolerated in cities. That of London takes care, that the 'Common Hunt,' assisted by the serjeants and bailiffs, expel them whenever they are found within the walls; though it is said, some private families keep them, to the destruction of their neighbours: but it is desired, that all who know of any of these curs, or have been bit by them, would send me their marks, and the houses where they are harboured; and I do not doubt but I shall alarm the people so well, as to have them used like mad dogs wherever they appear. In the mean time, I advise all such as entertain this kind of vermin, that if they give me timely notice that their dogs are dismissed, I shall let them go unregarded; otherwise am obliged to admonish my fellow-subjects in this behalf, and instruct them how to avoid being worried, when they are going about their lawful professions and callings. There was lately a young gentleman bit to the bone; who has now indeed recovered his health, but is as lean as a skeleton. It grieved my heart to see a gentleman's son run among the hounds; but he is, they tell me, as fleet and as dangerous as the best of the pack.

*Will's Coffee-house, August* 31.

This evening was spent at our table in discourse of propriety of words and thoughts, which is Mr. Dryden's definition of wit; but a very odd fellow, who would intrude upon us, and has a briskness of imagination more like madness than regular thoughts, said, that 'Harry Jacks was the first who told him of the taking of the citadel of Tournay; and,' says he, 'Harry deserves a statue more than the boy who ran to the senate with a thorn in his foot, to tell of a victory.' We were astonished at the asser-

Digitized by Google

tion; and Spondee asked him 'What affinity is there between that boy and Harry, that you say their merit has so near a resemblance as you just now told us?' 'Why,' says he, 'Harry, you know, is in the French interest; and it was more pain to him to tell the story of Tournay, than to the boy to run upon a thorn to relate the victory which he was glad of.' The gentleman, who was in the chair upon the subject of propriety of words and thoughts, would by no means allow, that there was wit in this comparison; and urged, that 'to have any thing gracefully said, it must be natural; but that whatsoever was introduced in common discourse with so much premeditation, was insufferable.' That critic went on: 'Had Mr. Jacks,' said he, 'told him the citadel was taken, and another had answered, "he deserves a statue as well as the Roman boy, for he told it with as much pain," it might have passed for a sprightly expression; but there is a wit for discourse, and a wit for writing. The easiness and familiarity of the first is not to savour in the least of study; but the exactness of the other is to admit of something like the freedom of discourse, especially in treatises of humanity, and what regards the belles lettres. I do not in this allow, that Bickerstaff's Tatlers, or discourses of wit by retail, and for the penny, should come within the description of writing.' I bowed at his compliment, and—But he would not let me proceed.

You see in no place of conversation the perfection of speech so much as in an accomplished woman. Whether it be, that there is a partiality irresistible when we judge of that sex, or whatever it is, you may observe a wonderful freedom in their utterance, and an easy flow of words, without being distracted (as we often are who read much) in the choice of dictions and phrases. My lady Courtly is an instance of this. She was talking the other day of dress, and did it with so excellent an air and gesture, that you would have sworn she had learned her action from our Demosthenes. Besides which, her words were so particularly well adapted to the matter she talked of, that though dress was a new thing to us men, she avoided the terms of

Digitized by Google

art in it, and described an unaffected garb and manner, in so proper terms, that she came up to that of Horace's '*simplex munditiis*;' which whoever can translate in two words, has as much eloquence as lady Courtly. I took the liberty to tell her, that 'all she had said with so much good grace, was spoken in two words in Horace, but would not undertake to translate them;' upon which she smiled, and told me, 'she believed me a very great scholar;' and I took my leave.

*From my own Apartment, August* 31.

I have been just now reading the introduction to the history of Catiline by Sallust, an author who is very much in my favour: but when I reflect upon his professing himself wholly disinterested, and, at the same time, see how industriously he has avoided saying any thing to the praise of Cicero, to whose vigilance the commonwealth owed its safety, it very much lessens my esteem for that writer; and is one argument, among others, for laughing at all who pretend to be out of the interests of the world, and profess purely to act for the service of mankind, without the least regard to themselves. I do not deny but that the rewards are different; some aim at riches, others at honour, by their public services. However, they are all pursuing some end to themselves, though indeed those ends differ as much as right and wrong. The most grateful way, then, I should think, would be to acknowledge, that you aim at serving yourselves; but, at the same time make it appear, it is for the service of others that you have these opportunities.

Of all the disinterested professors I have ever heard of, I take the boatswain of Dampier's ship to be the most impudent, but the most excusable. You are to know that, in the wild searches that navigator was making, they happened to be out at sea, far distant from any shore, in want of all the necessaries of life; insomuch that they began to look, not without hunger, on each other. The boatswain was a fat, healthy, fresh fellow, and attracted the eyes of the whole crew. In such an extreme necessity, all forms of superiority were laid aside: the captain and lieutenant

Digitized by Google

were safe only by being carrion, and the unhappy boatswain in danger only by being worth eating. To be short, the company were unanimous, and the boatswain must be cut up. He saw their intention, and desired he might speak a few words before they proceeded; which being permitted, he delivered himself as follows:

'GENTLEMEN SAILORS,

'Far be it that I should speak it for any private interest of my own; but I take it that I should not die with a good conscience, if I did not confess to you, that I am not sound. I say, gentlemen, justice and the testimony of a good conscience, as well as love of my country, to which I hope you will all return, oblige me to own, that black Kate at Deptford has made me very unsafe to eat; and, I speak it with shame, I am afraid, gentlemen, I should poison you.'

This speech had a good effect in the boatswain's favour; but the surgeon of the ship protested he had cured him very well, and offered to eat the first steak of him himself. The boatswain replied, like an orator, with a true notion of the people, and in hopes to gain time, that he was heartily glad he could be for their service; and thanked the surgeon for his information. 'However,' said he, 'I must inform you for your own good, that I have, ever since my cure, been very thirsty and dropsical; therefore, I presume, it would be much better to tap me, and drink me off, than eat me at once, and have no man in the ship fit to be drunk.' As he was going on with his harangue, a fresh gale arose, and gave the crew hopes of a better repast at the nearest shore, to which they arrived next morning.

Most of the self-denials we meet with are of this sort; therefore, I think he acts fairest who owns, he hopes at least to have brother's fare, without professing that he gives himself up with pleasure to be devoured for the preservation of his fellows.

*St. James's Coffee-house, August* 31.

Letters from the Hague of the sixth of September, N. S. say, that the governor of the citadel of Tournay having

Digitized by Google

offered their highnesses the duke of Marlborough and the prince of Savoy to surrender that place on the thirty-first of the last month, on terms which were not allowed them by those princes, hostilities were thereupon renewed; but that on the third the place was surrendered, with a seeming condition granted to the besieged, above that of being prisoners of war: for they were forthwith to be conducted to Condé, but were to be exchanged for prisoners of the allies, and particularly those of Warneton were mentioned in the demand. Both armies having stretched towards Mons with the utmost diligence, that of the allies, though they passed the much more difficult road, arrived first before that town, which they have now actually invested; and the quarter-master-general was, at the time of despatching these letters, marking the ground for the encampment of the covering army.

*To the booksellers, or others whom this advertisement may concern.*

Mr. Omicron,* the unborn poet, gives notice, that he writes all treatises, as well in verse as prose, being a ninth son, and translates out of all languages, without learning or study.

If any bookseller will treat for his pastoral on the siege and surrender of the citadel of Tournay, he must send in his proposals before the news of a capitulation for any other town.

The undertaker for either play-house may have an opera written by him; or, if it shall suit their design, a satire upon operas; both ready for next winter.

---

No. 63.] *Saturday, September 3, 1709.*

*White's Chocolate-house, September 2.*

OF THE ENJOYMENT OF LIFE WITH REGARD TO OTHERS.

I have ever thought it the greatest diminution to the Roman glory imaginable, that in their institution of public

* Mr. Oldmixon was here ridiculed under the name of Mr. Omicron.



Digitized by Google

triumphs, they led their enemies in chains when they were prisoners. It is to be allowed that doing all honour to the superiority of heroes above the rest of mankind, must needs conduce to the glory and advantage of a nation; but what shocks the imagination to reflect upon is, that a polite people should think it reasonable, that an unhappy man, who was no way inferior to the victor but by the chance of war, should be led like a slave at the wheels of his chariot. Indeed, these other circumstances of a triumph, that it was not allowed in a civil war, lest one part should be in tears, while the other was making acclamations; that it should not be granted, except such a number were slain in battle; that the general should be disgraced who made a false muster of his dead; these, I say, had great and politic ends in their being established, and tended to the apparent benefit of the commonwealth. But this behaviour to the conquered had no foundation in nature or policy, only to gratify the insolence of a haughty people, who triumphed over barbarous nations, by acting what was fit only for those very barbarians to practise. It seems wonderful, that they who were so refined as to take care, that to complete the honour done to the victorious officer, no power should be known above him in the empire on the day of his triumph, but that the consuls themselves should be but guests at his table that evening, could not take it into thought to make the man of chief note among his prisoners one of the company. This would have improved the gladness of the occasion; and the victor had made a much greater figure, in that no other man appeared unhappy on his day, than because no other man appeared great.

But we will wave at present such important incidents, and turn our thoughts rather to the familiar part of human life, and we shall find, that the great business we contend for is in a less degree what those Romans did on more solemn occasions, to triumph over our fellow-creatures; and there is hardly a man to be found, who would not rather be in pain to appear happy, than be really happy and thought miserable. This men attempt by sumptuous

Digitized by Google

equipages, splendid houses, numerous servants, and all the cares and pursuits of an ambitious or fashionable life.

Bromeo and Tabio are particularly ill-wishers to each other, and rivals in happiness. There is no way in nature so good to procure the esteem of the one, as to give him little notices of certain secret points, wherein the other is uneasy. Gnatho has the skill of doing this, and never applauds the improvements Bromeo has been many years making, and ever will be making, but he adds, 'Now this very thing was my thought when Tabio was pulling up his underwood, yet he never would hear of it; but now your gardens are in this posture, he is ready to hang himself. Well, to be sincere, that situation of his can never make an agreeable seat; he may make his house and appurtenances what he pleases, but he cannot remove them to the same ground where Bromeo's stands; and of all things under the sun, a man that is happy at second-hand is the most monstrous.' 'It is a very strange madness,' answers Bromeo, 'if a man on these occasions can think of any end but pleasing himself. As for my part, if things are convenient, I hate all ostentation. There is no end of the folly of adapting our affairs to the imagination of others. Upon which, the next thing he does is to enlarge whatever he hears his rival has attempted to imitate him in; but their misfortune is, that they are in their time of life, in their estates, and in their understandings, equal; so that the emulation may continue to the last day of their lives. As it stands now, Tabio has heard, that Bromeo has lately purchased two hundred a-year in the annuities since he last settled the account of their happiness, in which he thought himself to have the balance. This may seem a very fantastical way of thinking in these men; but there is nothing so common, as a man's endeavouring rather to go farther than some other person towards an easy fortune, than to form any certain standard that would make himself happy.

*Will's Coffee-house, September 2.*

Mr. Dactyle has been this evening very profuse of his

Digitized by Google

eloquence upon the talent of turning things into ridicule; and seemed to say very justly, that 'there was generally in it something too disingenuous for the society of liberal men, except it were governed by the circumstances of persons, time, and place. This talent,' continued he, 'is to be used as a man does his sword, not to be drawn but in his own defence, or to bring pretenders and impostors in society to a true light. But we have seen this faculty so mistaken, that the burlesque of Virgil himself has passed, among men of little taste, for wit; and the noblest thoughts that can enter into the heart of man levelled with ribaldry and baseness: though by the rules of justice, no man ought to be ridiculed for any imperfection, who does not set up for eminent sufficiency in that way wherein he is defective. Thus cowards, who would hide themselves by an affected terror in their mien and dress; and pedants, who would show the depth of their knowledge by a supercilious gravity, are equally the objects of laughter. Not that they are in themselves ridiculous, for their want of courage, or weakness of understanding; but that they seem insensible of their own place in life, and unhappily rank themselves with those whose abilities, compared to their defects, make them contemptible. At the same time, it must be remarked, that, risibility being the effect of reason, a man ought to be expelled from sober company who laughs without it.' 'Ha! ha!' says Will Truby, who sat by, 'will any man pretend to give me laws when I should laugh, or tell me what I should laugh at?' 'Look 'ye,' answered Humphry Slyboots, 'you are mightily mistaken; you may, if you please, make what noise you will, and nobody can hinder an English gentleman from putting his face into what posture he thinks fit; but take my word for it, that motion which you now make with your mouth open, and the agitation of your stomach, which you relieve by holding your sides, is not laughter: laughter is a more weighty thing than you imagine; and I will tell you a secret, you never did laugh in your life: and truly I am afraid you never will, except you take great care to be cured of those convulsive fits.' Truby left us, and when he

Digitized by Google

had got two yards from us, 'Well,' said he, 'you are strange fellows!' and was immediately taken with another fit.

The Trubies are a well-natured family, whose particular make is such, that they have the same pleasure out of good-will, which other people have in that scorn which is the cause of laughter: therefore their bursting into the figures of men, when laughing, proceeds only from a general benevolence they are born with; as the Slyboots smile only on the greatest occasion of mirth; which difference is caused rather from a different structure of their organs, than that one is less moved than the other. I know Sourly frets inwardly, when Will Truby laughs at him; but when I meet him, and he bursts out, I know it is out of his abundant joy to see me, which he expresses by that vociferation which is in others laughter. But I shall defer considering this subject at large, until I come to my treatise of ocsitation, laughter, and ridicule.

*From my own Apartment, September 2.*

The following letter being a panegyric upon me for a quality which every man may attain,—an acknowledgment of his faults; I thought it for the good of my fellow-writers to publish it.

'SIR,

'It must be allowed, that esquire Bickerstaff is of all authors the most ingenuous. There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake, though all the world see them to be in downright nonsense. You will be pleased, sir, to pardon this expression, for the same reason for which you once desired us to excuse you, when you seemed any thing dull. Most writers, like the generality of Paul* Lorraine's saints, seem to place a peculiar vanity in dying hard. But you, sir, to show a good example to your brethren, have not only confessed, but of your own accord mended the indictment. Nay, you have been so good-natured as to discover beauties in it, which, I will assure you, he that drew it never dreamed of. And, to make your civi-

* Mr. Paul Lorraine was at this time the ordinary of Newgate.

Digitized by Google

lity the more accomplished, you have honoured him with the title of your kinsman, which, though derived by the left-hand, he is not a little proud of. My brother, for such Obadiah is, being at present very busy about nothing, has ordered me to return you his sincere thanks for all these favours; and, as a small token of his gratitude, to communicate to you the following piece of intelligence, which he thinks, belongs more properly to you, than to any others of our modern historians.

'Madonella, who, as it was thought, had long since taken her flight towards the etherial mansions, still walks, it seems, in the regions of mortality, where she has found, by deep reflections on the revolution mentioned in yours of June the twenty-third, that where early instructions have been wanting to imprint true ideas of things on the tender souls of those of her sex, they are never after able to arrive at such a pitch of perfection, as to be above the laws of matter and motion; laws which are considerably enforced by the principles usually imbibed in nurseries and boarding schools. To remedy this evil, she has laid the scheme of a college for young damsels; where (instead of scissars, needles, and samplers) pens, compasses, quadrants, books, manuscripts, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, are to take up their whole time. Only on holidays the students will, for moderate exercise, be allowed to divert themselves with the use of some of the lightest and most voluble weapons; and proper care will be taken to give them at least a superficial tincture of the ancient and modern Amazonian tactics. Of these military performances, the direction is undertaken by Epicene,* the writer of 'Memoirs from the Mediterranean,' who, by the help of some artificial poisons conveyed by smells, has within these few weeks brought many persons of both sexes to an untimely fate; and, what is more surprising, has, contrary to her profession, with the same odours, revived others who had long since been drowned in the whirlpools of Lethe. Another of the professors is to be a certain lady,

* Epicene means Mrs. D. Manley.

Digitized by Google

who is now publishing two of the choicest Saxon novels,* which are said to have been in as great repute with the ladies of queen Emma's court, as the 'Memoirs from the New Atalantis' are with those of ours. I shall make it my business to enquire into the progress of this learned institution, and give you the first notice of their 'Philosophical Transactions, and Searches after Nature.'

'Yours, &c.

'TOBIAH GREENHAT.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, September 2.*

This day we have received advices by the way of Ostend, which give an account of an engagement between the French and the allies, on the eleventh instant, N. S. Marshal Boufflers arrived in the enemy's camp on the fifth, and acquainted marshal Villars, that he did not come in any character, but to receive his commands for the king's service, and communicate to him his orders upon the present posture of affairs. On the ninth, both armies advanced towards each other, and cannonaded all the ensuing day, until the close of the evening, and stood on their arms all that night. On the day of battle the cannonading was renewed about seven: the duke of Argyle had orders to attack the wood Sart on the right, which he executed so successfully, that he pierced through it, and won a considerable post. The prince of Orange had the same good fortune in a wood on the left: after which the whole body of the confederates, joined by the forces from the siege, marched up and engaged the enemy, who were drawn up at some distance from these woods. The dispute was very warm for some time; but towards noon, the French began to give ground from one wing to the other; which advantage being observed by our generals, the whole army was urged on with fresh vigour, and in a few hours the day ended with the entire defeat of the enemy.

* Mrs. Elizabeth Elstob, the lady here meant, is a striking instance, that no accomplishments, natural or acquired, could protect their possessor, of whatever merit or sex, from the insults of this libertine wit.

Digitized by Google

No. 64.] *Tuesday, September 6, 1709.*

Quæ caret ora cruore nostro? *Hor.* 1 Od. ii. 36.

What coast, encircled by the briny flood,
Boasts not the glorious tribute of our blood.

*From my own Apartment, September 5.*

When I lately spoke of triumphs, and the behaviour of the Romans on those occasions, I knew, by my skill in astrology, that there was a great event approaching to our advantage; but, not having yet taken upon me to tell fortunes, I thought fit to defer the mention of the battle near Mons until it happened; which moderation was no small pain to me: but I should wrong my art, if I concealed that some of my aerial intelligencers had signified to me the news of it even from Paris, before the arrival of lieutenant-colonel Graham in England.* All nations, as well as persons, have their good and evil genius attending them; but the kingdom of France has three, the last of which is neither for it nor against it in reality; but has for some months past acted an ambiguous part, and attempted to save its ward from the incursion of its powerful enemies, by little subterfuges and tricks, which a nation is more than undone when it is reduced to practise. Thus, instead of giving exact accounts and representations of things, they tell what is indeed true, but at the same time a falsehood, when all the circumstances come to be related. Pacolet was at the court of France on Friday night last, when this genius of that kingdom came thither in the shape of a post-boy, and cried out, that Mons was relieved, and the duke of Marlborough marched. Pacolet was much astonished at this account, and immediately changed his form, and flew to the neighbourhood of Mons, from whence he found the allies had really marched; and began to enquire into the reasons of this sudden change, and half feared he had heard a truth of the posture of the French affairs, even in their own country. But, upon di-

* Lieut. Col. Graham came express with an account of the battle of Malplaquet, in a letter from the duke of Marlborough to Mr. Secretary Boyle.

Digitized by Google

ligent enquiry among the aerials who attend those regions, and consultation with the neighbouring peasants, he was able to bring me the following account of the motions of the armies since they retired from about that place, and the action which followed thereupon.

On Saturday the seventh of September, N. S. the confederate army was alarmed in their camp at Havre, by intelligence, that the enemy were marching to attack the prince of Hesse. Upon this advice, the duke of Marlborough commanded that the troops should immediately move; which was accordingly performed, and they were all joined on Sunday the eighth at noon. On that day, in the morning, it appeared that, instead of being attacked, the advanced guard of the detachment, commanded by the prince of Hesse, had dispersed and taken prisoners a party of the enemy's horse, which was sent out to observe the march of the confederates. The French moved from Quiverain on Sunday in the morning, and inclined to the right from thence all that day. The ninth, the Monday following, they continued their march, until, on Tuesday the tenth, they possessed themselves of the woods of Dour and Blaugies. As soon as they came into that ground, they threw up intrenchments with all expedition. The allies arrived within few hours after the enemy was posted; but the duke of Marlborough thought fit to wait for the arrival of the reinforcement which he expected from the siege of Tournay. Upon notice that these troops were so far advanced as to be depended on for an action the next day, it was accordingly resolved to engage the enemy.

It will be necessary for understanding the greatness of the action, and the several motions made in the time of the engagement, that you have in your mind, an idea of the place. The two armies, on the eleventh instant, were both drawn up before the woods of Dour, Blaugies, Sart, and Jansart; the army of the prince of Savoy on the right before that of Blaugies; the forces of Great Britain in the centre on his left; those of the high allies, with the wood Sart, as well as a large interval of plain ground, and Jansart on the left of the whole. The enemy were in-

Digitized by Google

trenched in the paths of the woods, and drawn up behind two intrenchments over-against them, opposite to the armies of the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene. there were also two lines intrenched in the plains over-against the army of the States. This was the posture of the French and confederate forces when the signal was given, and the whole line moved on to the charge.

The Dutch army, commanded by the prince of Hesse, attacked with the most undaunted bravery; and, after a very obstinate resistance, forced the first intrenchment of the enemy in the plain between Sart and Jansart; but were repulsed in their attack on the second, with great slaughter on both sides. The duke of Marlborough, while this was transacting on the left, had with very much difficulty marched through Sart, and beaten the enemy from the several intrenchments they had thrown up in it. As soon as the duke had marched into the plain, he observed the main body of the enemy drawn up and intrenched in the front of his army. This situation of the enemy, in the ordinary course of war, is usually thought an advantage hardly to be surmounted; and might appear impracticable to any, but that army which had just overcome greater difficulties. The duke commanded the troops to form, but to forbear charging until further order. In the mean time he visited the left of our line, where the troops of the States had been engaged. The slaughter on this side had been very great, and the Dutch, incapable of making further progress, except they were suddenly reinforced. The right of our line was attacked soon after their coming upon the plain; but they drove back the enemy with such bravery, that the victory began to incline to the allies by the precipitate retreat of the French to their works, from whence they were immediately beaten. The duke, upon observing this advantage on the right, commanded the earl of Orkney to march with a sufficient number of battalions, to force the enemy from their intrenchments on the plain between the woods of Sart and Jansart; which being performed, the horse of the allies marched into the plains, covered by their own foot, and

Digitized by Google

forming themselves in good order; the cavalry of the enemy attempted no more but to cover the foot in their retreat. The allies made so good use of the beginning of the victory, that all their troops moved on with fresh resolution, until they saw the enemy fly before them towards Conde and Maubeuge; after whom, proper detachments were sent, who made a terrible slaughter in the pursuit.

In this action, it is said, prince Eugene was wounded, as also the duke of Aremberg, and lieutenant-general Webb. The count of Oxenstern, colonel Lalo, and sir Thomas Pendergrass were killed.

This wonderful success, obtained under all the difficulties that could be opposed in the way of an army, must be acknowledged as owing to the genius, courage, and conduct of the duke of Marlborough, a consummate hero; who has lived not only beyond the time in which Cæsar said he was arrived at a satiety of life and glory; but also been so long the subject of panegyric, that it is as hard to say any thing new in his praise, as to add to the merit which requires such eulogiums.

*Will's Coffee-house, September* 5.

The following letter being very explanatory of the true design of our lucubrations, and at the same time an excellent model for performing it, it is absolutely necessary, for the better understanding our works, to publish it.

*To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.*

'SIR,

'Though I have not the honour to be of the family of the Staffs, nor related to any branch of it, yet I applaud your wholesome project of making wit useful.

'This is what has been, or should have been, intended by the best comedies. But nobody, I think, before you, thought of a way to bring the stage, as it were, into the coffee-house, and there attack those gentlemen who thought themselves out of the reach of raillery, by prudently avoiding its chief walks and districts. I smile when I see a solid citizen of threescore read the article

Digitized by Google

from Will's coffee-house, and seem to be just beginning to learn his alphabet of wit in spectacles; and to hear the attentive table sometimess top him with pertinent queries, which he is puzzled to answer, and then join in commending it the sincerest way, by freely owning he does not understand it.

'In pursuing this design, you will always have a large scene before you, and can never be at a loss for characters to entertain a town so plentifully stocked with them. The follies of the finest minds, which a philosophic surgeon knows how to dissect, will best employ your skill; and of this sort, I take the liberty to send you the following sketch.

'Cleontes is a man of good family, good learning, entertaining conversation, and acute wit. He talks well, is master of style, and writes not contemptibly in verse. Yet all this serves but to make him politely ridiculous; and he is above the rank of common characters, only to have the privilege of being laughed at by the best. His family makes him proud and scornful; his learning, assuming and absurd; and his wit, arrogant and satirical. He mixes some of the best qualities of the head with the worst of the heart. Every body is entertained by him, while nobody esteems him.'

'I am, sir, your most affectionate monitor,

'JOSIAH COUPLET.'

Lost, from the Cocoa-tree, in Pall-Mall, two Irish dogs, belonging to the pack of London; one a tall white wolf-dog; the other a black nimble greyhound, not very sound, and supposed to be gone to the Bath, by instinct, for cure. The man of the inn from whence they ran, being now there, is desired, if he meets either of them, to tie them up. Several others are lost about Tunbridge and Epsom; which whoever will maintain may keep.

Digitized by Google

No. 65.] *Thursday, September* 8, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
——nostri est farrago libelli *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill*——
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

*Will's Coffee-house, September 7.*

I CAME hither this evening, and expected nothing else but mutual congratulations in the company, on the late victory; but found our room, which one would have hoped to have seen full of good humour and alacrity upon so glorious an occasion, full of sour animals, enquiring into the action, in doubt of what had happened, and fearful of the success of their countrymen. It is natural to believe easily what we wish heartily; and a certain rule, that they are not friends to a glad occasion who speak all they can against the truth of it; who end their argument against our happiness, that they wish it otherwise. When I came into the room, a gentleman was declaiming: 'If,' says he, 'we have so great and complete a victory, why have we not the names of the prisoners? Why is not an exact relation of the conduct of our generals laid before the world? Why do we not know where and whom to applaud? If we are victorious, why do we not give an account of our captives and our slain? But we are to be satisfied with general notices we are conquerors, and to believe it so. Sure this is approving the despotic way of treating the world, which we pretend to fight against, if we sit down satisfied with such contradictory accounts, which have the words of triumph, but do not bear the spirit of it.' I whispered Mr. Greenhat, 'Pray, what can that dissatisfied man be?' 'He is,' answered he, 'a character you have not yet perhaps observed. You have heard of battle-painters, have mentioned a battle-poet; but this is a battle-critic. He is a fellow that lives in a government so gentle, that, though it sees him an enemy, suffers his malice, because they know his impotence. He is to examine the weight of an advantage before the company will allow it.' Greenhat was going on in his explanation,



Digitized by Google

when sir George England thought fit to take up the discourse in the following manner:

'Gentlemen, The action you are in so great doubt to approve of, is greater than ever has been performed in any age; and the value of it I observe from your dissatisfaction: for battle-critics are like all others; you are the more offended, the more you ought to be, and are convinced you ought to be, pleased. Had this engagement happened in the time of the old Romans, and such things been acted in their service, there would not be a foot of the wood which was pierced but had been consecrated to some deity, or made memorable by the death of him who expired in it for the sake of his country. It had been said on some monument at the entrance: Here the duke of Argyle drew his sword, and said 'March.' Here Webb, after having an accomplished fame for gallantry, exposed himself like a common soldier. Here Rivett, who was wounded at the beginning of the day, and carried off as dead, returned to the field, and received his death. Medals had been struck for our general's behaviour when he first came into the plain. Here was the fury of the action, and here the hero stood as fearless as if invulnerable. Such certainly had been the cares of that state for their own honour, and in gratitude to their heroic subjects. But the wood intrenched, the plain made more impassable than the wood, and all the difficulties opposed to the most gallant army and the most intrepid leaders that ever the sun shone upon, are treated by the talk of some in this room as objections to the merit of our general and our army: but,' continued he, 'I leave all the examination of this matter, and a proper discourse on our sense of public actions, to my friend Mr. Bickerstaff; who may let beaux and gamesters rest, until he has examined into the reasons of men's being malecontents, in the only nation that suffers professed enemies to breathe in open air.'

*From my own Apartment, September 7.*

The following letters are sent to me from relations; and though I do not know who and who are intended, I publish

Digitized by Google

them. I have only writ nonsense, if there is nothing in them; and done a good action, if they alarm any heedless men against the fraternity of the Knights, whom the Greeks call Ῥάσκαλς.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF, Bath, August 30.

'It is taken very ill by several gentlemen here, that you are so little vigilant, as to let the dogs run from their kennels to this place. Had you done your duty, we should have had notice of their arrival; but the sharpers are now become so formidable here, that they have divided themselves into nobles and commons; beau Bogg, beau Pert, Rake, and Tallboy, are of their upper house; broken captains, ignorant attornies, and such other bankrupts from industrious professions, compose their lower order. Among these two sets of men, there happened here lately some unhappy differences. Esquire Humphry came down among us with four hundred guineas: his raw appearance, and certain signals in the good-natured muscles of Humphry's countenance, alarmed the societies; for sharpers are as skilful as beggars in physiognomy, and know as well where to hope for plunder, as the others to ask for alms. Pert was the man exactly fitted for taking with Humphry, as a fine gentleman; for a raw fool is ever enamoured with his contrary, a coxcomb; and a coxcomb is what the booby, who wants experience, and is unused to company, regards as the first of men. He ever looks at him with envy, and would certainly be such, if he were not oppressed by his rusticity or bashfulness. There arose an entire friendship by this sympathy between Pert and Humphry, which ended in stripping the latter. We now could see this forlorn youth for some days moneyless, without sword, and one day without his hat, and with secret melancholy pining for his snuff-box; the jest of the whole town, but most of those who robbed him.

'At last fresh bills came down, when immediately their countenances cleared up, ancient kindnesses and familiarity renewed, and to dinner he was invited by the fraternity. You are to know, that while he was in his days of solitude,

Digitized by Google

a commoner, who was excluded from his share of the prey, had whispered the esquire, that he was bit, and cautioned him of venturing again. However, hopes of recovering his snuff-box, which was given him by his aunt, made him fall to play after dinner; yet, mindful of what he was told, he saw something that provoked him to tell them, they were a company of sharpers. Presently Tallboy fell on him, and, being too hard at fisty-cuffs, drove him out of doors. The valiant Pert followed, and kicked him in his turn; which the esquire resented, as being nearer his match; so challenged him: but differing about time and place, friends interposed, for he had still money left, and persuaded him to ask pardon for provoking them to beat him, and they asked his for doing it. The house, consulting whence Humphry could have his information, concluded it must be from some malicious commoner; and, to be revenged, beau Bogg watched their haunts, and in a shop where some of them were at play with ladies, showed dice which he found, or pretended to find, upon them; and, declaring how false they were, warned the company to take care who they played with. By his seeming candour, he cleared his reputation, at least to fools and some silly women; but it was still blasted by the esquire's story with thinking men: however, he gained a great point by it; for the next day he got the company shut up with himself and fellow-members, and robbed them at discretion.

'I cannot express to you with what indignation I behold the noble spirit of gentlemen degenerated to that of private cut-purses. It is in vain to hope a remedy, while so many of the fraternity get and enjoy estates of twenty, thirty, and fifty thousand pounds, with impunity, creep into the best conversations, and spread the infectious villany through the nation, while the lesser rogues, that rob for hunger or nakedness, are sacrificed by the blind, and, in this respect, partial and defective law. Could you open men's eyes against the occasion of all this, the great corrupter of our manners and morality, the author of more bankrupts than the war, and sure bane of all industry, frugality, and good nature; in a word, of all virtues; I

Digitized by Google

mean, public or private play at cards or dice; how willingly would I contribute my utmost, and possibly send you some memoirs of the lives and politics of some of the fraternity of great figure, that might be of use to you in setting this in a clear light against next session; that all who care for their country or posterity, and see the pernicious effects of such a public vice, may endeavour its destruction by some effectual laws. In concurrence of this good design, I remain

'Your humble servant, &c.'

'MR. BICKERSTAFF, Friday, Sept. 2.

'I heartily join with you in your laudable design against the Myrmidons, as well as your late insinuations against Coxcombs of Fire; and I take this opportunity to congratulate you on the success of your labours, which I observed yesterday in one of the hottest fire-men in town; who not only affects a soft smile, but was seen to be thrice contradicted without showing any sign of impatience. These, I say, so happy beginnings, promise fair, and on this account I rejoice you have undertaken to unkennel the curs; a work of such use, that I admire it so long escaped your vigilance; and exhort you, by the concern you have for the good people of England, to pursue your design: and, that these vermin may not flatter themselves that they pass undiscovered, I desire you would acquaint Jack Haughty, that the whole secret of his bubbling his friend with the Swiss at the Thatched-house is well-known, as also his sweetening the knight; and I shall acknowledge the favour.

'Your most humble servant, &c.'

No. 66.] *Saturday, September* 10, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines———
——— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*Will's Coffee-house, September* 9.

THE subject of the discourse this evening was eloquence and graceful action. Lysander, who is something particular



Digitized by Google

in his way of thinking and speaking, told us, 'a man could not be eloquent without action: for the department of the body, the turn of the eye, and an apt sound to every word that is uttered, must all conspire to make an accomplished speaker. Action in one that speaks in public, is the same thing as a good mien in ordinary life. Thus, as a certain insensibility in the countenance recommends a sentence of humour and jest, so it must be a very lively consciousness that gives grace to great sentiments. The jest is to be a thing unexpected; therefore your undesigning manner is a beauty in expressions of mirth; but when you are to talk on a set subject, the more you are moved yourself, the more you will move others.

'There is,' said he, 'a remarkable example of that kind. Æschines, a famous orator of antiquity, had pleaded at Athens in a great cause against Demosthenes; but having lost it, retired to Rhodes.' Eloquence was then the quality most admired among men; and the magistrates of that place, having heard he had a copy of the speech of Demosthenes, desired him to repeat both their pleadings. After his own, he recited also the oration of his antagonist. The people expressed their admiration of both, but more of that of Demosthenes. "If you are," said he, "thus touched with hearing only what that great orator said, how would you have been affected had you seen him speak? For he who hears Demosthenes only, loses much the better part of the oration." Certain it is that they who speak gracefully are very lamely represented in having their speeches read or repeated by unskilful people; for there is something native to each man, so inherent to his thoughts and sentiments, which it is hardly possible for another to give a true idea of. You may observe in common talk, when a sentence of any man's is repeated, an acquaintance of his shall immediately observe, 'that is so like him, methinks I see how he looked when he said it.'

But of all the people on the earth, there are none who puzzle me so much as the clergy of Great Britain, who are, I believe, the most learned body of men now in the world; and yet this art of speaking, with the proper ornaments of

Digitized by Google

voice and gesture, is wholly neglected among them; and I will engage, were a deaf man to behold the greater part of them preach, he would rather think they were reading the contents only of some discourse they intended to make, than actually in the body of an oration, even when they are upon matters of such a nature, as one would believe it were impossible to think of without emotion.

I own there are exceptions to this general observation, and that the dean we heard the other day together, is an orator.* He has so much regard to his congregation, that he commits to his memory what he has to say to them; and has so soft and graceful a behaviour, that it must attract your attention. His person, it is to be confessed, is no small recommendation; but he is to be highly commended for not losing that advantage, and adding to the propriety of speech, which might pass the criticism of Longinus, an action which would have been approved by Demosthenes. He has a peculiar force in his way, and has many of his audience† who could not be intelligent hearers of his discourse, were there not explanation as well as grace in his action. This art of his is used with the most exact and honest skill: he never attempts your passions until he has convinced your reason. All the objections which he can form, are laid open and dispersed before he uses the least vehemence in his sermon; but when he thinks he has your head, he very soon wins your heart; and never pretends to show the beauty of holiness, until he hath convinced you of the truth of it.

Would every one of our clergymen be thus careful to recommend truth and virtue in their proper figures, and show so much concern for them as to give them all the additional force they were able, it is not possible that nonsense should have so many hearers as you find it has in dissenting congregations, for no reason in the world, but because it is spoken extempore: for ordinary minds are wholly governed by their eyes and ears, and there is no way

* Dr. Atterbury.

† At the chapel of Bridewell Hospital, where he was twenty years minister and preacher.

Digitized by Google

to come at their hearts, but by power over their imaginations.

There is my friend and merry companion Daniel.* He knows a great deal better than he speaks, and can form a proper discourse as well as any orthodox neighbour. But he knows very well, that to bawl out 'My beloved!' and the words 'grace!' 'regeneration!' 'sanctification!' 'a new light!' 'the day! the day! ay, my beloved, the day! or rather the night, the night is coming!' and 'judgment will come when we least think of it!' and so forth.—He knows, to be vehement, is the only way to come at his audience. Daniel, when he sees my friend Greenhat come in, can give a good hint and cry out, 'This is only for the saints! the regenerated!' By this force of action, though mixed with all the incoherence and ribaldry imaginable, Daniel can laugh at his diocesan, and grow fat by voluntary subscription, while the parson of the parish goes to law for half his dues. Daniel will tell you, 'it is not the shepherd, but the sheep with the bell, which the flock follows.'

Another thing, very wonderful this learned body should omit, is, learning to read; which is a most necessary part of eloquence in one who is to serve at the altar: for there is no man but must be sensible, that the lazy tone, and inarticulate sound of our common readers, depreciates the most proper form of words that were ever extant, in any nation or language, to speak our own wants, or his power from whom we ask relief.

There cannot be a greater instance of the power of action, than in little parson Dapper, who is the common relief to all the lazy pulpits in town. This smart youth has a very good memory, a quick eye, and a clean handkerchief. Thus equipped, he opens his text, shuts his book fairly, shows he has no notes in his bible, opens both palms, and shows all is fair there too. Thus, with a decisive air, my young man goes on without hesitation; and though from the beginning to the end of his pretty discourse, he

* Dr. Daniel Borgess, who preached to a congregation of independents at the meeting-house in a court adjoining to Carey-street, near Lincoln's Inn.

Digitized by Google

has not used one proper gesture; yet, at the conclusion, the church-warden pulls his gloves from off his hands; 'Pray, who is this extraordinary young man?' Thus, the force of action is such, that it is more prevalent, even when improper, than all the reason and argument in the world without it. This gentleman concluded his discourse by saying, 'I do not doubt but if our preachers would learn to speak, and our readers to read, within six month's time we should not have a dissenter within a mile of a church in Great Britain.'

*From my own Apartment, September 9.*

I have a letter from a young fellow, who complains to me that 'he was bred a mercer, and is now just out of his time; but, unfortunately (for he has no manner of education suitable to his present estate) an uncle has left him one thousand pounds per annum.' The young man is sensible, that he is so spruce, that he fears he shall never be genteel as long as he lives; but applies himself to me, to know what method to take, to help his air, and be a fine gentleman.

He says, 'that several of those ladies who were formerly his customers, visit his mother on purpose to fall in his way, and fears he shall be obliged to marry against his will; for,' says he, 'if any of them should ask me, I shall not be able to deny her. I am,' says he further, 'utterly at a loss how to deal with them; for though I was the most pert creature in the world when I was foreman, and could hand a woman of the first quality to her coach as well as her own gentleman-usher, I am now quite out of my way and speechless in their company. They commend my modesty to my face. No one scruples to say, I should certainly make the best husband in the world, a man of my sober education. Mrs. Would-be watches all opportunities to be alone with me: therefore, good Mr. Bickerstaff, here are my writings inclosed; if you can find any flaw in my title, so as it may go to the next heir, who goes to St. James's coffee-house, and White's, and could enjoy it, I should be extremely well pleased with two thousand

Digitized by Google

pounds to set up my trade, and live in a way I know I should become, rather than be laughed at all my life among too good company. If you could send for my cousin, and persuade him to take the estate on these terms, and let nobody know it, you would extremely oblige me.'

Upon first sight, I thought this a very whimsical proposal; however, upon more mature consideration, I could not but admire the young gentleman's prudence and good sense; for there is nothing so irksome as living in a way a man knows he does not become. I consulted Mr. Obadiah Greenhat* on this occasion, and he is so well pleased with the man, that he has half a mind to take the estate himself; but, upon second thoughts, he proposed this expedient: 'I should be very willing,' said he, 'to keep the estate where it is, if we could make the young man any way easy; therefore, I humbly propose, he should take to drinking for one half-year, and make a sloven of him, and from thence begin his education a-new: for it is a maxim, that one who is ill-taught is in a worse condition than he who is wholly ignorant; therefore a spruce mercer is farther off the air of a fine gentleman, than a downright clown. To make our patient any thing better, we must unmake him what he is.' I indeed proposed to flux him; but Greenhat answered, 'that if he recovered, he would be as prim and feat as ever he was.' Therefore he would have it his way, and our friend is to drink until he is carbuncled and tun-bellied; after which, we will send him down to smoke and be buried with his ancestors in Derbyshire. I am, indeed, desirous he should have his life in the estate, because he has such a just sense of himself and his abilities, as to know that it is an unhappiness to him to be a man of fortune.

This youth seems to understand, that a gentleman's life is that of all others the hardest to pass through with propriety of behaviour; for though he has a support without art or labour, yet his manner of enjoying that circumstance, is a thing to be considered; and you see, among men who are honoured with the common appellation of gentlemen, so many contradictions to that character, that it is

* Mr. Obadiah Greenhat means Addison.

Digitized by Google

the utmost ill-fortune to bear it: for which reason, I am obliged to change the circumstances of several about this town. Harry Lacker is so very exact in his dress, that I shall give his estate to his younger brother, and make him a dancing-master. Nokes Lightfoot is so nimble, and values himself so much upon it, that I have thoughts of making him huntsman to a pack of beagles, and giving his land to somebody that will stay upon it.

Now I am upon the topic of becoming what we enjoy, I forbid all persons who are not of the first quality, or, who do not bear some important office that requires so much distinction, to go to Hyde-Park with six horses; for I cannot but esteem it the highest insolence. Therefore, hereafter no man shall do it merely because he is able, without any other pretension. But, what may serve all purposes quite as well, it shall be allowed all such who think riches the chief distinction, to appear in the ring with two horses only, and a rent-roll hanging out of each side of their coach. This is a thought of Mr. Greenhat's, who designs very soon to publish a sumptuary discourse upon the subject of equipage, wherein he will give us rules on that subject, and assign the proper duties and qualifications of masters and servants, as well as that of husbands and wives; with a treatise of economy without doors, or the complete art of appearing in the world. This will be very useful to all who are suddenly rich, or are ashamed of being poor.

———Sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello. *Hor.* 1. Ep. i. 36.

And, like a charm, to the upright mind and pure,
If thrice read o'er, will yield a certain cure.

I have notice of a new pack of dogs, of quite another sort than hitherto mentioned. I have not an exact account of their way of hunting, the following letter giving only a bare notice of them:

'SIR, September 7.

There are another pack of dogs to be disposed of, who kennel about Charing-cross, at the Old Fat Dog's, at the

Digitized by Google

corner of Buckingham-court, near Spring-garden: two of them are said to be whelped in Alsatia,* now in ruins; but they, with the rest of the pack, are as pernicious as if the old kennel had never been broken down. The ancients distinguished this sort of curs by the name of Heredipetes,† the most pernicious of all biters, for seizing young heirs, especially when their estates are entailed; whom they reduce by one good bite to such a condition, that they cannot ever after come to the use of their teeth, or get a smelling of a crust. You are desired to dispose of these as soon as you can, that the breed may not increase; and your care in tying them up will be acknowledged by, Sir,

'Your humble servant,
'PHILANTHROPOS.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, September 9.*

We have received letters from the duke of Marlborough's camp, which bring us further particulars of the great and glorious victory obtained over the enemy on the eleventh instant, N. S. The number of the wounded and prisoners is much greater than was expected from our first account. The day was doubtful until after twelve of the clock; but the enemy made little resistance after their first line on the left began to give way. An exact narration of the whole affair is expected next post. The French have had two days allowed them to bury their dead, and carry off their wounded men, upon parole. Those regiments of Great Britain, which suffered most, are ordered into garrison, and fresh troops commanded to march into the field. The states have also directed troops to march out of the towns, to relieve those who lost so many men in attacking the second entrenchment of the French, in the plain between Sart and Jansart.

* White Friars. † Solicitors of Heritages.

Digitized by Google

No. 67.] *Tuesday, September* 13, 1709.

> Quicquid agunt homines———
> ——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.
>
> Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
> Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

*From my own Apartment, September* 12.

No man can conceive, until he come to try it, how great a pain it is to be a public-spirited person. I am sure I am unable to express to the world what great anxiety I have suffered, to see of how little benefit my lucubrations have been to my fellow-subjects. Men will go on in their own way, in spite of all my labour. I gave Mr. Didapper a private reprimand for wearing red-heeled shoes, and at the same time was so indulgent as to connive at him for fourteen days, because I would give him the wearing of them out; but, after all this, I am informed he appeared yesterday with a new pair of the same sort. I have no better success with Mr. What-d'ye-call, as to his buttons; Stentor still roars; and box and dice rattle as loud as they did before I writ against them. Partridge walks about at noonday, and Æsculapius thinks of adding a new lace to his livery. However, I must still go on in laying these enormities before men's eyes, and let them answer for going on in their practice.

My province is much larger than at first sight men would imagine, and I shall lose no part of my jurisdiction, which extends not only to futurity, but also is a retrospect to things past; and the behaviour of persons, who have long ago acted their parts, is as much liable to my examination, as that of my own contemporaries.

In order to put the whole race of mankind in their proper distinctions, according to the opinion their cohabitants conceived of them, I have, with very much care and depth of meditation, thought fit to erect a chamber of Fame, and established certain rules, which are to be observed in admitting members into this illustrious society.

In this chamber of Fame there are to be three tables, but



Digitized by Google

of different lengths; the first is to contain exactly twelve persons; the second, twenty; and the third, a hundred. This is reckoned to be the full number of those who have any competent share of fame. At the first of these tables are to be placed, in their order, the twelve most famous persons in the world; not with regard to the things they are famous for, but according to the degree of their fame, whether in valour, wit, or learning. Thus, if a scholar be more famous than a soldier, he is to sit above him. Neither must any preference be given to virtue, if the person be not equally famous.

When the first table is filled, the next in renown must be seated at the second, and so on in like manner to the number of twenty; as also in the same order at the third, which is to hold a hundred. At these tables, no regard is to be had to seniority: for if Julius Cæsar shall be judged more famous than Romulus and Scipio, he must have the precedence. No person who has not been dead a hundred years must be offered to a place at any of these tables: and because this is altogether a lay-society, and that sacred persons move upon greater motives than that of fame, no persons celebrated in holy writ, or any ecclesiastical men whatsoever, are to be introduced here.

At the lower end of the room is to be a side table for persons of great fame, but dubious existence; such as Hercules, Theseus, Æneas, Achilles, Hector, and others. But because it is apprehended, that there may be great contention about precedence, the proposer humbly desires the opinion of the learned, towards his assistance in placing every person according to his rank, that none may have just occasion of offence.

The merits of the cause shall be judged by plurality of voices.

For the more impartial execution of this important affair, it is desired, that no man will offer his favourite hero, scholar, or poet; and that the learned will be pleased to send to Mr. Bickerstaff, at Mr. Morphew's near Stationers'-hall, their several lists for the first table only, and in the order they would have them placed; after which, the pro-

Digitized by Google

poser will compare the several lists, and make another for the public, wherein every name shall be ranked according to the voices it has had. Under this chamber is to be a dark vault for the same number of persons of evil fame.

It is humbly submitted to consideration, whether the project would not be better if the persons of true fame meet in a middle room, those of dubious existence in an upper room, and those of evil fame in a lower dark room.

It is to be noted, that no historians are to be admitted at any of these tables; because they are appointed to conduct the several persons to their seats, and are to be made use of as ushers to the assemblies.

I call upon the learned world to send me their assistance towards this design, it being a matter of too great moment for any one person to determine. But I do assure them, their lists shall be examined with great fidelity, and those that are exposed to the public, made with all the caution imaginable.

In the mean time, while I wait for these lists, I am employed in keeping people in a right way to avoid the contrary to fame and applause; to wit,—blame and derision. For this end, I work upon that useful project of the penny-post, by the benefit of which it is proposed, that a charitable society be established: from which society there shall go every day, circular letters to all parts within the bills of mortality, to tell people of their faults in a friendly and private manner, whereby they may know what the world thinks of them, before it is declared to the world that they are thus faulty. This method cannot fail of universal good consequences: for, it is further added, that they who will not be reformed by it, must be contented to see the several letters printed, which were not regarded by them, that when they will not take private reprehension, they may be tried further by a public one. I am very sorry I am obliged to print the following epistles of that kind, to some persons, and the more because they are of the fair sex.

This went on Friday last to a very fine lady:—

Digitized by Google

'MADAM,

'I am highly sensible that there is nothing of so tender a nature as the reputation and conduct of ladies; and that when there is the least stain got into their fame, it is hardly ever to be washed out. When I have said this, you will believe I am extremely concerned to hear, at every visit I make, that your manner of wearing your hair is a mere affectation of beauty, as well as that your neglect of powder has been a common evil to your sex. It is to you an advantage to show that abundance of fine tresses: but I beseech you to consider, that the force of your beauty, and the imitation of you, costs Eleonora great sums of money to her tire-woman for false locks, besides what is allowed to her maid for keeping the secret, that she is gray. I must take leave to add to this admonition, that you are not to reign above four months and odd days longer. Therefore, I must desire you to raise and friz your hair a little, for it is downright insolence to be thus handsome without art; and you will forgive me for entreating you to do now out of compassion, what you must soon do out of necessity. I am, madam,

'Your most obedient,

'and most humble servant.'

This person dresses just as she did before I writ; as does also the lady to whom I addressed the following billet the same day:

'MADAM,

'Let me beg of you to take off the patches at the lower end of your left cheek, and I will allow two more under your left eye, which will contribute more to the symmetry of your face; except you would please to remove the ten black atoms on your ladyship's chin and wear one large patch instead of them. If so, you may properly enough retain the three patches above-mentioned. I am, &c.'

This, I thought, had all the civility and reason in the

Digitized by Google

world in it; but whether my letters are intercepted, or whatever it is, the lady patches as she used to do. It is to be observed by all the charitable society, as an instruction in their epistles, that they tell people of nothing but what is in their power to mend. I shall give another instance of this way of writing: two sisters in Essex-street are eternally gaping out of the window, as if they knew not the value of time, or would call in companions. Upon which I writ the following line:

'DEAR CREATURES,

'On the receipt of this, shut your casements.'

But I went by yesterday, and found them still at the window. What can a man do in this case, but go on, and wrap himself up in his own integrity, with satisfaction only in this melancholy truth, that virtue is its own reward; and that if no one is the better for his admonitions, yet he is himself the more virtuous in that he gave those advices?

*St. James's Coffee-house, September* 12.

Letters of the thirteenth instant from the duke of Marlborough's camp at Havre, advise, that the necessary dispositions were made for opening the trenches before Mons. The direction of the siege is to be committed to the prince of Orange, who designed to take his post accordingly, with thirty battalions and thirty squadrons, on the day following. On the seventeenth lieutenant-general Cadogan* set out for Brussels, to hasten the ammunition and artillery which is to be employed in this enterprise; and the confederate army was extended from the Haisne to the Trouille, in order to cover the siege. The loss of the confederates in the late battle is not exactly known; but it appears, by a list transmitted to the states-general, that

* No officer was so much relied upon by the duke of Marlborough. He had the care of making out almost every camp during the war in the Netherlands and Germany, which he executed so skilfully, that it is observed the duke was never surprised or attacked in his camp, during all that war.



Digitized by Google

the number of the killed and wounded in their service amounts to above eight thousand. It is computed, that the English have lost fifteen hundred men, and the rest of the allies above five thousand, including the wounded. The states-general have taken the most speedy and effectual measures for reinforcing their troops; and it is expected, that in eight or ten days the army will be as numerous as before the battle. The affairs in Italy afford us nothing remarkable; only that it is hoped, the difference between the courts of Vienna and Turin will be speedily accommodated. Letters from Poland present us with a near prospect of seeing king Augustus re-established on the throne, all parties being very industrious to reconcile themselves to his interests.

*Will's Coffee-house, September* 12.

Of all the pretty arts in which our modern writers excel, there is not any which is more to be recommended to the imitation of beginners, than the skill of transition from one subject to another. I know not whether I make myself well understood; but it is certain, that the way of stringing a discourse, used in the Mercure Gallant, the Gentleman's Journal,* and other learned writings; not to mention how naturally things present themselves to such as harangue in pulpits, and other occasions which occur to the learned; are methods worthy commendation. I shall attempt this style myself in a few lines. Suppose I was discoursing upon the king of Sweden's passing the Boristhenes. The Boristhenes is a great river, and puts me in mind of the Danube and the Rhine. The Danube I cannot think of, without reflecting on that unhappy prince who had such fair territories on the banks of it; I mean the duke of Bavaria, who, by our last letters, is retired from Mons. Mons is as strong a fortification as any which has no citadel: and places which are not completely fortified are, methinks, lessons to princes that they are not omnipotent, but liable to the strokes of fortune. But as all princes are subject to such calamities, it is the part of men

* Published about the beginning of the last century, in 4to.

Digitized by Google

of letters to guard them from the observations of all small writers; for which reason, I shall conclude my present remarks, by publishing the following advertisement, to be taken notice of by all who dwell in the suburbs of learning.

'Whereas the king of Sweden has been so unfortunate as to receive a wound in his heel; we do hereby prohibit all epigrammatists in either language and both universities, as well as all other poets, of what denomination soever, to make any mention of Achilles having received his death's wound in the same part.

'We do likewise forbid all comparisons in coffee-houses between Alexander the Great and the said king of Sweden, and from making any parallels between the death of Patkul and Philotas; we being very apprehensive of the reflections that several politicians have ready by them to produce on this occasion, and being willing, as much as in us lies, to free the town from all impertinences of this nature.'

No. 68.] *Thursday, September* 15, 1709.

Quicquid agant homines———
———nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill*—
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

*From my own Apartment, September* 14.

THE progress of our endeavours will of necessity be very much interrupted, except the learned world will please to send their lists to the chamber of Fame with all expedition. There is nothing can so much contribute to create a noble emulation in our youth, as the honourable mention of such whose actions have outlived the injuries of time, and recommended themselves so far to the world, that it is become learning to know the least circumstance of their affairs. It is a great incentive to see, that some men have raised themselves so highly above their fellow-creatures, that the lives of ordinary men are spent in enquiries after the particular actions of the most illustrious. True it is, that

Digitized by Google

without this impulse to fame and reputation, our industry would stagnate, and that lively desire of pleasing each other, die away. This opinion was so established in the heathen world, that their sense of living appeared insipid, except their being was enlivened with a consciousness that they were esteemed by the rest of the world.

Upon examining the proportion of men's fame for my table of twelve, I thought it no ill way (since I had laid it down for a rule, that they were to be ranked simply as they were famous, without regard to their virtue) to ask my sister Jenny's advice; and particularly mentioned to her the name of Aristotle. She immediately told me, he was a very great scholar, and that she had read him at the boarding-school. She certainly means a trifle, sold by the hawkers called 'Aristotle's Problems.' But this raised a great scruple in me, whether a fame increased by imposition of others is to be added to his account, or that these excrescences, which grow out of his real reputation, and give encouragement to others to pass things under the covert of his name, should be considered in giving him his seat in the chamber? This punctilio is referred to the learned. In the mean time, so ill-natured are mankind, that I believe I have names already sent me sufficient to fill up my lists for the dark room, and every one is apt enough to send in their accounts of ill-deservers. This malevolence does not proceed from a real dislike of virtue, but a diabolical prejudice against it, which makes men willing to destroy what they care not to imitate. Thus you see the greatest characters among your acquaintance, and those you live with, are traduced by all below them in virtue, who never mention them but with an exception. However, I believe I shall not give the world much trouble about filling my tables for those of evil fame; for I have some thoughts of clapping up the sharpers there as fast as I can lay hold of them.

At present, I am employed in looking over the several notices which I have received of their manner of dexterity, and the way at dice of making all *rugg*, as the cant is. The whole art of securing a die has lately been sent me,

Digitized by Google

by a person who was of the fraternity, but is disabled by the loss of a finger; by which means he cannot practise that trick as he used to do. But I am very much at a loss how to call some of the fair sex, who are accomplices with the Knights of Industry; for my metaphorical dogs are easily enough understood; but the feminine gender of dogs has so harsh a sound, that we know not how to name it. But I am credibly informed, that there are female dogs as voracious as the males, and make advances to young fellows, without any other design but coming to a familiarity with their purses. I have also long lists of persons of condition, who are certainly of the same regimen with these banditti, and instrumental to their cheats upon undiscerning men of their own rank. These add their good reputation to carry on the impostures of others, whose very names would else be defence enough against falling into their hands. But, for the honour of our nation, these shall be unmentioned; provided we hear no more of such practices, and that they shall not from henceforward suffer the society of such as they know to be the common enemies of order, discipline, and virtue. If it appear that they go on in encouraging them, they must be proceeded against according to the severest rules of history, where all is to be laid before the world with impartiality, and without respect to persons,

'So let the stricken deer go weep.

*Will's Coffee-house, September* 14.

I find left here for me the following epistle:

'SIR,

'Having lately read your discourse about the family of Trubies,* wherein you observed, that there are some who fall into laughter out of a certain benevolence in their temper, and not out of the ordinary motive, viz. contempt, and triumph over the imperfections of others; I have conceived a good idea of your knowledge of mankind. And, as you have a tragi-comic genius, I beg the favour of you to give us your thoughts of a quite different effect, which

* Tatler, No. 63.

Digitized by Google

also is caused by other motives than what are commonly taken notice of. What I would have you treat of, is the cause of shedding tears. I desire you would discuss it a little, with observations upon the various occasions which provoke us to that expression of our concern, &c.'

To obey this complaisant gentleman, I know no way so short as examining the various touches of my own bosom, on several occurrences in a long life, to the evening of which I am arrived, after as many various incidents as any body has met with. I have often reflected, that there is a great similitude in the motions of the heart in mirth and in sorrow; and I think the usual occasion of the latter, as well as the former, is something which is sudden and unexpected. The mind has not a sufficient time to recollect its force, and immediately gushes into tears before we can utter ourselves by speech or complaint. The most notorious causes of these drops from our eyes are pity, sorrow, joy, and reconciliation.

The fair sex, who are made of man and not of earth, have a more delicate humanity than we have; and pity is the most common cause of their tears: for as we are inwardly composed of an aptitude to every circumstance of life, and every thing that befalls any one person might have happened to any other of human race; self-love, and a sense of the pain we ourselves should suffer in the circumstances of any whom we pity, is the cause of that compassion. Such a reflection in the breast of a woman, immediately inclines her to tears; but in a man, it makes him think how such a one ought to act on that occasion suitably to the dignity of his nature. Thus a woman is ever moved for those whom she hears lament, and a man for those whom he observes to suffer in silence. It is a man's own behaviour in the circumstances he is under, which procures him the esteem of others, and not merely the affliction itself which demands our pity; for we never give a man that passion which he falls into for himself. He that commends himself never purchases our applause; nor he who bewails himself, our pity.

Digitized by Google

Going through an alley the other day, I observed a noisy impudent beggar bawl out, 'that he was wounded in a merchant-man; that he had lost his poor limbs;' and showed a leg clouted up. All that passed by made what haste they could out of his sight and hearing; but a poor fellow at the end of the passage, with a rusty coat, a melancholy air, and soft voice, desired them 'to look upon a man not used to beg.' The latter received the charity of almost every one that went by. The strings of the heart, which are to be touched to give us compassion, are not so played on but by the finest hand. We see in tragical representations, it is not the pomp of language, nor the magnificence of dress, in which the passion is wrought, that touches sensible spirits; but something of a plain and simple nature, which breaks in upon our souls, by that sympathy which is given us for our mutual good-will and service.

In the tragedy of 'Macbeth,' where Wilks acts the part of a man whose family has been murdered in his absence, the wildness of his passion, which is run over in a torrent of calamitous circumstances, does but raise my spirits, and give me the alarm: but when he skilfully seems to be out of breath, and is brought too low to say more; and upon a second reflection cries only, wiping his eyes, 'What, both children! Both, both my children gone!' there is no resisting a sorrow which seems to have cast about for al the reasons possible for its consolation, but has no resource 'There is not one left; but both, both are murdered! such sudden starts from the thread of the discourse and a plain sentiment expressed in an artless, way are the irresistible strokes of eloquence and poetry. The same great master, Shakspeare, can afford us instances of all the places where our souls are accessible; and ever commands our tears. But it is to be observed, that he draws them from some unexpected source, which seems not wholly of a piece with the discourse. Thus, when Brutus and Cassius had a debate in the tragedy of 'Cæsar,' and rose to warm language against each other, insomuch that it had almost come to something that might be fatal, until they recol-

Digitized by Google

heated themselves; Brutus does more than make an apology for the heat he had been in, by saying, 'Portia is dead.' Here Cassius is all tenderness, and ready to dissolve, when he considers that the mind of his friend had been employed on the greatest affliction imaginable, when he had been adding to it by a debate on trifles; which makes him, in the anguish of his heart, cry out, 'How scaped I killing, when I thus provoked you?' This is an incident which moves the soul in all its sentiments; and Cassius's heart was at once touched with all the soft pangs of pity, remorse, and reconciliation. It is said, indeed, by Horace, 'If you would have me weep, you must first weep yourself.' This is not literally true; for it would have been as rightly said, if we observe nature, That I shall certainly weep, if you do not: but what is intended by that expression is, that it is not possible to give passion, except you show that you suffer yourself. Therefore, the true art seems to be, that when you would have the person you represent pitied, you must show him at once in the highest grief, and struggling to bear it with decency and patience. In this case, we sigh for him, and give him every groan he suppresses.

I remember, when I was young enough to follow the sports of the field, I have more than once rode off at the death of a deer, when I have seen the animal, in an affliction which appeared human, without the least noise, let fall tears when he was reduced to extremity; and I have thought of the sorrow I saw him in, when his haunch came to the table. But our tears are not given only to objects of pity, but the mind has recourse to that relief in all occasions which give us great emotion. Thus, to be apt to shed tears is a sign of a great as well as little spirit. I have heard say, the present pope* never passes through the people, who always kneel in crowds, and ask his benediction, but the tears are seen to flow from his eyes. This must proceed from an imagination that he is the father of all those people; and that he is touched with so extensive a benevolence, that it breaks out into a passion

* Pope Clement XI.

Digitized by Google

of tears. You see friends, who have been long absent, transported in the same manner: a thousand little images crowd upon them at their meeting, as all the joys and griefs they have known during their separation; and, in one hurry of thought, they conceive how they should have participated in those occasions; and weep, because their minds are too full to wait the slow expression of words.

His lacrymis vitam damus, et miserescimus ultro.
*Virg. Æn.* ii. 145.

With tears the wretch confirm'd his tale of woe;
And soft-ey'd pity pleaded for the foe. *R. Wynne.*

There is lately broke loose from the London pack, a very tall dangerous biter. He is now at the Bath, and it is feared will make a damnable havoc amongst the game. His manner of biting is new, and he is called the Top. He secures one die betwixt his two fingers: the other is fixed, by the help of a famous wax, invented by an apothecary, since a gamester: a little of which he puts upon his fore-finger, and that holds the die in the box at his devotion. Great sums have been lately won by these ways; but it is hoped, that this hint of his manner of cheating will open the eyes of many who are every day imposed upon.

There is now in the press, and will be suddenly published, a book entitled, 'An Appendix to the Contempt of the Clergy;'* wherein will be set forth at large, that all our dissensions are owing to the laziness of persons in the sacred ministry, and that none of the present schisms could have crept into the flock, but by the negligence of the pastors. There is a digression in this treatise, proving, that the pretences made by the priesthood, from time to time, that the church was in danger, is only a trick to make the laity passionate for that of which they themselves have been negligent. The whole concludes with an exhortation to the clergy, to the study of eloquence, and practice of piety, as the only method to support the highest of all honours, that of a priest who lives and acts according to his character.

* A celebrated book, written by Dr. John Eachard, and published in 1619.



Digitized by Google

No. 69.] *Saturday, September* 17, 1709.

———Quid oportet
Nos facere, à vulgo longe latéque remotos?
*Hor.* 1 Sat. v. i. 17.

But how shall we, who differ far and wide,
From the mere vulgar, this great point decide. *Francis.*

*From my own Apartment, September* 16.

It is, as far as it relates to our present being, the great end of education to raise ourselves above the vulgar; but what is intended by the vulgar, is not, methinks, enough understood. In me, indeed, that word raises a quite different idea from what it usually does in others; but perhaps that proceeds from my being old, and beginning to want the relish of such satisfactions as are the ordinary entertainment of men. However, such as my opinion is in this case, I will speak it; because it is possible that turn of thought may be received by others, who may reap as much satisfaction from it as I do myself.

It is to me a very great meanness, and something much below a philosopher, which is what I mean by a gentleman, to rank a man among the vulgar for the condition of life he is in, and not according to his behaviour, his thoughts, and sentiments, in that condition. For if a man be loaded with riches and honours, and in that state of life has thoughts and inclinations below the meanest artificer; is not such an artificer, who, within his power, is good to his friends, moderate in his demands for his labour, and cheerful in his occupation, very much superior to him who lives for no other end but to serve himself, and assumes a preference in all his words and actions to those who act their part with much more grace than himself? Epictetus has made use of the similitude of a stage-play to human life with much spirit. 'It is not,' says he, 'to be considered among the actors, who is prince, or who is beggar, but who acts prince or beggar best.' The circumstance of life should not be that which gives us place, but our behaviour in that circumstance is what should be our solid distinction. Thus

Digitized by Google

a wise man should think no man above him or below him, any further than it regards the outward order or discipline of the world: for, if we conceive too great an idea of the eminence of our superiors, or subordination of our inferiors, it will have an ill effect upon our behaviour to both. He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place; but will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those above him.

This sense of mankind is so far from a levelling principle, that it only sets us upon a true basis of distinction, and doubles the merit of such as become their condition.

A man in power, who can, without the ordinary prepossessions which stop the way to the true knowledge and service of mankind, overlook the little distinctions of fortune, raise obscure merit, and discountenance successful indesert, has, in the minds of knowing men, the figure of an angel rather than a man; and is above the rest of men in the highest character he can be, even that of their benefactor.

Turning my thoughts, as I was taking my pipe this evening, after this manner, it was no small delight to me to receive advice from Felicia, that Eboracensis* was appointed a governor of one of their plantations. As I am a great lover of mankind, I took part in the happiness of that people who were to be governed by one of so great humanity, justice, and honour. Eboracensis has read all the schemes which writers have formed of government and order, and has been long conversant with men who have the reins in their hands; so that he can very well distinguish between chimerical and practical politics. It is a great blessing, when men have to deal with such different characters in the same species as those of freemen and slaves, that they who command have a just sense of human nature itself, by which they can temper the haughtiness of the master, and soften the servitude of the slave—'Hæ tibi erunt artes.' This is the notion with which those of the plantation receive Eboracensis: and as I have cast his nativity, I find there will be a record made of this person's

* Dr. Sharp, archbishop of York.

Digitized by Google

administration; and on that part of the shore from whence he embarks to return from his government, there will be a monument, with these words: 'Here the people wept, and took leave of Eboracensis, the first governor our mother Felicia sent, who, during his command here, believed himself her subject.'

*White's Chocolate-house, September 16.*

The following letter wants such sudden despatch, that all things else must wait for this time:

'SIR, Sept. 13, Equal day and night.

'There are two ladies, who, having a good opinion of your taste and judgment, desire you to make use of them in the following particular, which perhaps you may allow very extraordinary. The two ladies before-mentioned have, a considerable time since, contracted a more sincere and constant friendship than their adversaries, the men, will allow consistent with the frailty of female nature; and being, from a long acquaintance, convinced of the perfect agreement of their tempers, have thought upon an expedient to prevent their separation, and cannot think any so effectual (since it is common for love to destroy friendship) as to give up both their liberties to the same person in marriage. The gentleman they have pitched upon is neither well bred nor agreeable, his understanding moderate, and his person never designed to charm women; but having so much self-interest in his nature, as to be satisfied with making double contracts, upon condition of receiving double fortunes; and most men being so far sensible of the uneasiness that one woman occasions; they think him, for these reasons, the most likely person of their acquaintance to receive these proposals. Upon all other accounts, he is the last man either of them would choose, yet for this, preferable to all the rest. They desire to know your opinion the next post, resolving to defer farther proceeding, until they have received it.

'I am, Sir,

'Your unknown, unthought of, humble servant,

'BRIDGET EITHERSIDE.'

Digitized by Google

This is very extraordinary; and much might be objected by me, who am something of a civilian, to the case of two marrying the same man: but these ladies are, I perceive, free-thinkers; and therefore I shall speak only to the prudential part of this design, merely as a philosopher, without entering into the merit of it in the ecclesiastical or civil law. These constant friends, Piladea and Orestes, are at a loss to preserve their friendship from the encroachments of love: for which end they have resolved upon a fellow who cannot be the object of affection or esteem to either, and consequently cannot rob one of the place each has in her friend's heart. But in all my reading (and I have read all that the sages of love have writ) I have found the greatest danger in jealousy. The ladies, indeed, to avoid this passion, choose a sad fellow; but if they would be advised by me, they had better have each her worthless man; otherwise, he that was despicable, while he was indifferent to them, will become valuable when he seems to prefer one to the other.

I remember in the history of Don Quixote of la Mancha, there is a memorable passage, which opens to us the weakness of our nature in such particulars. The Don falls into discourse with a gentleman, whom he calls 'the Knight of the Green Cassock,' and is invited to his house. When he comes there, he runs into discourse and panegyric upon the economy, the government, and order of his family, the education of his children, and, lastly, on the singular wisdom of him who disposed things with that exactness. The gentleman makes a soliloquy to himself: 'O irresistible power of flattery! Though I know this is a madman, I cannot help being taken with his applause.' The ladies will find this much more true in the case of their lover; and the woman he most likes will certainly be more pleased, she whom he slights more offended, than she can imagine before she has tried. Now, I humbly propose, that they both marry coxcombs whom they are sure they cannot like, and then they may be pretty secure against the change of affection, which they fear; and, by that



Digitized by Google

means, preserving the temperature under which they now write, enjoy, during life,' Equal day and night.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, September 16.*

There is no manner of news; but people now spend their time in coffee-houses in reflections upon the particulars of the late glorious day, and collecting the several parts of the action, as they are produced in letters from private hands, or notices given to us by accounts in public papers. A pleasant gentleman, alluding to the great fences through which we pierced, said this evening, 'the French thought themselves on the right side of the hedge, but it proved otherwise.' Mr. Kidney,* who has long conversed with, and filled tea for, the most consummate politicians, was pleased to give me an account of this piece of ribaldry; and desired me, on that occasion, to write a whole paper on the subject of valour, and explain how that quality, which must be possessed by whole armies, is so highly preferable in one man rather than another; and how the same actions are but mere acts of duty in some, and instances of the most heroic virtue in others. He advises me not to fail, in this discourse, to mention the gallantry of the prince of Nassau in this last engagement; who, when a battalion made a halt in the face of the enemy, snatched the colours out of the hands of the ensign, and planted them just before the line of the enemy, calling to that battalion to take care of their colours if they had no regard to him. Mr. Kidney has my promise to obey him in this particular on the first occasion that offers.

Mr. Bickerstaff is now compiling exact accounts of the pay of the militia, and the commission-officers under the respective lieutenancies of Great Britain; in the first place, of those of London and Westminster; and in regard that there are no common soldiers, but all house-keepers, or representatives of house-keepers, in these bodies, the sums raised by the officers shall be looked into; and their fellow-soldiers, or rather fellow-travellers from one part of the

* A waiter at the St. James's Coffee-house.

Digitized by Google

town to the other, not defrauded of the ten pounds allowed for the subsistence of the troops.

Whereas, not very long since, at a tavern between Fleet-bridge and Charing-cross, some certain polite gentlemen thought fit to perform the bacchanalian exercises of devotion, by dancing without clothes on, after the manner of the Præ-Adamites: this is to certify those persons, that there is no manner of wit or humour in the said practice; and that the beadles of the parish are to be at their next meeting, where it is to be examined, whether they are arrived at want of feeling, as well as want of shame?

Whereas a chapel clerk was lately taken in a garret on a flock-bed, with two of the fair sex, who are usually employed in sifting cinders: this is to let him know, that if he persists in being a scandal both to laity and clergy, as being, as it were, both and neither, the names of the nymphs who were with him shall be printed; therefore, he is desired, as he tenders the reputation of his ladies, to repent.

Mr. Bickerstaff has received information, that an eminent and noble preacher in the chief congregation of Great Britain, for fear of being thought guilty of presbyterian fervency and extemporary prayer, lately read his, before sermon; but the same advices acknowledging that he made the congregation large amends by the shortness of his discourse, it is thought fit to make no further observation upon it.

---

No. 70.] *Tuesday, September* 20, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
—— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill*——
By human Kind, shall this collection fill.

*From my own Apartment, September* 19.

THE following letter, in prosecution of what I have lately asserted, has urged that matter so much better than I had, that I insert it as I received it. These testimonials are customary with us learned men, and sometimes are

Digitized by Google

suspected to be written by the author; but I fear no one will suspect me of this.

'SIR, London, Sept. 15, 1709.

'Having read your lucubrations of the tenth instant, I cannot but entirely agree with you in your notion of the scarcity of men who can either read or speak. For my part, I have lived these thirty years in the world, and yet have observed but very few who could do either in any tolerable manner; among which few, you must understand that I reckon myself. How far eloquence, set off with the proper ornaments of voice and gesture, will prevail over the passions, and how cold and unaffecting the best oration in the world would be without them, there are two remarkable instances in the case of Ligarius, and that of Milo. Cæsar had condemned Ligarius. He came indeed to hear what might be said; but, thinking himself his own master, resolved not to be biassed by any thing Cicero could say in his behalf: but in this he was mistaken; for when the orator began to speak, the hero is moved, he is vanquished, and at length the criminal absolved. It must be observed, that this famous orator was less renowned for his courage than his eloquence; for though he came, at another time, prepared to defend Milo with one of the best orations that antiquity has produced; yet, being seized with a sudden fear, by seeing some armed men surrounding the Forum, he faltered in his speech, and became unable to exert that irresistible force and beauty of action which would have saved his client, and for want of which he was condemned to banishment. As the success the former of these orations met with appears chiefly owing to the life and graceful manner with which it was recited (for some there are who think it may be read without transport) so the latter seems to have failed of success for no other reason, but because the orator was not in a condition to set it off with those ornaments. It must be confessed, that artful sound will, with the crowd, prevail even more than sense; but those who are masters of both, will ever gain the admiration of

Digitized by Google

all their hearers; and there is, I think, a very natural account to be given of this matter; for the sensation of the head and heart are caused in each of these parts by the outward organs of the eye and ear; that, therefore, which is conveyed to the understanding and passions by only one of these organs, will not affect us so much as that which is transmitted through both. I cannot but think your charge is just against a great part of the learned clergy of Great Britain, who deliver the most excellent discourses with such coldness and indifference, that it is no great wonder the unintelligent many of their congregations fall asleep. Thus it happens that their orations meet with a quite contrary fate to that of Demosthenes you mentioned; for as that lost much of its beauty and force by being repeated to the magistrates of Rhodes without the winning action of that great orator; so the performances of these gentlemen never appear with so little grace, and to so much disadvantage, as when delivered by themselves from the pulpit. Hippocrates, being sent for to a patient in this city, and, having felt his pulse, enquired into the symptoms of his distemper; and finding that it proceeded in great measure from want of sleep, advises his patient with an air of gravity, to be carried to church to hear a sermon, not doubting but that it would dispose him for the rest he wanted. If some of the rules Horace gives for the theatre were (not improperly) applied to our pulpits, we should not bear a sermon prescribed as a good opiate.

——— Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipse tibi ——— *Hor.* Ars Poet. v. 102.

If you would have me weep, begin the strain. *Francis.*

'A man must himself express some concern and affection in delivering his discourse, if he expects his auditory should interest themselves in what he proposes. For, otherwise, notwithstanding the dignity and importance of the subject he treats of; notwithstanding the weight and argument of the discourse itself; yet too many will say,

Digitized by Google

——— Male si mandata loquêris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo ———

*Hor.* Ars Poet. ver. 104.

'But if, unmov'd, you act not what you say,
I'll sleep, or laugh the lifeless theme away.'

'If there be a deficiency in the speaker, there will not be a sufficient attention and regard paid to the thing spoken: but, Mr. Bickerstaff, you know, that as too little action is cold, so too much is fulsome. Some, indeed, may think themselves accomplished speakers for no other reason than because they can be loud and noisy; for surely Stentor must have some design in his vociferations. But, dear Mr. Bickerstaff, convince them, that as harsh and irregular sound is not harmony; so neither is banging a cushion, oratory; and, therefore, in my humble opinion, a certain divine of the first order, whom I allow otherwise to be a great man, would do well to leave this off; for I think his sermons would be more persuasive, if he gave his auditory less disturbance. Though I cannot say that this action would be wholly improper to a profane oration; yet, I think, in a religious assembly, it gives a man too warlike, or perhaps too theatrical a figure, to be suitable to a christian congregation. I am, Sir,

'Your humble servant, &c.'

The most learned and ingenious Mr. Rosehat is also pleased to write to me on this subject.

'SIR,

'I read with great pleasure, in the Tatler of Saturday last, the conversation upon eloquence: permit me to hint to you one thing the great Roman orator observes upon this subject; *Caput enim arbitrabatur oratoris*, (he quotes Menedemus, an Athenian,) *ut ipsis apud quos ageret talis qualem ipse optaret videretur; id fieri vitæ dignitate.* (Tull. de Orat.) It is the first rule in oratory, that a man must appear such as he would persuade others to be; and that can be accomplished only by the force of his life. I believe it might be of great service to let our public orators know, that an unnatural gravity or an un-

Digitized by Google

becoming levity in their behaviour out of the pulpit, will take very much from the force of their eloquence in it. Excuse another scrap of Latin; it is from one of the fathers: I think it will appear a just observation to all, and it may have authority with some: *Qui autem docent tantùm, nec facient ipsi præceptis suis detrahunt pondus: quis enim obtemperet, cum ipsi præceptores doceam non obtemperare?* Those who teach, but do not act agreeably to the instructions they give to others, take away all weight from their doctrine: for who will obey the precepts they inculcate, if they themselves teach us by their practice to disobey them? I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'JONATHAN ROSEHAT.

'P. S. You were complaining in that paper, that the clergy of Great Britain had not yet learned to speak; a very great defect indeed: and, therefore, I shall think myself a well-deserver of the church, in recommending all the dumb clergy to the famous speaking doctor at Kensington. This ingenious gentleman, out of compassion to those of a bad utterance, has placed his whole study in the new-modelling the organs of voice; which art he has so far advanced, as to be able even to make a good orator of a pair of bellows. He lately exhibited a specimen of his skill in this way, of which I was informed by the worthy gentlemen then present; who were at once delighted and amazed to hear an instrument of so simple an organization use an exact articulation of words, a just cadency in its sentences, and a wonderful pathos in its pronunciation: not that he designs to expatiate in this practice; because he cannot, as he says, apprehend what use it may be of to mankind, whose benefit he aims at in a more particular manner: and, for the same reason, he will never more instruct the feathered kind, the parrot having been his last scholar in that way. He has a wonderful faculty in making and mending echoes: and this he will perform at any time for the use of the solitary in the country; being

Digitized by Google

a man born for universal good, and for that reason recommended to your patronage by, Sir,

'Yours, &c.'

Another learned gentlemen gives me also this encomium:

'SIR September 16.

'You are now got into a useful and noble subject; take care to handle it with judgment and delicacy. I wish every young divine would give yours of Saturday last a serious perusal; and now you are entered upon the action of an orator, if you would proceed to favour the world with some remarks on the mystical enchantments of pronunciation, what a secret force there is in the accents of a tunable voice, and wherefore the works of two very great men of the profession could never please so well when read as heard, I shall trouble you with no more scribble. You are now in the method of being truly profitable and delightful. If you can keep up to such great and sublime subjects, and pursue them with a suitable genius, go on and prosper. Farewell.'

*White's Chocolate-house, September* 19.

This was left for me here, for the use of the company of the house:

'*To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.*

'SIR, September, 15.

'The account you gave lately of a certain dog-kennel in or near Suffolk-street, was not so punctual, as to the list of the dogs, as might have been expected from a person of Mr. Bickerstaff's intelligence; for, if you will despatch Pacolet thither some evening, it is ten to one but he finds, besides those you mentioned,

'Towzer, a large French mongrel, that was not long ago in a tattered condition, but has now got new hair; is not fleet, but, when he grapples, bites even to the marrow.

Digitized by Google

'Spring, a little French greyhound, that lately made a false trip to Tunbridge.

'Sly, an old battered fox-hound, that began the game in France.

'Lightfoot, a fine skinned Flanders dog, that belonged to a pack at Ghent; but, having lost flesh, is gone to Paris, for the benefit of the air.

'With several others, that in time may be worth notice.

'Your familiar will see also, how anxious the keepers are about the prey, and, indeed, not without very good reason, for they have their share of every thing; nay, not so much as a poor rabbit can be run down, but these carnivorous curs swallow a quarter of it. Some mechanics in the neighbourhood, that have entered into this civil society, and who furnish part of the carrion and oatmeal for the dogs, have the skin; and the bones are picked clean by a little French shock that belongs to the family, &c.

'I am, Sir,

'Your humble servant, &c.

'I had almost forgot to tell you, that Ringwood bites at Hampstead with false teeth.'*

* False dice.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

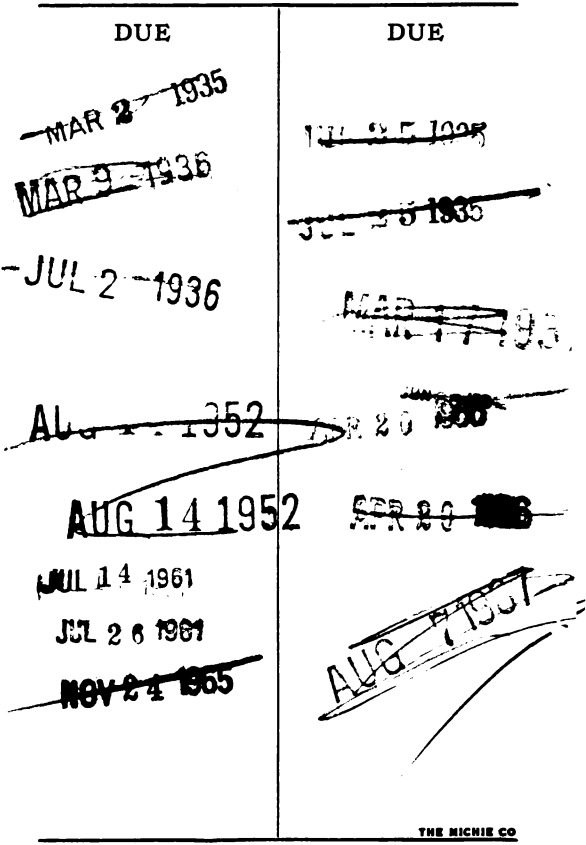
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

BOOKS ARE LENT FOR TWO WEEKS

Fine of 10c for each Day after the Date




THE MICHIE CO

Usually books are lent for two weeks, but there are exceptions, and all loans expire on the date stamped in the book. If not returned then the borrower is fined ten cents a volume for each day overdue. Books must be presented at the desk for renewal.

Digitized by Google

Google